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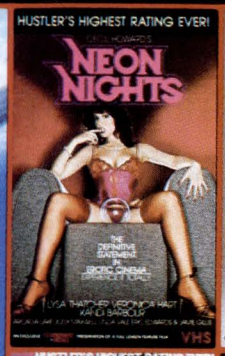
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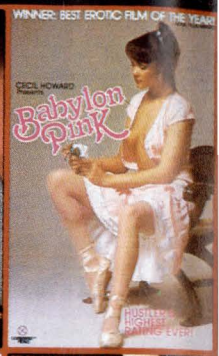
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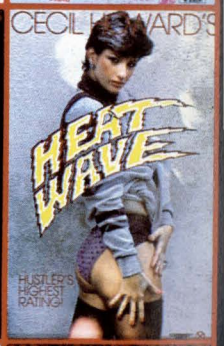




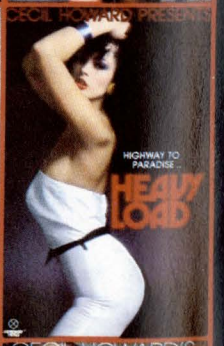
















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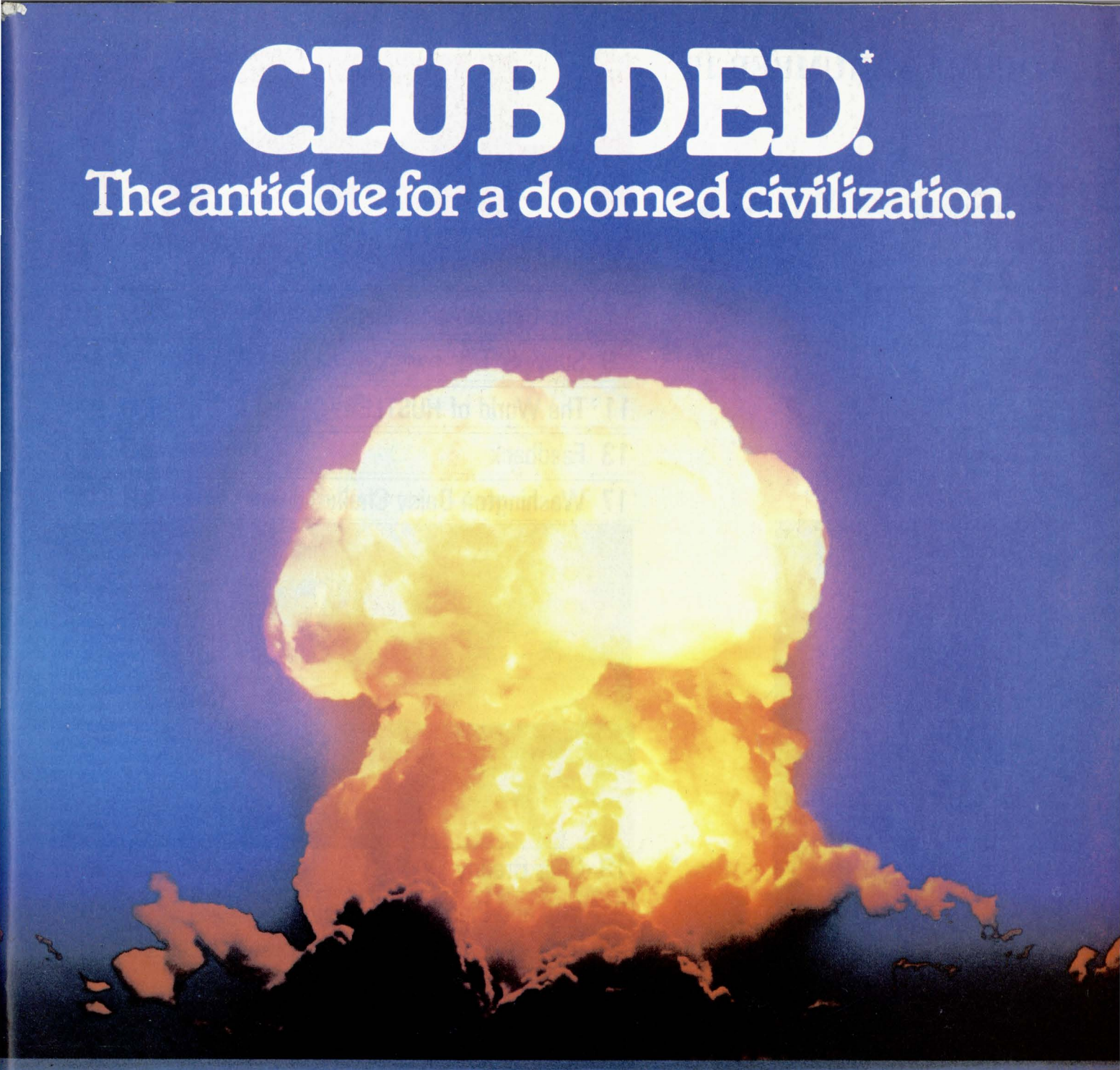
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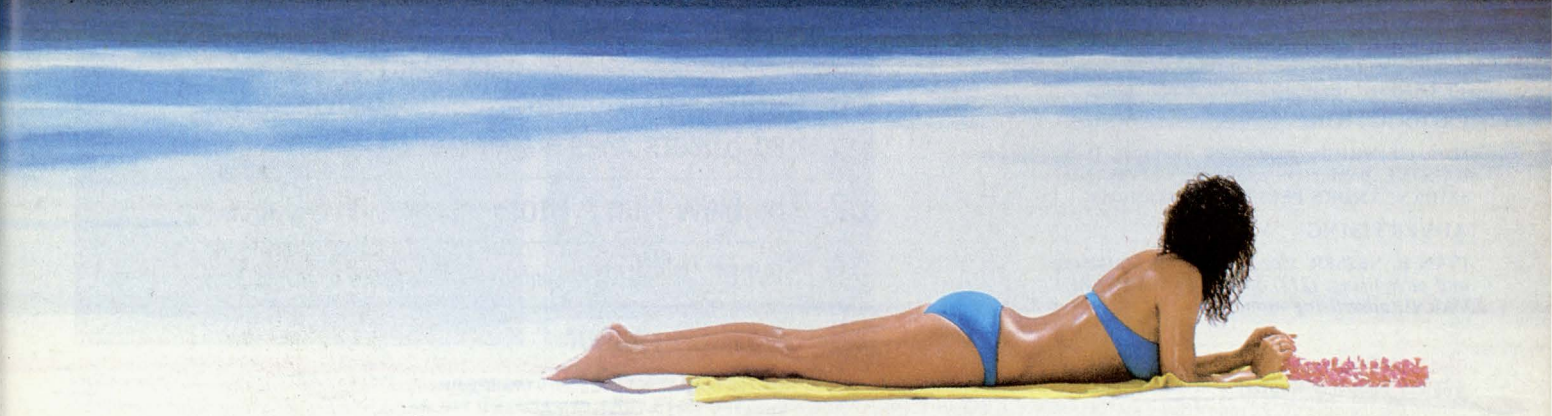
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7 The Gospel According to Larry

9 Show & Tell

11 The World of HUSTLER

13 Feedback

17 Washington Daisy Chain



19 Dear Granny

21 Bits and Pieces *Swedish HUSTLER, Polish Flytrap . . . and More. Edited by Ric Meyer*

33 HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment

40 Our Man in Grenada: Searching for the Truth *Report by Michael Bane*

47 Dona: Eau de Pinque *Photography by James Baes*

56 Our Man in Moscow: Sex Between the Red Sheets *Article by Randy Kornitski*

62 The New Nun's Story *Photography by Clive McLean*

76 Sweet 'n' Juicy *Centerfold Photography by James Baes*

88 HUSTLER Humor

The U.S. Edition of **HUSTLER MAGAZINE** *(ISSN-0149-4635) is published monthly by* **HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.,** *2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Advertising inquiries: 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.* *Copyright © 1984 by* **HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.** *Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters sent to* **HUSTLER** *will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to* **HUSTLER's** *right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents; nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons and places in fiction in this magazine and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. All photographs posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photographs, nor the words used to describe them, are meant to depict the models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.*

LER® april

90 **Guest Editorial** *The 50-Billion-Dollar Ripoff by Mike Parkhurst*

93 **Enmeshed in Each Other** *Photography by Matti Klatt*

99 **Beaver Hunt** *Easter Offerings*

104 **Beaver Spotlight**

107 **Thing-Fish** *Photo-Fantasy Directed by Frank Zappa*

129 **Sex Play** *Sound Nutrition: The Ultimate Sexual Diet by Lillian Grant*

131 **HUSTLER Advertising Section**

159 **Mail-Order Feedback** *Custom Sex*

163 **Kinky Korner** *Rio Riot by Lois Hunt*









On the Cover . . .

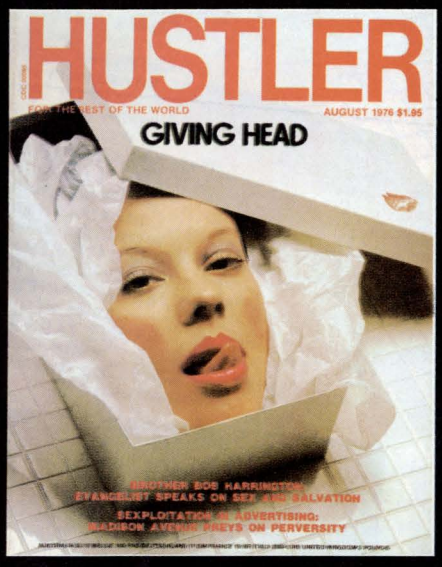
If April showers bring May flowers, who's springing for the blossoms for June, our lovely covergirl. Everyone's been dripping with praise about this shot and rightfully so. It just goes to prove what we've always known: Our Director of Photography, James Baes, is truly Number 1. When we asked him to do this shot, he came up with a real pisser.

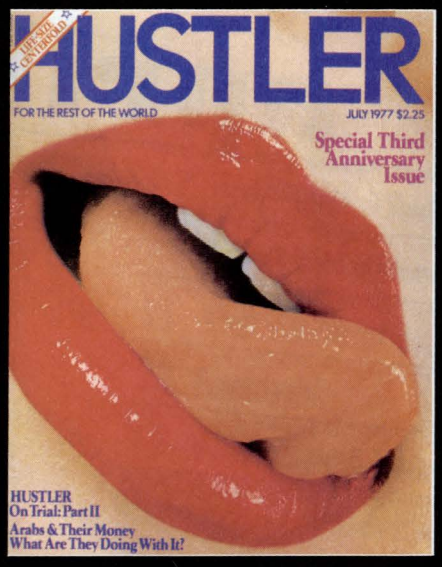
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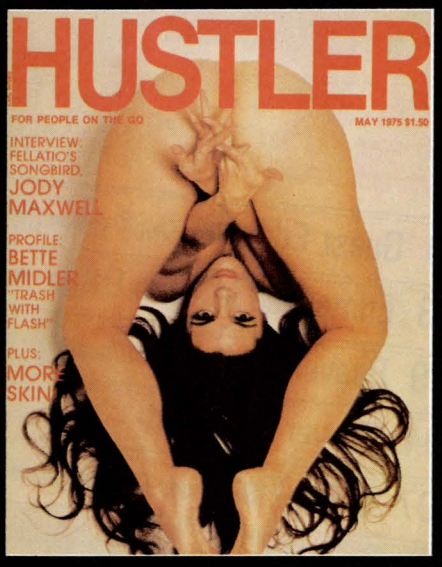
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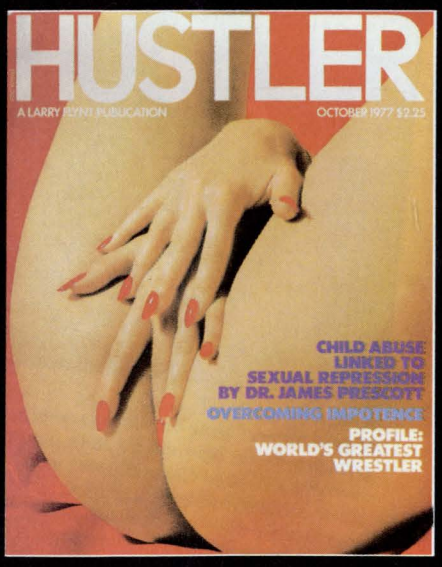
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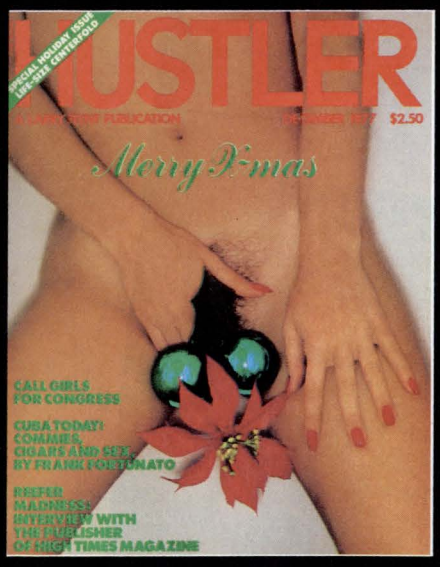
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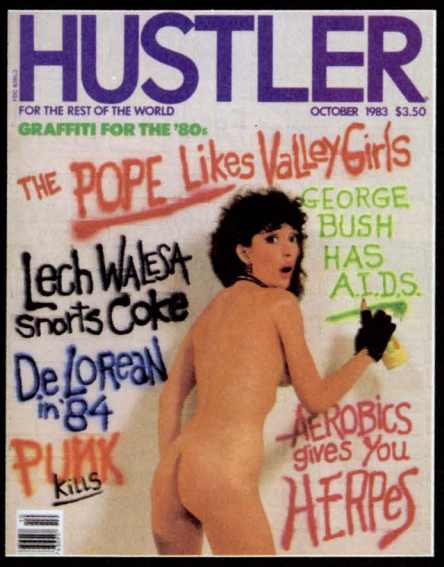












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CHILDERS FOR PRESIDENT

In its ten-year history HUSTLER has never endorsed a Presidential candidate. I am going to break that tradition by endorsing Peggy Childers for the Democratic Presidential nomination.

I know Mrs. Childers personally; I supported her for Congress when she sought Larry McDonald's seat in the 7th U.S. Congressional District of Georgia. Peggy is honest and means well in all her endeavors. She knows little about the political situation in this country and how it works, but with your help, love and support she can pull it off. Peggy is a fierce and tireless campaigner who works night and day. She has no money or assets, but she does have a lot of heart and courage.

Above all, Peggy Childers knows how corrupt our political system is–especially those rotten assholes in Georgia who were responsible for my shooting on March 6, 1978: the likes of Al Burrows, Larry McDonald and Georgia State Senators Thomas Murphy and Culver Kidd (better known as "The Coverup Kid").

Peggy was defeated in her October 1983 Congressional bid because she was an unknown 20-to-1 shot. But there is no doubt in my mind that she can win the Democratic primaries if she will take her campaign seriously and listen to my advice.

I can only think of one problem with Peggy: She is a puritan about sex and has a lot of hang-ups. This was evident when she refused to watch as I screened the first HUSTLER Video Magazine in the library of my Bel-Air, California, home. I had flown Peggy out at that time to interview her about political corruption in the state of Georgia. Her motive for coming was quite different though; she was seeking support to run against Kathy McDonald in the special election to fill Larry McDonald's seat in the House of Representatives.

I endorsed and supported Peggy for that race, and as a result, Kathy McDonald–Larry McDonald's widow–was defeated. Even though Peggy didn't win either, there was a silver lining. Kathy McDonald's campaign manager, Tommy Toles, told me that Childers cost his candidate the election. So if nothing else, maybe my support of a liberal Democrat like Childers could at least keep fascists like Walter Mondale and John Glenn from winning the Democratic Presidential nomination.

I assure you that I would have a lot more trouble defeating someone like Peggy Childers than I would any of the Democrats in the race. My Atheist friends have a saying: "Scratch a liberal's skin, and you'll find a fascist underneath every time." I couldn't agree more. I love the likes of Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan. They can't see me at all, but I can see right through them. It's guys like U.S. Senators Alan Cranston and Gary Hart who worry the hell out of me because they change their positions right in the middle of a sentence.

Remember, my children, Jesus H. Christ, Esq., picked me as a favorite-son candidate, endorsing me in the February issue of HUSTLER. So HUSTLER readers and the rest of America: If you are a true Democrat and want to vote for an honest President, vote for Peggy Childers. If you are a Republican, just remember that the Publisher said, and I quote Him, "Larry's my boy." And don't forget it, motherfuckers.

Vote or burn in hell!

Larry Flynt

Co-publisher & Editor



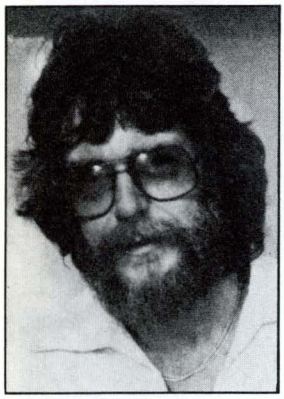
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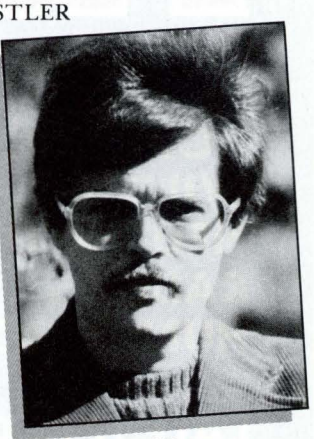
*AD PARODY–NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY



David Mann

When **LARRY FLYNT** undertakes a project, there's no such thing as a halfhearted attempt. Flynt demands 100% from himself and expects the same from everyone who works for him–especially when it comes to producing HUSTLER. The extra effort we put into every issue is what makes HUSTLER the greatest magazine in the world.

Case in point: When Flynt decided to publish an article on sex behind the Iron Curtain, he didn't just have someone shuffle through sociology books and write a mundane report. He commissioned freelance journalist **RANDY KORNITSKI** to go on a "piece" mission to the Soviet Union, telling him bluntly: "What I want you to do is get laid." In accepting the assignment, Kornitski was fully aware he'd be placing himself in danger not only by representing HUSTLER (the mere possession of which is a major penal offense in Russia), but also by engaging in an illicit encounter with a Russian prostitute. The fearless Kornitski rose to the occasion, however, and delivered an exclusive report, **OUR MAN IN MOSCOW: SEX BETWEEN THE RED SHEETS**. Kornitski's professional credits include numerous journalism awards and a recently earned degree in law. The striking illustration for this article was done by **DAVID MANN**, a regular contributor to HUSTLER.



Michael Bane

Flynt became highly suspicious when the Reagan Administration refused to allow reporters on the island of Grenada after its invasion by U.S. troops. So as soon as the news blackout was lifted–thanks in part to his own efforts–he sent veteran journalist **MICHAEL BANE** to investigate. In **OUR MAN IN GRENADA: SEARCHING FOR THE TRUTH**, Bane raises some startling questions about the disturbing events that took place on this tiny, tropical paradise. He then offers some unsettling answers as to why its inhabitants became the pawns in an international power game. Since completing this report, Bane has been putting the finishing touches on a biography of Willie Nelson to be published by Dell Books sometime this year.

THING-FISH is beyond a doubt the most bizarre pictorial ever to appear in HUSTLER. Who else could be responsible for this outrageous celebrity photo-fantasy but Mr. Weird himself, **FRANK ZAPPA**? There's a story behind the masks used in the Zappa feature. Two Halloweens ago HUSTLER photographer **LADI VON JANSKY** was at a party where he met artist **JENE OMENS**, who happened to be wearing a very impressive homemade mask. When von Jansky was assisting Zappa with preparations for the photo-shoot and needed to find an artist to fabricate the masks, von Jansky immediately thought of Omens and tracked him down. Omens drew concept sketches, then proceeded to make miniature clay sculptures. Next came full-size sculptures; then plaster molds into which he poured latex rubber to make the masks. The project took more than six weeks to complete.



Jene Omens

We asked Omens how he felt about working with the notorious Zappa. "It was a real pleasure," he says. "Frank had a very clear idea of what he wanted, unlike other show-business people I've worked with. It made my job a whole lot easier." Jene's credits include working as makeup artist on the TV series *Wizards and Warriors* and as assistant cameraman for the "Jews in Space" sequence of Mel Brooks's *History of the World Part I*.



Lillian Grant

Remember the nickel-a-gallon fuel-tax increase? Or had you already forgotten about it, just like the government hoped you would? In April's *Guest Editorial*, **THE 50-BILLION-DOLLAR RIPOFF**, Independent Truckers Association President **MIKE PARKHURST** tells how Congress managed to siphon extra tax dollars out of your pocket and into some highly questionable "transportation-assistance" projects.

And in this month's *Sex Play*, **SOUND NUTRITION: THE ULTIMATE SEXUAL DIET**, nutritionist **LILLIAN GRANT** explains how eating the right foods can improve your sex life and how inadequate nutrition can lead to serious sexual malfunctions. Grant's career includes television appearances and extensive lecture tours. For the illustration we called on **REN WICKS**, a veteran professional artist who's worked for such diverse clients as *Reader's Digest* and CBS Television.

When the production rush is over and another issue of HUSTLER has been sent off to the printer, staffers feel the satisfaction of a job well-done. But even as you read these words, we're back at work once again, determined to keep HUSTLER coming your way.



ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE

*AD PARODY–NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

THE WORLD OF HUSTLER





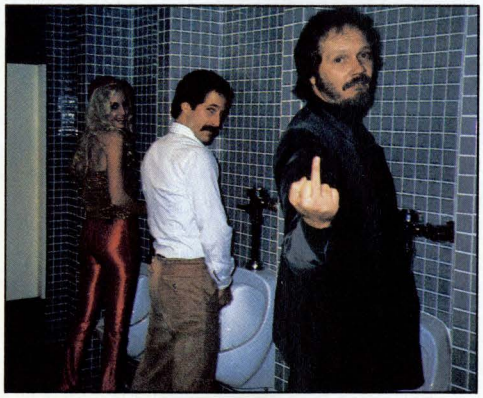
Sax man Spider Mittleman of Chuck E. Weiss's band (left) performs for the HUSTLER partyers. L.F.P. Inc.'s Chief Executive Officer, Paul Miserendino, and girlfriend (right) display their best holiday smiles.

No one would dare dispute our claim that 1983 was a landmark year for HUSTLER Magazine. Over that turbulent 12 months the journalistic earth under the men's-magazine world was shaken when Larry Flynt decided to roll up his sleeves and regrab the editorial reins of not only HUSTLER, but all his publications. It was a year that saw the birth of THE REBEL, an investigative newsweekly that's destined to rattle some skeletons in D.C. as it offers an uncompromisingly honest look at our nation and its institutions. If that wasn't enough, features like *The Vicki Morgan Sex Tapes* parody (December 1983) made HUSTLER the most talked-about magazine in the world.

So it was fitting that when the year-end holiday season rolled around, Larry didn't forget the 200 employees of L.F.P. Inc. In one of the most joyously extravagant Yuletide celebrations since the Virgin Mary lost her water bag, HUSTLER pulled out all the stops for a Christmas/New Year's bash that kept the luxurious Beverly Hilton Hotel rocking until Valentine's Day. There wasn't a dry glass–or undamaged brain cell–in the place as Larry's legions released the anxiety and pent-up glee from 12 months of round-the-clock work and devotion by partying till they were *pink* in the face. Entertained by L.A.'s infamous Chuck E. Weiss and his band (including a guest appearance by Delaware rocker George Thorogood), the L.F.P. clan toasted Larry and Althea for remembering them during the holiday season. It was to all, a good night. . . .



HUSTLER's Lonn Friend and N. Morgen Hagen flank model Sandy Gibson at festive company soire.



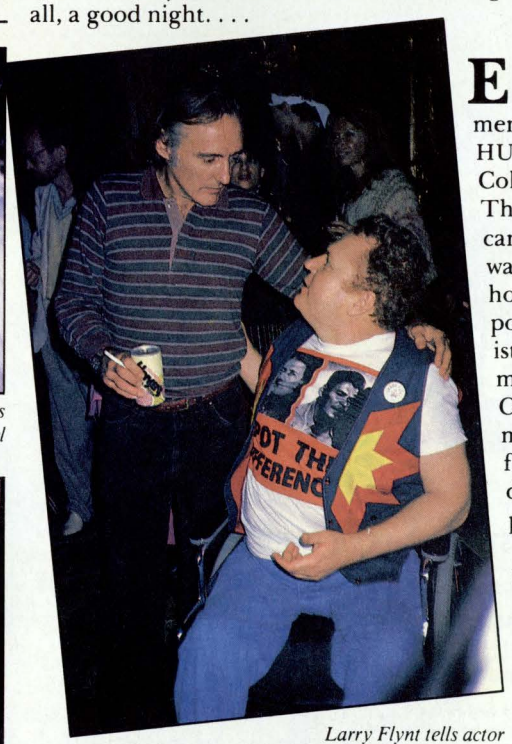
Humor and Cartoon Editor Dwaine Tinsley shows appreciation as model Gibson and cartoonist Eric Decetis look on.



HUSTLER Attorney David Kahn vies for the affections of actress Mary Woronov as Research Director Michael Heimowitz discreetly listens in.



A staircase full of lovelies helps make the Columbus-to-L.A.-anniversary party a smashing visual success.



Larry Flynt tells actor Dennis Hopper about the "good ol' days" in Ohio.

Elsewhere on the Flynt party circuit: a festive fete at the Bel-Air mansion commemorating the January 1978 date when HUSTLER moved its corporate offices from Columbus, Ohio, to Los Angeles, California. The word to "Go West Young Porn King" came when Larry realized that the Midwest was not necessarily the nation's greatest hotbed of sophistication and that the true pool of artistic, photographic and journalistic talent–not to mention the country's most beautiful women–lay in Southern California. So six years after the historic move, Mr. Sleaze decided to throw a party for all who wished to tip a hat–and a drink–to Larry and his nearly decade-old publishing empire.

Among those in attendance for the swank affair were actor/friends Dennis Hopper and Marjoe Gortner, Dr. Timothy Leary, actress Mary (*Eating Raoul*) Woronov, new-wave nymph Josie Cotton, Angela Bowie (former wife of modern music's living legend David Bowie) and three employees who made the big move from Columbus: Vice-President of Operations Michael Jubb, Managing Editor/Hockey Player N. Morgen Hagen and Production Designer Ralph Fowler. By the way, there is no truth to the rumor that HUSTLER will soon be moving again . . . to Springfield, Missouri. . . .

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The $18.95 total is less than a tank of gas yet it gives you $40.65 in value!



DOCTORED PHOTOS?

I am sure your pictorial *Fruit of the Gawds* in the February '84 issue turned many heads, including mine. Like most readers, I did a double take of the "woman/man" in question. However, upon doing third, fourth and fifth takes, I started seeing flaws.

Surely in a place like Los Angeles, where a number of half-and-halfs probably dwell, you could have found an attractive female impersonator to pose in your magazine. Or for that matter, you could have hired a photo technician talented enough to make a realistic illusion.

Also, I sincerely hope you will not insult me and other HUSTLER readers by saying the photos in that set weren't doctored. This would destroy any credibility you have. –L .P.

Fenton, Missouri

The photos in Fruit of the Gawds were not doctored. The model who had a penis and breasts was a pre-op transsexual, a man in the process of becoming a woman. Perhaps we should question your credibility . . . but we won't.

Would you please let me know where I can write to the she-male pictured in your *Fruit of the Gawds* layout? I've never seen anything so intriguing in my life. I'm not gay, but she (he?) has aroused something in me that I had never known before.

–Richard

Huntington Beach, California

Sorry, but we maintain the strictest confidentiality with respect to our models–male, female or whatever. We are pleased you found this controversial set "intriguing."

BESTIALITY?

The cover of the February '84 HUSTLER featuring Diane with her dog Rolf was excellent, innovative, creative and exciting!

Many women today have a thing with their pets because (1) it is taboo, and we all love taboos; (2) women love to have secrets; (3) women love to be in control, and with their dogs they are in command; and (4) women don't have to worry about getting hurt if they fall in love with their pets.

Men also like to see women with animals because (1) it shows that women have sex-starved personalities, and it makes us believe that women are sex-hungry animals; and (2) for those who want to humiliate women, the idea of a woman with an animal is perfect; there is nothing more nonviolently degrading yet sensual than a woman sucking off a dog, licking its balls and then having her face and mouth filled with dog cum. –The Fans

Jamaica, New York

P.S. Next time make the dog seem a lot more enthused. After all, Diane is a prize. Getting down with her would be a thrill for anyone, man or beast.



Diane and Rolf

Rolf isn't as stupid as humans like you who are into bestiality. If it appeared that he wasn't enthusiastic, it's only because he had his mind on better and bitchier things.

I have been reading your magazine for quite a while. Until recently I have rated all of your models Number 1–especially Diane, your February '84 covergirl. I've pulled my pud more than several times over this sexpot! So why not run a full photo-set with her?

But my gripe with that issue is over your pictorial *Bambi Goldberg: Menachem Begin's Goddaughter Nude!* What a fucking dog!!! What the hell did you pay her to model for you? Whatever it was, it was too fucking much! I wouldn't fuck her with a broom handle dipped in shit! The only good layout for her would have been one in which she was fucked in the ass by a German shepherd, with a dildo up her ugly twat, while she sucked off a nigger midget in a Nazi uniform!

Come on, guys! Be a little particular about the models you use. I realize Bambi is a controversial subject, but so is Bonzo the Chimp. Bambi may need the work, but she looks like something even *Playbore* would have scrapped!

I realize you don't have the balls to print this; so you can shove this letter up your ass! –J. C.

West Palm Beach, Florida

It looks like you pulled your pud too much. The dog is the one with the cigarette in his mouth.

HUSTLER CRITIQUE:
Here are my comments on your February '84 issue: *Keep Your Hands on the Wheel,* David Nelson's photo-fantasy, was excellent. Also, I would like to see the girls in both cars appear in regular HUSTLER photo-sets.

On the other hand, you should have kept the she-male in *Fruit of the Gawds* in the closet. Yech! Yech! She left a bad taste in my mouth.

Tokyo Stripper and *Bambi Goldberg: Menachem Begin's Goddaughter Nude!* both were well photographed. Unfortunately, the Japanese stripper looked more like a Puerto Rican, and Bambi was wearing too much leather. Nevertheless, HUSTLER is still the Number 1 men's magazine with its first-class articles, cartoons (even if some are disgusting) and pictorials.

–Name and Address
Withheld by Request

BRAINWASHED AND MISLED:
We need a whole platoon of men like Albert Parsons, the 19th-century Anarchist publisher who was hanged for making an antigovernment speech (*Guest Editorial* by Fred Woodworth, February '84). Boy, were we ever brainwashed and misled during history class by the teachers who told us only the facts they *wanted* us to hear. HUSTLER Magazine really woke me up to the truth.

As you mentioned, people in the year 2084 may wonder why the United States government ever suppressed HUSTLER. I say if we want our country to still be here in 2084, it's time we stepped up our efforts to put an end to the suppression of free speech and truth. –Tony Brancato
Lake Elsinore, California

AMERICAN POLITICS:
I'd like to compliment you on Larry Flynt's analysis *The Base Reality of American Politics* in your January '84 issue. I am just finishing an American-government course and learned most of the facts you mentioned. I do feel you got a little pessimistic near the end, however. Our government has many flaws, but I don't think there will be any revolution. The United States is the greatest nation in the world–flaws and all. As you should have seen when outlining American history, there have been many improvements over the years, and I'm sure there will be many more. –John Hintz
Tampa, Florida

The moral, social and especially political shape this country's in scares me. People seem to think that the rights we have were given to us and that we don't have to do anything to keep them or improve them. That's *bullshit.* You have to fight for your rights, or you lose them.

Thank you for doing one hell of a job. Keep it up please. (Keep it up in more ways than one.) And Larry Flynt has my vote. –Brian Miller
South Lake Tahoe, California

I've been away from HUSTLER for about two years. Recently I picked up a copy of it and *Playboy.* HUSTLER has gotten hotter than ever. As a matter of fact, I couldn't hold on to it!

Only one complaint. Kind of hold the politics down a little, okay? I get enough of that. I know politicians are fuckheads, but I read HUSTLER for the jerkoff photos, *not* for the jerkoffs in it.

So please try and hold the politics down. I want to see cunts, *not* assholes.

–J. Richards
Tucson, Arizona

HUSTLER will continue to be the revolutionary magazine it is, but it will also be the hottest magazine on the newsstands.

Larry Flynt will not, of course, ever become President of the United States; however, he will certainly serve a good purpose in running for that office. I believe that his campaign will shake up the Establishment and help protect personal rights and liberal thinking. Our governmental bureaucracy is forever in need of a thematic shock of some sort, and that jolt to well-established cloudy thinking grants our system a new lease on the whole idea behind our continuing approach to political existence. The United States is not just the home of the crass, brash and uncouth; we are also still regarded as the strong and innovative home of personal liberty.

To prevent sinking into the morass of faulty and ineffective regard for the old values on which our country was founded, we all need that occasional jolt–a shock treatment so to speak. It's a lousy comparison, I know, but it is nevertheless true that a straight shot of moonshine will wake you up faster than a jigger of smooth, aged Canadian whiskey.

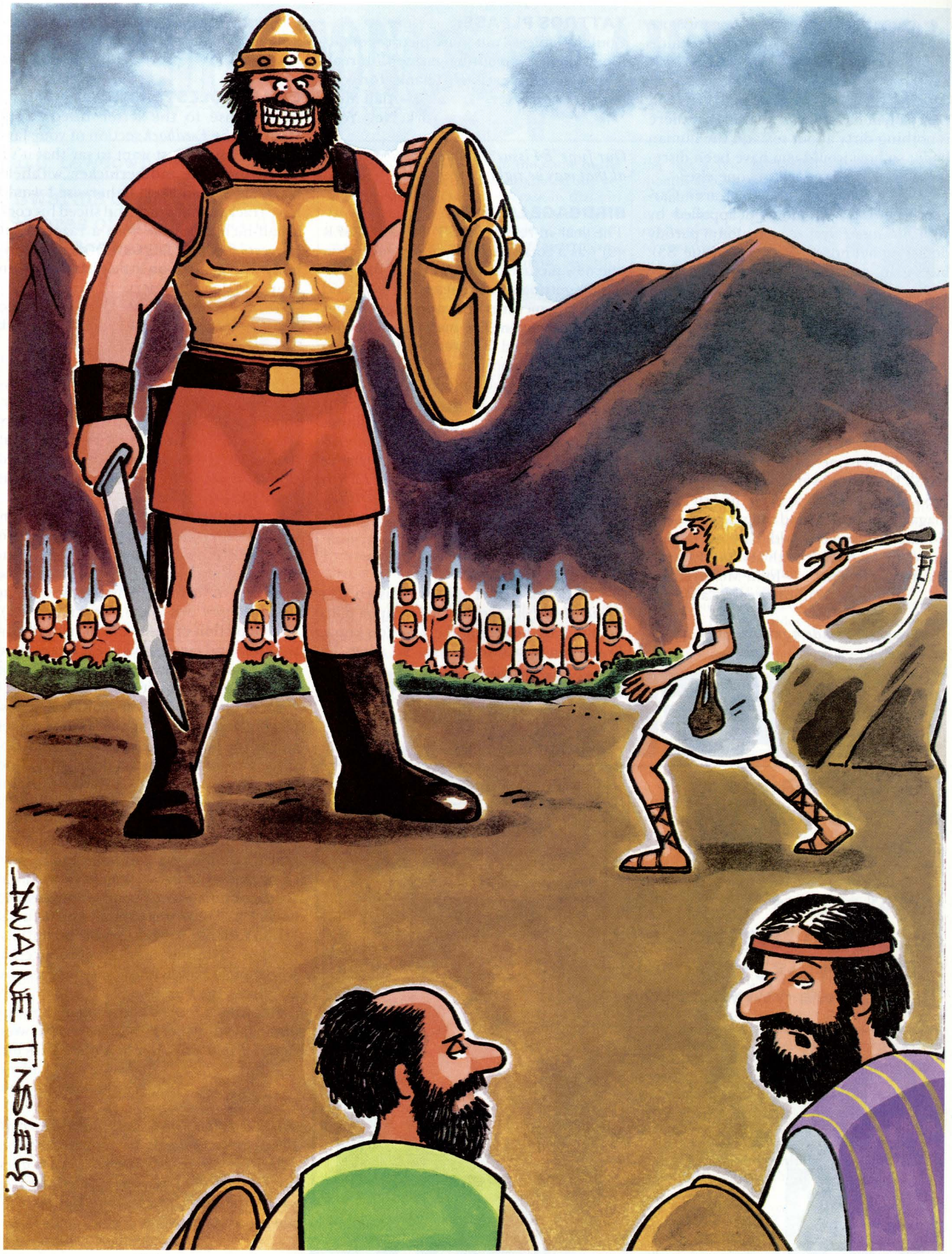
I voted for Norman Thomas, Adlai Stevenson and others who didn't represent established political thinking. And I'm going to cast my ballot for Larry Flynt.

–George L. McLean
Keyport, Washington

TO ERR IS HUMAN:
As one of your most loyal and faithful readers who has virtually grown up with HUSTLER (I have a complete collection), I feel compelled for the first time to criticize you on a point of sentimentality. Like many of your loyal readers, I am not always in total agreement with you on political issues, ethnic humor and exposés, but I will always defend your Constitutional right to express your view.



"Now, then...anybody else got more than six items?"



"If you ask me, I'd bet this whole thing was engineered by the CIA...."

I cannot, however, accept your excuse for rejecting the color photos of a nude John Lennon and Yoko Ono. HUSTLER has *never* let a sentiment such as *respect* deprive its readers of anything! After all, Larry Flynt has always declared that there is nothing dirty about sex and the human body; so how would you have been disrespectful to Yoko Ono or anyone else?

As a loyal, true devotee of Karen Carpenter, I was shocked and appalled by your *Bits and Pieces* record-album parody depicting her horrible tragedy (June '83); but again, as a true American, you were within your rights–with or without respect to the family and fans of the late singer.

If the underlying reason for your "Swank Ripoff" item (*Bits and Pieces*, "Sex in Media," January '84) was to belittle *Swank* as a cheap, sleazy, underhanded magazine, then you wasted some valuable space by lowering your standards to its gutter-level name-calling–something that HUSTLER has never stooped to before.

So please admit that even the *best* men's magazine is human and can make an occasional mistake. I would hate to discontinue my love affair with HUSTLER over *one* disagreement. –John McTavernier
Walnut Creek, California

We thought we made a mistake once, but we were wrong.

TATTOOS PLEASE:
Could you please put more pictures of tattooed women in your magazine? I'm really turned on by tattoos. Thanks for your help in this matter. –Alan Metz
New York, New York

Our June '84 issue will have a tattoo pictorial that may be right up your alley.

BIRDCAGE LINING?
The year in review (BEST OF HUSTLER #9) was a total waste of money–not even one new picture or story. I think you people are getting a little cheap. We have paid for all the pictures and stories once, and now we pay again. The magazine is declining rapidly, and it's getting only good enough for the bottom of my birdcage.

You should have called it the WORST OF HUSTLER. –Pissed Off
Urbana, Illinois

Except for the entries in Beaver Hunt, we've never claimed that BEST OF HUSTLER is new material. It's an anthology of articles, photo-sets and cartoons compiled from the previous year's issues.

ZAPPED:
When Frank Zappa speaks, I listen (*It's About Mr. Flynt*, January '84). Zappa pulls no punches; he tells it like it is. You know, Frank ain't easy to please. So when he wishes Larry, Althea and the Flynt crew well, it really means something! –C. T.
Dulac, Louisiana

CHILD MOLESTERS BEWARE:
In response to the letter titled "Seek Help" in the *Feedback* section of your January '84 issue, I just want to say that it's a good thing the motherfucker withheld his name and address. Otherwise I would have tracked him down and sliced his cock a half-inch at a time with a razor. That pervert deserves a painful death. Anybody who gets off on little girls five to ten years old doesn't deserve to live.
–J. Merino
West Brentwood, New York

SACRILEGE?
I have always supported the rights of anyone who lives in a free society to say anything he or she wants. In a democracy freedom of the press is a vital factor that must always be cherished and guarded against those who would muzzle it. But there is a limit.

I cannot believe some of the photo-cartoons that appear in your magazine. To ridicule President and Mrs. Reagan by superimposing their faces on naked people in the act of fornication is disgusting (*The Vicki Morgan Sex Tapes*, December '83). The depiction of Jesus Christ hanging on the cross and saying how great Krazy Glue is and the manger cartoon in the same issue were abominations as well.

I feel I must speak out against such despicable and obscene material that makes Christ the butt of some sick jokes that obviously ooze from sick minds. May God forgive you. –Walter A. Blunt
Scarborough, Ontario, Canada

I am a faithful reader of your magazine, and I love the way you poke fun at anything worthy of it. So when I saw what was written on page 4 of your December '83 issue, I had to write to try and poke fun at HUSTLER. At the bottom of the staff list it reads: "Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the Publisher."

But when I looked at the top of the page and saw who the Publisher was, I wondered if that wouldn't be a little difficult.
–Name and Address
Withheld by Request

With Jesus H. Christ, Esq., as Publisher, all things are possible. As far as communicating with Him, Larry tells anyone who has questions at editorial meetings, "Get down on your knees, motherfucker, and stay there till you get an answer!"

Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

GRAFFILTHY



Thanx and $25 to T. D., New York, NY.

WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN

D.C. Lowdown

Swarms of Streetwalkers, Scores of Models' Studios and Hookers in Heat

by Larry Flynt



Did his dirty tricks include a callgirl stashed in an apartment within a few blocks of the White House?

You've probably heard about the poverty and soup kitchens located only a couple of city streets away from the Capitol of the United States. But did you know that on 14th Street, just two blocks removed from the White House, swarms of hookers openly solicit customers? Or that "models' studios" offering sex can be found even closer to the First Family's residence? For all intents and purposes, Washington has become a wide-open city where sex of any kind is available–for a price.

The hordes of $100-an-hour outcall hookers who service clients in the best hotels claim their favorite time of year is summer–when the world's bankers convene in Washington to discuss international monetary policy. Not only can't you find a limousine to rent when these financiers hit town; you can't find a callgirl who isn't fully booked either.

The city owes its open status to former outcall-massage-parlor operator Hal O'Brien, who found a loophole in local prostitution laws eight years ago. He instructed his women to go to a man's hotel room, accept a fee of $69 (of which he pocketed $16) and then lie down naked on the client's bed. O'Brien told his women never to *solicit* sex once they were so situated–because that would be illegal. But if a client decided to "rape" a woman, and she chose not to report it, then no law would be violated.

To this day Washington's "working girls" abide by these rules in order to stay out of jail–making O'Brien an unsung hero to lonely diplomats and bureaucrats and especially to the thousands of businesswomen involved in the world's oldest profession.

* * *

Some years back an apartment was leased on West 19th Street NW in the name of the brother of one of our most imitated and reviled Presidents. On three occasions that can be documented the Chief Executive snuck out of the White House, hopped into an unmarked car and visited that apartment–where one of Washington's most beautiful callgirls was waiting.

"It was pathetic," the lady said later. "He couldn't get it up."

And for years everyone's been joking about his tricky dick.

* * *

Two years ago the director of the Office of Management and Budget, David Stockman, almost lost his job after he spoke frankly with William Greider, a Washington journalist writing for *Atlantic* magazine. Greider had convinced Stockman to talk to him regularly while Ronald Reagan's budget was being shaped, and the country was shocked a year later when Greider wrote about Stockman's admission that "supply-side economics" was little more than a crapshoot.

Now there's another book in the making that is giving the Reagan White House a severe case of the jitters. Its author is Strobe Talbott, diplomatic correspondent for *Time* magazine. An expert on nuclear-weapons negotiations, Talbott spent the past two years meticulously cataloging the progress (or lack thereof) of the START (Strategic Arms Reduction Talks) and INF (Intermediate Range Nuclear Forces) talks. Talbott was able to convince Reagan Administration insiders and negotiators to confide in him their day-to-day experiences during meetings with the Soviets.

When the Russians broke off negotiations with the U.S. late last year, Talbott decided to wrap up his project, and early this summer all of that background material on the most important issue in recent American history will be available for public scrutiny.

Talbott's recent writings in *Time* have already suggested that the Reagan Administration did not approach the arms-reduction talks in the smoothest of manners, and his insider's book–to be published by Knopf–should shed some even less-flattering light on certain members of the Reagan team.

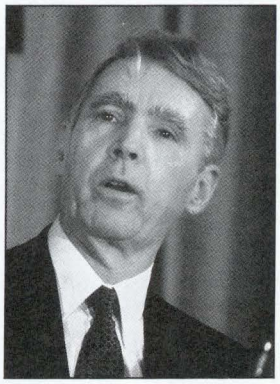


Ex-Rep. Jenrette: Is he overburdening an already-overcrowded prison?

* * *

The Abscam sting operation, which a couple of years ago cost seven members of the U.S Congress their jobs, is still producing some very good quotes. Said former Democratic Representative John W. Jenrette of South Carolina during his sentence hearing just a few months ago: "I certainly have no desire to overburden the overcrowded prisons I read about."

Don't worry about it, said U.S. District Court Judge John Garrett Penn in so many words as he sentenced Jenrette to two years in federal prison, five years' probation and fines totaling $20,000.



Postmaster General Bolger: Does he really rate a luxury jet plane?

* * *

At the same time late last year when the U.S. Postal Service was asking for higher postage rates, Postmaster General William F. Bolger was arranging to lease a $47,000-a-month luxury airplane. Normally, government officials are supposed to fly commercial airlines on the most economical fares available. But Bolger's aides insisted he needed the Cessna Citation II jet because of extensive travel demands around the country. Senator William V. Roth Jr. (R-Delaware) didn't buy that, asking the postmaster general to justify the cost of the plane. For blowing the whistle, Roth will probably have his mail lost or delayed like the millions of others who are at the mercy of this government monopoly.

* * *

The attempted assassination of Ronald Reagan on March 30, 1981, may have failed, but it had at least one silver lining. Kathy Paul was an emergency-room nurse at George Washington University Hospital that day, and Ron Stevens was a Secret Service agent assigned to guard the President's hospital room. They met on duty and were married a few months ago.

* * *

John Glenn is the wealthiest of all the Democratic Presidential hopefuls–but not because of astronaut-related endorsements of products. The Ohio senator shunned that questionable practice even before entering politics. Glenn's fat bank account is the result of shrewd Florida real-estate investments back in the late 1960s, when he was an executive with the Royal Crown Cola Company. Along with an old friend, Glenn invested in a Holiday Inn located east of the Disney World amusement park. Today his one-third share in that Orlando, Florida, motel brings him over $500,000 a year in profits–more than double the salary of the office he covets.

(For future Washington Daisy Chain columns, HUSTLER will pay $1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by HUSTLER.)

TONIGHT, LET IT BE LÖWENBRÄU*



*AD PARODY–NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

DEAR GRANNY

Got a problem? You need some advice, but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle–your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend–no problem! Dear Granny has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you–but probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: Dear Granny, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

DEAR GRANNY:

I guess I'm what you would call a male nymphomaniac. I live for sex, and I can never get enough. I'm a 19-year-old male with a well-muscled body and an 8½-inch cock that gets hard when I just see a girl. If I had my way, I'd be fucking women 24 hours a day. I'm beginning to think I'm oversexed. Granny, do I have some kind of a problem? And how can I satisfy my desires without hurting myself? –Horndog
New York, New York

Dear Horndog: At your age guys get a hard-on looking at doughnuts and bagels. In other words, you're not oversexed; you're just 19. So my advice is to get it while you can. To my knowledge the only time a horndog like yourself has a problem is when he's not getting it.

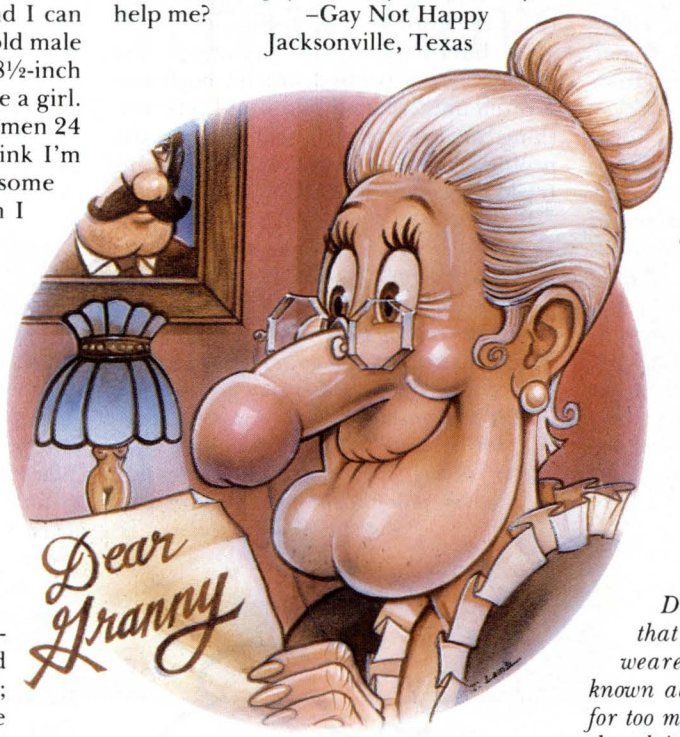
DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 45-year-old, single male presently going out with a 52-year-old ex-nun. She has very large breasts; as a matter of fact, she has to have her bras specially made to get the proper uplift. Not that I mind–on the contrary, she turns me on like few women ever have. The problem is that she's a virgin. We do everything imaginable together, but after several months I still haven't managed to completely penetrate her with my six inches of hard, throbbing penis. She's wonderfully tight, and I can't wait to "hit bottom" with her. In the meantime I'm very frustrated. Granny, is there any surefire way I can loosen her up enough to take all of my thick tool? –Let Me In
Kaplan, Louisiana

Dear Let Me In: Why not try a good-size, well-lubricated crucifix? Make sure it's not wooden though, because splinters can be painful. Seriously, honey, yours is not a unique problem, although I'm sure 52-year-old virgins are a bit difficult to find. With patience the two of you will soon be fucking like crazy. If you penetrate your lady friend gradually, with items of increasing size, she'll eventually loosen up. Try starting out with a couple of fingers and then work your way up to a dildo. By the time she's ready for a cucumber, she should be prepared to take your cock with no problem at all.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm very confused. I've had blowjobs from a few men, and before my wife and I were divorced, I really got off on her shoving a dildo up my ass. Since we broke up, all I can think of is what it would be like to be fucked by another man and play the submissive, female role. At night I get off on wearing slips and women's panties. But I don't know how real these urges are or how to find a guy to satisfy them. Can you help me? –Gay Not Happy
Jacksonville, Texas



Dear Gay: As the old saying goes: "A dildo up the ass does not a faggot make." Most men enjoy the sensations of anal stimulation–that's because the prostate gland (a very sensitive male erogenous zone) is located along the colon. As far as wearing slips and panties is concerned, that's something completely heterosexual men enjoy too. The only way you'll know if you're really gay, honey, is by experimenting. Try a nearby big town and find yourself a gay bar. Then go ahead. And if the cock fits, sit on it.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 19-year-old housewife and mother, but even after nursing two babies, I still have very small breasts. In fact, I don't really have any tits–just two nipples. I want to have my breasts enlarged, but I don't want to get silicone injections, because I hear they turn hard as a rock and can even move to different parts of your body. A friend told me about some pills to take to make my boobs bigger, but I don't know anything about them. So I thought I'd ask your advice. What's the best way to increase the size of my breasts? –Tiny Tits
Milford, Michigan

Dear Tiny: You could always hold your breath a lot. Honey, good plastic surgeons haven't used the kind of silicone you're talking about for years. Nowadays they use liquid-filled sacs, which are implanted in the breast, and there's no danger of slippage. Those pills your friend told you about sound like the usual snake oil. Frankly, I wish I had your problem. Every time I take off my bra, I fall headfirst to the floor.

DEAR GRANNY:

I don't really have a question, but I do have a statement to make to all your female readers who have bad teeth and are putting off having them pulled and getting dentures. Go ahead and have them pulled out–especially if your man loves head, as mine does. I had 14 of my top teeth pulled out, and when I remove my false plate and go down on him–wow! It's such a pleasure to both of us, I don't know why I didn't have them pulled out sooner. I just thought I'd write and tell your readers. By the way, I love your column! –Gums
Key West, Florida

Dear Gums: So much for the theory that the best thing to happen to denture wearers is Polygrip. Naturally, I've known about the benefits of being toothless for too many years to count. But thanks for the advice–on behalf of my readers anyway.

DEAR GRANNY:

I have very large breasts (40D), and I find it quite a turn-on to have men suck, pinch and play with them. Recently my boyfriend pierced my nipples, and since then he's pierced them three more times. I used to have an inverted nipple, but now it's "popped out." So I need to know where to find earrings for my "new" nipples–I'd like a couple of basic posts, but regular earrings aren't long enough. Also, are there any side effects I should worry about? I'd hate to think there were, because I just love having pierced nipples!
–Poked and Prodded
Boise, Idaho

Dear Poked: Sweetheart, having your boyfriend pierce your nipples ranks second behind clothes-hanger abortions on my list of unsafe medical practices. Go see a doctor about those nipples. As far as nipple rings are concerned, you can probably find what you're looking for at a local sex shop. What-

ever you buy, though, make sure they're gold or gold-filled. It'll help prevent infection–and, of course, they'll look nicer.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a 30-year-old man, and my girlfriend and I have a terrific sex life, except for one very small hang-up she has. My dick, when erect, points straight out; my girlfriend says it should point upward. Her solution is to have me wear my shorts while we make love, with my cock trapped against my belly under the elastic. She also feels I should do some of those Kegel exercises to strengthen my sexual muscles. Granny, do you think this will work, and if it doesn't, is there anything else I can do? –Angler
Chester, Iowa

Dear Angler: Your girlfriend sounds as if she gets wet at the sight of a tall building. Honey, Kegel exercises are great for everyone. They'll increase your staying power and probably make your girlfriend forget all about your not-so-upright erection. But as for which direction your dick points, I'm afraid that's in nature's hands. Men usually start out with erections that point up and then, as they age, end up with erections like yours that point in a more southerly direction. But have no fear, honey. I've learned from experience that you can't always judge a cock just by its direction.

DEAR GRANNY:

I'm a romantic 19-year-old female. I love the way my boyfriend kisses my neck and ears until chills tingle down my spine, and I adore the way he massages and sucks my nipples while they rise and harden under his caresses. Cuddling with him and curling my lips around his sumptuous penis drive me wild, and when he groans in ecstasy, my insides melt! I love making love and consider myself an extremely horny person, although I rarely, if ever, climax. But this is not because my lover comes too quickly or doesn't do his best to turn me on–sometimes we fuck for more than an hour. What happens is that I have these crazy cycles of coming really close to orgasm, but then suddenly "drying up." I'm getting very depressed, and my boyfriend is often uninterested in sex. Is there anything we can try that will remedy this problem, or am I condemned to being frigid my entire life? –Poor Finisher
Tucson, Arizona

Dear Poor: I don't know about you, but there are probably a million guys out there who came just reading the first part of your letter. Honey, the way you can write, you're obviously not frigid. In fact, I'd say you're most likely a little too concerned about sex–so much so that you're freezing up and trying too hard at the crucial moment. Relax! Let yourself go. Stop thinking about orgasms and start enjoying yourself, and you'll find that this problem will reach a climax in no time.

DEAR GRANNY:

My boyfriend loves it when I give him head, and his idea of "the ultimate" is when I do it till he comes and then swallow it. I don't mind going down on him–well, my jaws get a little sore, but the way my guy responds turns me on to no end and makes up for my discomfort. There's one problem though: I hate it when he comes in my mouth. I can't stand the taste of cum–especially how sticky and gooey it is–and it makes me gag. Most times I give my boyfriend head until he's about to shoot his load, and then I lie back and invite him to fuck me. This works pretty well, but of course he's beginning to get a bit frustrated. Granny, is there something wrong with me? I get the impression from my girlfriends that they love swallowing cum. Am I just weird or something?
–Jism Hater
Summer Shade, Kentucky

Dear Jism: You're not weird; you've just got bad taste. But if you can swallow pills, you can swallow jism–no matter how bad the flavor seems. Just ask your man to tell you when he's about to come. Then make sure his cock is as far back in your mouth as you can get it. When he does come, the jism will hit the back of your throat, way behind your taste buds. Then all you have to do is swallow. The contented look on your man's face at that point will make up for any misgivings you had about giving head. And who knows? You may develop a taste for a great delicacy.

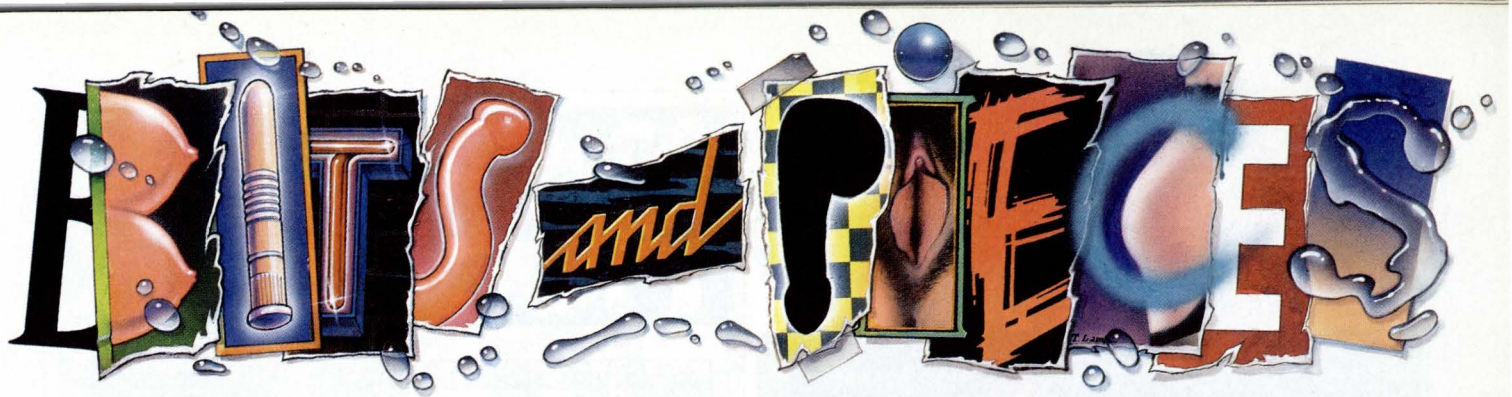
DEAR GRANNY:

I'm concerned about anal sex. I've never tried it because I've always been afraid it will hurt. My boyfriend, however, is really pressuring me to do it. I'm embarrassed to admit this, but I'm considering having anal sex with him because I've been a bit constipated lately, and a girlfriend of mine tells me that having a guy come up your butt will end your constipation problems forever. Granny, is this true?
–Stuck Up the Butt
Circleville, Ohio

Dear Stuck Up: Well, honey, I know one thing: Getting fucked up the butt is a whole hell of a lot more fun than Ex-Lax. I don't know about ending your constipation problems forever, but I do know that getting a little jism up the old brown highway works the same as any enema–and enemas definitely end constipation, at least on a temporary basis. Honestly, what can you lose by trying? If your beau's sensitive, and if you're well lubricated and stimulated before he shoves his rod up your rear, a little relief from your constipation won't be the only benefit from your first experience with butt-fucking.

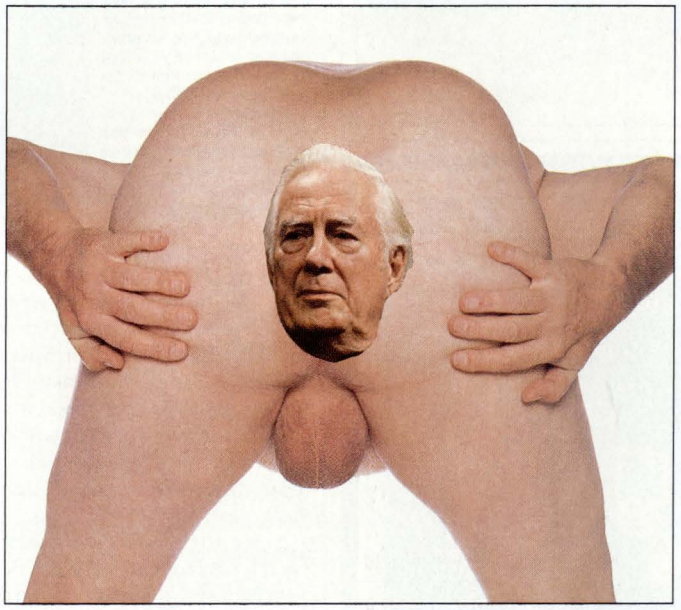


"If you're so pro-life, why the vow of celibacy?"



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Warren Burger



Which burger is known for warmed-over, 100%-all-meathead thought processes, a topping of cheesy disregard for basic human rights, layers of negotiable lettuce applied by the wealthy to ensure special treatment and a viewpoint that can only be the result of looking at the world from between two big, fat, doughy white-bread buns? There's only one correct answer–the Big Mac of Bumholes, Supreme Court Chief Justice Warren Burger. And all the stuff that's dripping onto the Constitution these days isn't just *any* special sauce . . . it's the same old shit that's been drizzling out of this Burger for years.

If this hemorrhoidal horror had any ethics, he'd still be chasing ambulances. Unfortunately for all of us, he sucked into a lucky-for-him situation back in 1951, when loyalty oaths were a burning issue.

A Yale medical professor named John Peters, who was also a part-time consultant for the U.S. Public Health Service, was barred from further government service for three years as a result of allegations that he belonged to the Communist Party. Not only did Peters deny the charges under oath, but his accusers were never identified. What's more, the work he did wasn't classified. Unhappy with the ruling, Peters sued the government.

Because of the obvious problems this persecution presented, the solicitor general (an appointee who usually argues the government's case) refused to sign the brief–greatly embarrassing the Eisenhower Administration. Ike desperately needed an asshole that could easily be greased. And who bent over to save the day when the case finally came to trial in 1955? Wrinkled Warren himself. His reward from a grateful Eisenhower/Nixon Administration for this act of prostitution was a seat on the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals–and Nixon filed Burger's name away for future reference.

During the 14 years that bilious bunghole Burger remained on the appellate bench, he developed his own theories of injustice. For example, Burger feels the police should be encouraged to obtain convictions any way they can. In a pronouncement from his throne, this reeking rectum farted out his belief that law professors will applaud "anything they could identify as expansion of individual rights, even when that expansion was at the expense of the rights of innocent citizens," implying that the rights of the accused were less important than the rights of the accuser.

Well, as anyone who's ever been pulled into a police station can testify, the cops are there for one thing: to put people in jail. And they'll do it any way they can unless the courts indicate that convictions will be overturned as long as confessions are improperly obtained.

It's bad enough that this turd squeezer holds *any* position of authority in our government, but the worst part was the accident that permitted former President Nixon to place Burger on the bench as Chief Justice in 1969.

This Supreme Shit Dispenser has also consistently attacked one of the things closest to every HUSTLER reader's heart–the right to read and see anything he or she wants. Burger was the person responsible for the decision (*Miller* v. *California*) that resulted in the patchwork-quilt "community standards" obscenity laws. According to this ruling, what's obscene in Atlanta may not be obscene in Los Angeles. In cases like this, Burger and his band of seven old men and a withered cunt have done their damnedest to take your copy of HUSTLER away from you.

Why? According to Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong–whose book *The Brethren* is considered by many to be the definitive work about the Burger Court–the Chief Injustice considers the sexual acts themselves to be "hard-core."

The time is ripe to organize a ground-swell movement to *successfully* impeach Big Brother Burger before any more of our rights are trampled on. As far as our Constitutional rights go, Americans deserve a break today from this brand of junk-food justice–let's get him off the High Court.

FARTS IN THE WIND

For fucking over every American, Warren Burger took April's Asshole honors. But others recently fucked over HUSTLER Editor Larry Flynt, and these second-stringers are our Farts in the Wind.

U.S. District Court Judge **ROBERT M. TAKASUGI** found Larry in contempt of court for failing to divulge the source of an audiotape on which an FBI agent threatened John Z. DeLorean, the bankrupt automaker arrested for conspiracy to sell cocaine. Larry was ordered to pay nearly $400,000 in fines–and was arrested for wearing an American-flag diaper into the judge's courtroom.

Larry appeared before U.S. District Court Judge **FRANK McGARR** in Chicago after he was arrested for leaving Los Angeles while under indictment for the flag-diaper incident. When he spit at this poor excuse for a jurist, McGarr sentenced him to 60 days in jail.

At the federal prison in Springfield, Missouri, Larry was harassed by a hardass nurse, denied proper medical treatment and was not provided with the special diet requested by his nutritionist. When he objected to this shabby treatment by **PRISON OFFICIALS**, he was placed in solitary.

Finally, **ALAN DERSHOWITZ**, the revered Harvard professor who claims to be a champion of the First Amendment, doesn't have the guts to appear in these pages. He refused to be interviewed in HUSTLER, a true champion of the First Amendment.

Child Prodigy

C'mon, Mom. You can look a little prouder than that! With parents pressuring their kids to be achievers at younger ages, it won't be long before we're listening to fetal recitals like the one being performed here. But if he plays "Melancholy Baby" one more time, we're going to wrap that umbilical cord around his prodigious neck.



Moving Stares

Although we usually don't care all that much for some of those nit-picky rules, here's a case where we would've really liked to have been able to stand behind both the letter and the spirit of the law. Another woman might have seen this sign forbidding the wearing of long dresses on escalators and remained on the ground floor. This resourceful social climber, however, flashed on a better solution. If you think she looks good here, imagine what she'd look like going down.



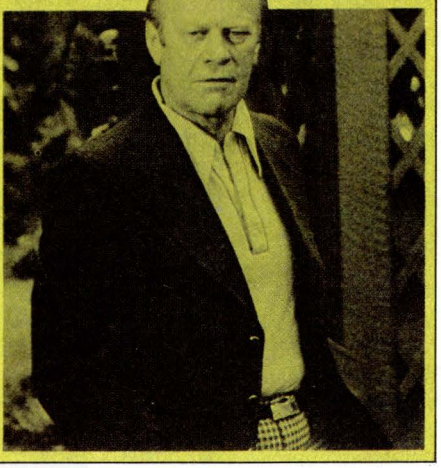
Nine Years Ago In HUSTLER

PREMATURE ASSHOLE OF THE YEAR AWARD:

Goes to President Gerald Ford for appointing Nelson Rockefeller to head up the committee for investigating illegal activities of the Central Intelligence Agency during the late '60s and early '70s.

It seems Nelson sat on several key committees during the period in question, including the Foreign Relations Committee, which should have had access to any information regarding domestic activities of the CIA (which is illegal, according to the CIA charter of 1947.)

Sounds like another cover-up to us. Will we have to wait until two years after Nelson is elected president in 1976 to find out how accurate our guesstimates really are?



Here's another first–HUSTLER's first Asshole: Gerald Ford. When this column appeared in our May 1975 issue, Gerry was judged to be such an asshole among assholes that he was appropriately, if somewhat prematurely, made Asshole of the Year, rather than just the usual Asshole of the Month.

Since then many unworthy recipients from all walks of life–including presidents and other heads of state as well as bit players in the theater of life–have found themselves exposed as the Asshole of the Month. Once Larry Flynt even named himself Asshole!

The point, of course, is not just name-calling (although that is part of the fun), but making people aware of serious lapses of judgment on the part of the dishonoree. Being named an Asshole isn't the worst thing that could happen to someone–but if a person continues to be an Asshole after someone has taken the time to point out his or her error, then that person falls into a whole new category: stupid Asshole.

In any event, it would appear as if this is one column that will never cease for lack of subject matter. Despite the fact that HUSTLER has named almost 100 Assholes since Gerry, there doesn't seem to be any end to the number of unworthy candidates just begging to find themselves peeking out from between the hemorrhoids.

★ ★ ★ Sex News Bits FINAL

■ **WASHINGTON, D.C.**–According to Dr. Norman Rosenthal of the National Institute of Mental Health, the decrease in daylight during the winter months can cause a psychologically based decline in a person's sex drive. Rosenthal says he's established a connection between the shortened days and what he calls "Seasonal Affective Disorder."

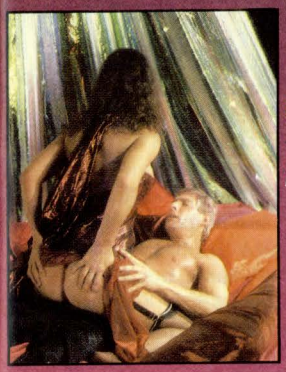
■ **SEATTLE, WASHINGTON**–A woman's yawn during eye contact shouldn't deter a man from pursuing her. The yawn could even be a hopeful sign, indicating the woman has at least *mixed* feelings about the man. University of Washington anthropology professor David Givens, who has studied the interactions between men and women for four years, says that a woman will expose her neck and slant her toes inward to show that she's actually available.

■ **MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA**–Doctors here are experimenting with tight underwear as a male contraceptive. The exceptionally tight clothing, they believe, cuts sperm production with body heat by pressing the testicles against the wearer. Dr. Pierre Donjier and five colleagues from the Montreal Group for Masculine Contraception are testing the underpants on themselves. "At first it was a little uncomfortable," said Donjier, "but you get used to it."

■ **EUGENE, OREGON**–Women can become so highly aroused by the nitrous oxide ("laughing gas") used during dentistry that they could fantasize they've had sex with their dentist. A recent South African study established that the gas produces both arousal and sexual fantasy in women. In the *Journal of the American Dental Association*, oral surgeon Theodore Jastak of the University of Oregon Health Sciences Center warns dentists to never administer the gas without a witness present.

HUSTLER'S

8th ANNUAL EROTIC FILM AWARDS



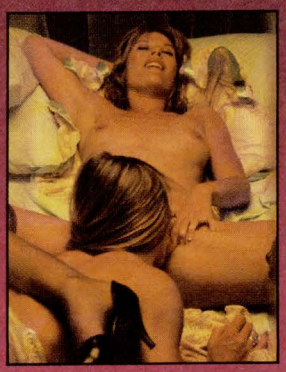
BEST FILM:

The Devil in Miss Jones II.

Last year the makers of blue movies had their *greenest* season ever. Budgets were big, but so were porn box-office receipts and home-videotape sales. In short, the porn industry has *cum* of age, and X-rated-flick lovers have been taking these pictures seriously.

Naturally, we take this industry seriously too–so seriously that we let you, the readers, vote for your favorite films and what you liked about them. This 8th Annual Erotic Film Awards keeps alive our commitment to spur X-rated-film makers into producing better and better work by letting them know what their most important critics–the viewing public–think. And judging from the results of your selections, voted for in ballots in the December 1983 HUSTLER, you have an eye (and crotch) for good porn.

You will notice we have added a new category this year: Most Disappointing Film. We feel if you can recognize what's good out there, you can also spot a failure. Hey, there's a little Rex Reed in all of us, isn't there?



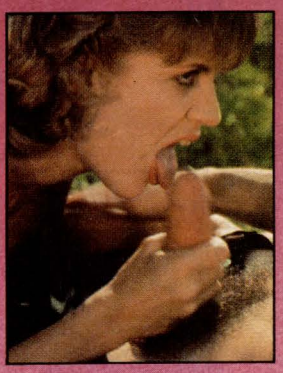
MOST ACCOMPLISHED CUNNILINGUIST:

Marilyn Chambers in *Up 'n' Coming.*



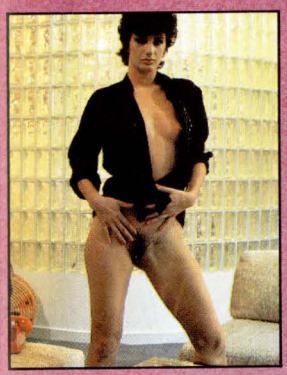
BEST ACTOR:

Jerry Butler in *In Love.*



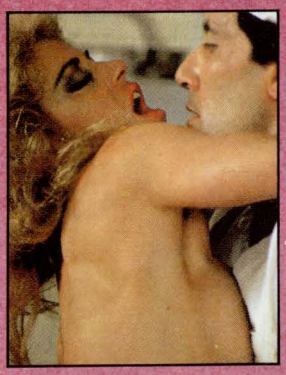
MOST ACCOMPLISHED FELLATIO ARTIST:

Sharon Kane in *Daddy's Little Girls.*



BEST ACTRESS:

Sharon Mitchell in *Hot Dreams.*



BEST SEX SCENE:

John Leslie and Gina Gianetti in *A Taste of Money.*



BEST DIRECTOR:

Henri Pachard, *The Devil in Miss Jones II.*



MOST DISAPPOINTING FILM:

Let's Talk Sex.

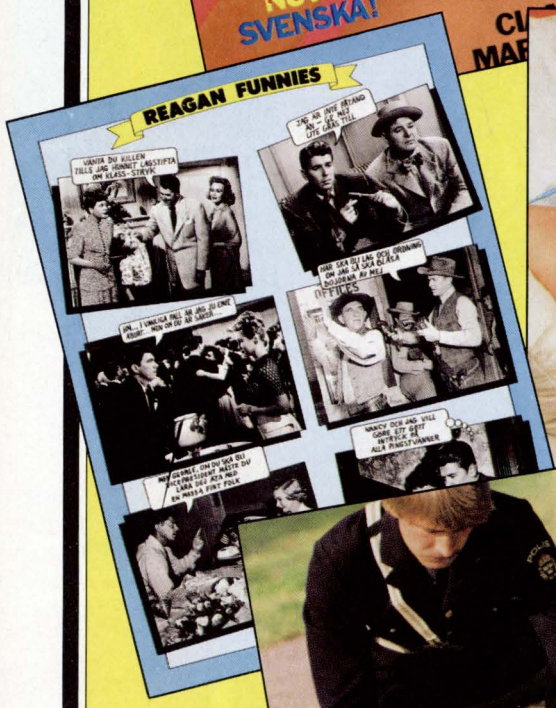
Three Tits? Ja, Sure!

How many times has this happened to you? You are on your way to Sweden for a couple of months in that land of midnight sun, beautiful, free-loving blondes and Volvos when you realize you have left the current issue of HUSTLER at home. How are you gonna make it through the trip? Admittedly, Sweden is known throughout the world for its sexually liberated climate and liberal laws; so you can probably find some interesting porn. But after all, HUSTLER's a lot more than just a porn magazine, right?

So relax. For just 25 Kronors you can purchase the officially authorized and licensed Swedish edition of HUSTLER (or as it's called over there, SVENSKA HUSTLER). Although we've only seen the first issue, which is kind of a best of the United States HUSTLER translated into Swedish, we're impressed.

Not only does editor Yngve Solberg include his very own commentary ("The Gospel According to Yngve"?), but also SVENSKA HUSTLER presents Tinsley cartoons, public-service messages (translated into English, that headline below reads: "Some Still Call Him Pig?"–a much more humane-looking cop than the booted-and-helmeted officer that graced our original version of that ad), girls with three tits, *Linje Luste (Kinky Korner)*, investigative reports (*Did the CIA Kill Marilyn Monroe?*) and, of course, our favorite section, *Smatt & Gott (Bits and Pieces)*. Keep up the good work, Yngve. As we say here in America: *Skol*, brother!

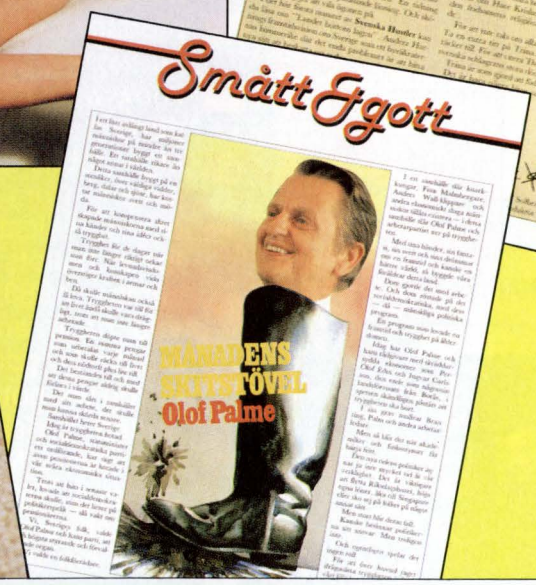














How Now Pink Cow?

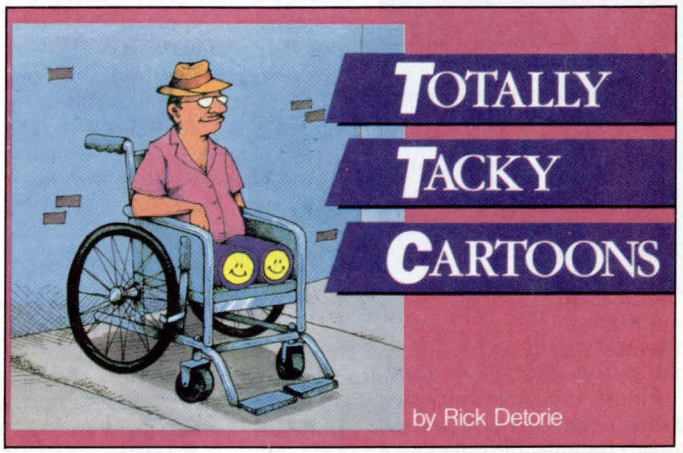
How many times have you heard someone say, "I'm so hungry, I could eat a horse!"? Even though that's a fairly common expression, you've probably never actually seen anyone eating a horse. On the other hand, you've probably *never* heard anyone say, "I'm so horny, I could eat a cow!" But look what we have here.

As everyone should know by now, HUSTLER condemns bestiality in any form–despite the fact that this guy really deserves a load of shit on his face. Whether it's Linda Lovelace with her dog or this asshole and ol' Betsy, we feel that humans should leave the animals alone. As this picture shows, there's enough two-legged animals out there to satisfy any pervert.

Local Boy Makes Good

HUSTLER Magazine's pages have always been a springboard for successful photographers, writers, artists and cartoonists. Obviously, the world's greatest magazine has to include work by the world's greatest contributors. And we're happy to see that some of these contributors have been making their own mark in the world.

Case in point: Our faithful HUSTLER readers will certainly recognize the outrageous satirical style of Rick Detorie's *Totally Tacky Cartoons* (Wallabee Books, published by Simon and Schuster). Even though we didn't put this out, it's definitely worth buying. We'd have recommended it even if this extremely funny book had *not* been dedicated to our Humor and Cartoon Editors, Dwaine and Susan Tinsley, and regular cartoonist John Billette. Buy it–you'll like it.



Cut Off His What?

We have got an etiquette question for all of you "behavior consultants" out there. Let's say that you're a dominatrix/porn actress who has received a devastating review from your friend and mine, Entertainment Editor Lonn M. Friend. How do you handle it gracefully?

1. Offer to pay him something for a good review the next time you make a stupid video.

2. Offer to send over a couple of bimbos so he will think nice thoughts about you.

3. Threaten to cut off his dick.

Obviously, Mistress Michelle, the critic's pal, chose number 3. We have to admit that Lonn handled it well. His only comment when he received these disturbing photos was: "Hell, I'm twice as long as that guy!"





SEX IN MEDIA

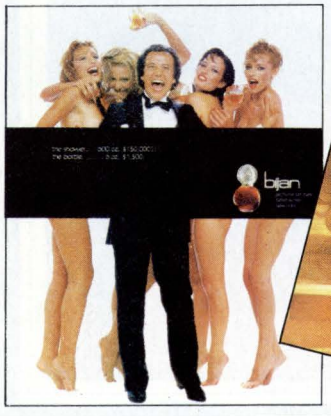
LIKE A MOTH TO A FLAME–This ad, which appeared in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, really says it all–intentionally or not.

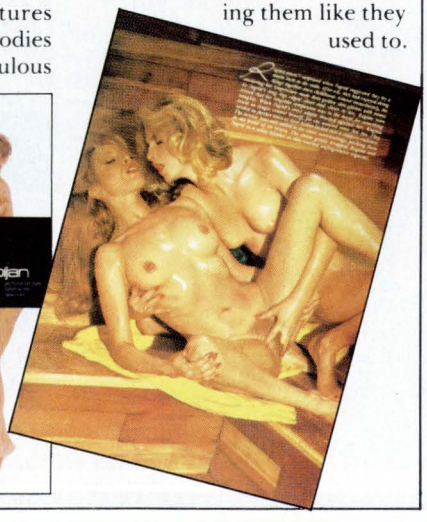


The copy reads: "Only one thing warms the house better than music." So far, so good. The illustration, a line drawing of what might be a gas flame, so closely resembles the things we'd think of first when it comes to *really* warming the house that if the words "Laclede Gas" didn't appear underneath that popular warming medium, we'd expect it to read "Laclede Pussy."

Look at the depth projected by those hot, burning lips. Even though we know it's supposed to be a flame, it *still* looks like a pussy to us. Does this mean we've been working here too long, or what?

LIFE IMITATES ART–As you know, HUSTLER is a balls-out men's magazine that features beautiful women and parodies of ads for expensive, ridiculous products. You may not be as familiar with *Town & Country*, a magazine for wealthy society women that features articles about swank places to spend money and real ads for outrageously expensive items–such as $250-per-ounce perfume. So what could these two magazines have in common? Ingrid, one of the girls who graced our July 1982 pages, appeared in this ad for Bijan perfume that ran in the November 1983 issue of *Town & Country*. And, while it's always nice to see an old friend, it would have been nicer to see a little more of her. Sorry, Bijan. We like our girls without the black band.





BIG COCK?–This last frame of a nationally syndicated comic strip appeared in the *Boston Globe* on November 27, 1983. As you can see, the life of the average Neanderthal really *wasn't* that easy back in the good old days. Judging from the shape of that caveman's cock, he's been thrusting it into the wrong type of warm, moist cave. On the other hand, consider the size of that thing. Obviously, they just aren't building them like they used to.



How Much Down?

Hey, what an opportunity! We know a lot of women who've been looking for a Brown & Stiff piece of property. Now they'll know just where to get it. We hope it's a dependable *firm*.

Actually, you'd think a business would have more sense than to call itself Brown & Stiff. If the partners' names were Fuck and Suck, would they still advertise it? If these photos serve a purpose other than to make us laugh, it's to give some insight as to how oblivious people can be to the obvious. Or did this company figure on a rise in the female buyers' market?



Porn From the Past

Imagine how difficult life must have been being a dentist back when this shot was taken. All Doc had to do was to ask the pretty young thing in this vintage shot to open wide so he could fill her cavity, and the next thing you know she was showing off her root canal.

We're always looking for some new old smut. If you have any, send it along to *Bits and Pieces*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We pay $150 for each shot we use.



HUSTLER INTERVIEW: JACKIE ONASSIS'S LEFT EAR*

A candid interview with the only organ Aristotle Onassis could ever really fill.

HUSTLER: How did Jackie manage to handle all those stories about JFK and his other women so well?

EAR: Huh? Listen, before we get started, reach over and turn on the hearing aid, will ya? (*Short pause.*) Just start talking, and when that dumb fucking smile fades off her face, you'll know you're getting through.

HUSTLER: Oh. Sorry, we didn't know. How long has Jackie been wearing one of those?

EAR: Huh? Oh, the hearing aid. Shit, she's been deaf for about ten years now. But, hey, she was dumb right from the day she was born. Why do you think she married those two assholes? (*Laugh.*) Now, what's the question?

HUSTLER: We wanted to know how Jackie managed to keep her cool despite those stories about JFK and his sexual adventures in the White House.

EAR: Drugs. She's been so fucked up for the last twenty-some years that I'd be surprised if she can even remember what it felt like when that stupid fucking Greek first began jabbing his dick into me, much less what went on with Marilyn or any of the other bimbos. He started her on the hard stuff that time she was on his yacht just before Jack bought it in Dallas.

HUSTLER: Wait a minute. Aristotle Onassis used to fuck you? Did that go on throughout their marriage?

EAR: Marriage? Who said marriage? By the time they got married, her head was so full of Cream of Greece, she was cleaning me out with tampons instead of Q-Tips. I was the only part of her he really wanted anyway. And that was just to get even with the old man–Joe.

HUSTLER: So her hearing problem is due to impacted semen?

EAR: Yeah, pretty much. That stuff got inside me and dried up harder than cement. You'd have to take an awl and chisel it out.

HUSTLER: That seems like a terribly dangerous operation.

EAR: It might have been at one time, but there wouldn't be too much danger today. Ben Bradlee and the boys down at the Company saw to that. After they finished turning her into a CIA drone, there wasn't too much left inside that pretty head except for dried-up Greek jizz and air anyway. You might say she's like one of those ancient ruins . . . just not quite so old.

HUSTLER: Let's change the subject. How does Jackie get along with the Kennedys these days?

EAR: No problem. She's always gotten along well with most of them–well, Bobby, Teddy and the old man, at least. There's just something about her that drives those Micks wild. These days Teddy is awfully busy acting respectable, but he still gets together with her as often as possible so he can play President.

HUSTLER: You mean she's having an affair with Teddy? That sounds pretty sick to us.

EAR: Yeah, well it sounds a lot sicker to me because I have to listen to it. Among other things, Ben and the CIA programmed her to think that Teddy is actually Jack. Old Ted really loves it. He likes to come on her face while he tells her: "Ask not what I can do for your cunt; ask what your cunt can do for me."

HUSTLER: That's terrible.

EAR: It's nothing–believe me. You ought to hear him when he plays Cuban Missile Crisis. But then, Jackie and Teddy have always had something going.

HUSTLER: You're kidding! Even back when JFK was still alive?

EAR: Sure. Jack found out about it and threatened to send Teddy to Nam. That broke it up for a while, but by then Jackie was pregnant; so off she went to Ari's yacht for some suction.

HUSTLER: An abortion? On Onassis's yacht?

EAR: That too. Of course she *was* pretty pissed off. Teddy had told her he was using a rubber, but you know how trustworthy he is. Actually, I'm surprised he *isn't* President.

HUSTLER: So she was mad at Teddy and–

EAR: Hell, she was mad at Jack too. That was around the time she found out about JFK and Marilyn and the pillbox hat; so she was really smoked. (In the March HUSTLER Interview JFK's dead cock revealed that Marilyn Monroe pissed in Jackie's hat.) Jack's fucking those bimbos was one thing. Letting someone piss in her hat was another.

HUSTLER: She must have been devastated after Dallas . . . particularly since she and Jack weren't getting along.

EAR: No. She just kept saying that since Jack gave such good head, they had decided to let him give a little piece of skull to everyone up and down the block. And I think you know which block I mean.

HUSTLER: That seems like an awfully cold attitude for a woman with whom millions of Americans empathized during that terrible time in history.

EAR: Well, it was all a front. In fact, her favorite joke that year was that she'd gotten a jack-in-the-box just in time for Christmas.

HUSTLER: How are things today for Jackie? Is she happy?

EAR: How can she help but be? She's got a lot of money, she can buy all the drugs she wants, and she has "Jack" to play Camelot with. Sure, she has her bad days like everyone else, but all in all what can you say about a twice-widowed zombie with a head full of dried Greek cum?



"Who said marriage? By the time they got married, her head was so full of Cream of Greece, she was cleaning me out with tampons instead of Q-Tips."

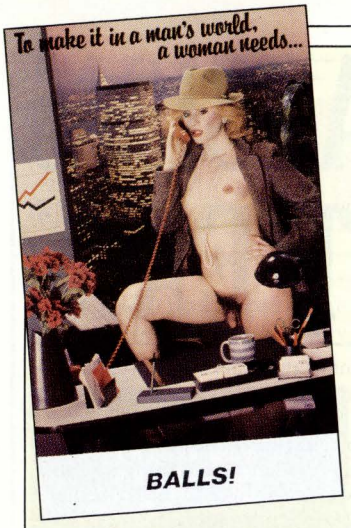


"These days Teddy is awfully busy acting respectable, but he still gets together with her as often as possible so he can play President."



"It was all a front. In fact, her favorite joke that year was that she'd gotten a jack-in-the-box just in time for Christmas."

* PARODY–NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

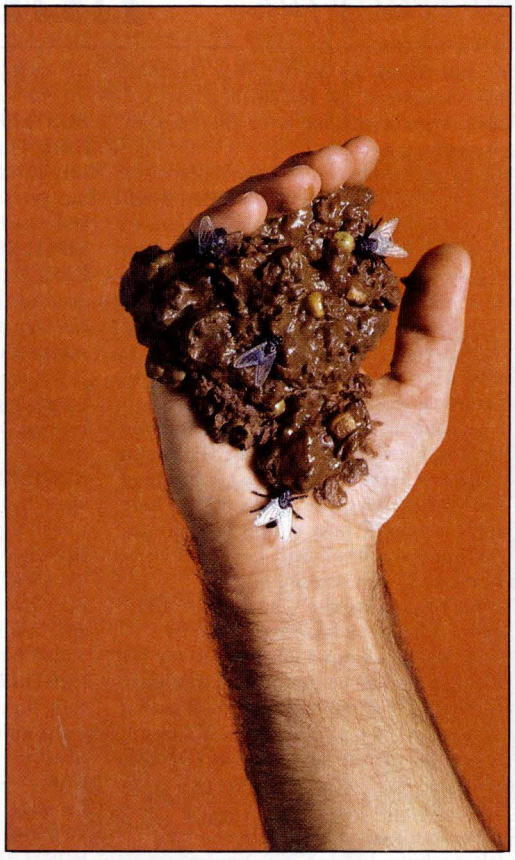


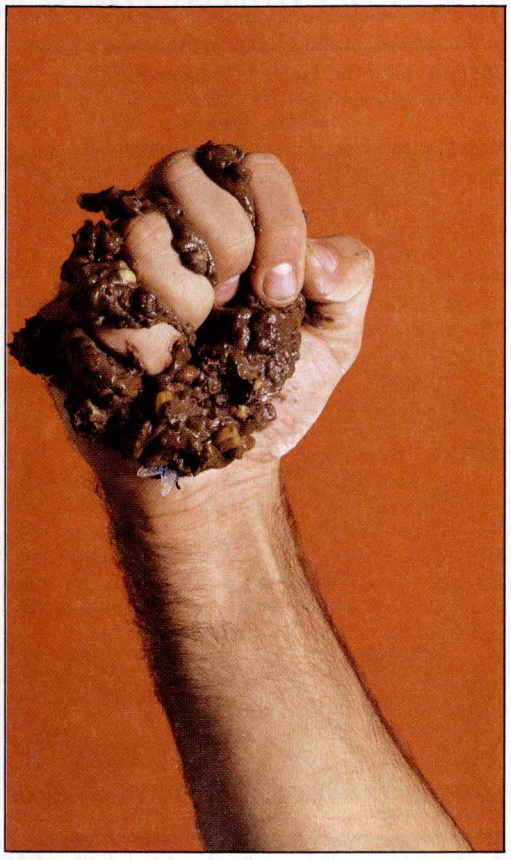
Two Heads *Are Better*

Back in our May 1983 issue we showed you the first of the hilarious she-male greeting cards from T.N.T. Designs Inc. (35 W. 24th Street, New York, NY 10010). The she-male phenomenon has so intrigued the American public that T.N.T. has released a whole slew of these cards. This particular item has a lot to say about the *rising* role of women in today's dog-eat-dog business arena. Who's better equipped than this androgynous lovely to suck up to the boss and give him the shaft at the same time?

The Sound of One Hand Crapping

Sure you catch more flies with honey than with vinegar, but do you know what *really* rings the dinner bell for those buzzing bozos? If you said shit, you said a mouthful. Scientists at Warsaw University claim that their new product, the "Smellsky No-Pest Hand," eliminates the need for unsanitary flyswatters and unsafe chemical sprays. It's so efficient, the user can even eat with his other hand while ridding the world of airborne disease carriers. The genius who came up with this one deserves a big hand–and a big bar of soap to go with it.







Playboy- The Travesty

Good parodies are like sharks; they slash and tear at the pompous underbelly of the institution being parodied. That's why we recently (January '84) concluded that the Barbi Benton-assisted *Playbore* parody was so good–it was both vicious and funny. Well, here's the other side of the coin–*Playboy: The Parody.*

First of all, the editors *thanked* Hefner for his help (so you know it's gotta be as candy-assed as he is). In addition, it's flat. It doesn't break any new ground and doesn't try to. Finally, for some reason it even includes a bit of warmed-over *Lampoon* material ("Tasting the Great Wives of California") that wasn't very funny when it first appeared in *that* magazine.

There certainly were a lot of magazine parodies on the stands during 1983, and you can bet there will be just as many this year. We particularly enjoy them when they're done well, but that is not the case here.

The folks at Taylor/Shain (the organization responsible for this "parody") should know better–there are some very talented people's names on that masthead. But since they didn't use any restraint, you should. Take the $3.95 and buy yourself lunch. That will turn to shit too, but at least you'll get something out of it first.

Jizzercise: For a Man's Body

People used to equate exercise with pumping iron, but classes like this have changed all that. And you can definitely see why.

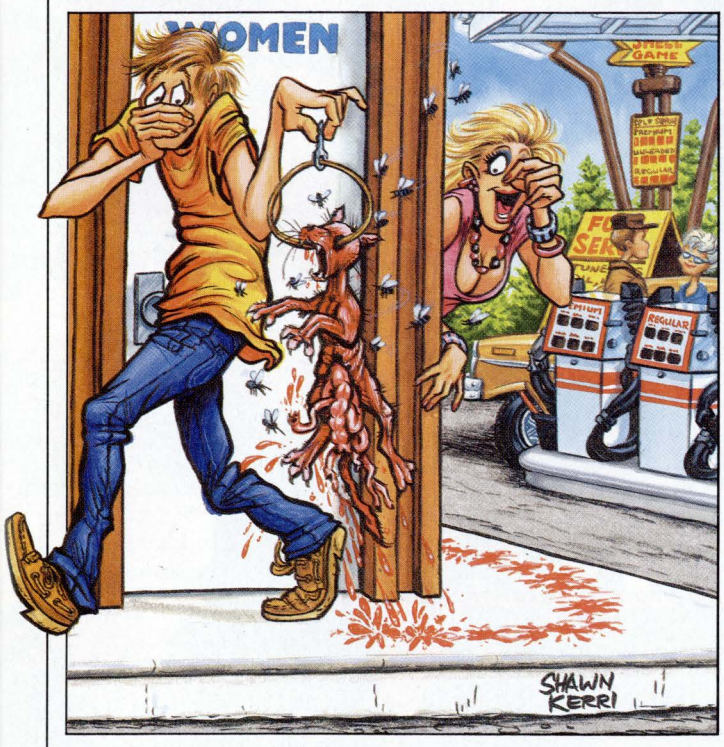
Not only do regular sessions help to reduce stress and tension, but participants agree that they have an overall good feeling after a vigorous workout.

Of course, music is the key ingredient to any well-managed exercise program. Such songs as "We've Got the Beat," "Beat It," "The Beat Goes On" and anything by the Beatles provide the rhythm to jerk by. The instructor provides the incentive for a true "hands-on" learning experience.

And how do the well-exercised members feel? "I'm just glad that I came," said one. "I was getting so out of shape that I was stiff and sore for days after my first session." What more could we add to that?



Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Well, ya gotta admit... it's a great way to keep people from running off with the bathroom key!"

HUSTLER Update



CONDEMNED TO DIE: The Hell of Death Row
August '83

HUSTLER recently exposed capital punishment not only as discriminatory against blue-collar workers and members of racial minorities ("Those without the capital get the punishment."), but also as an ineffective deterrent to crime. Because of the political and economic climates and an execution-happy Supreme Court, however, we correctly predicted that beginning in 1983 and 1984 we would see a flood of executions unparalleled since the Depression era. Though from 1966 through 1982 there weren't more than two in any year, 1983 saw five, with two occurring in a week.



THE COCAINE BATTLEGROUND
February '84

The plight of the cocaine addict, as portrayed in this revealing article, is a sorry one indeed, in part because attempts to cure this addiction have been largely unsuccessful. But new research offers hope: A recent two-year study indicates that cocaine is a *physically* addicting drug, not merely psychologically habituating, as is commonly supposed. Based on this conclusion the researchers say that medication rather than behavior-modification therapy could be the key to kicking the habit. HUSTLER hopes that a safe, nonaddicting medicinal solution will soon be developed that will free the cocaine addict from his chains.

Contributors

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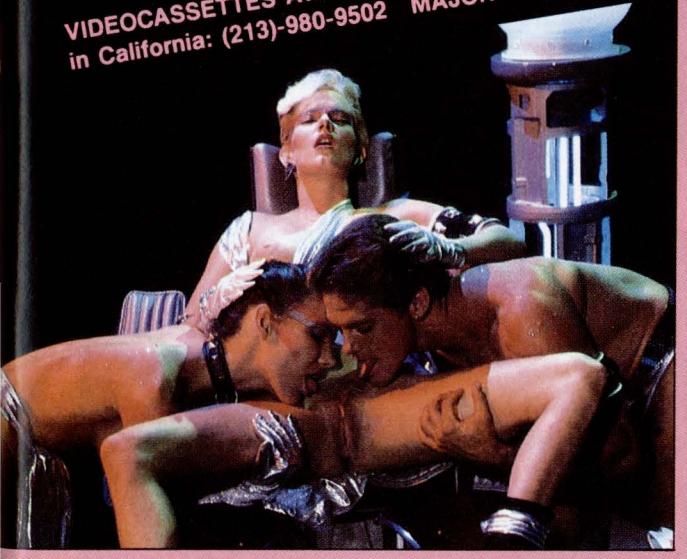


VOLUME TWO
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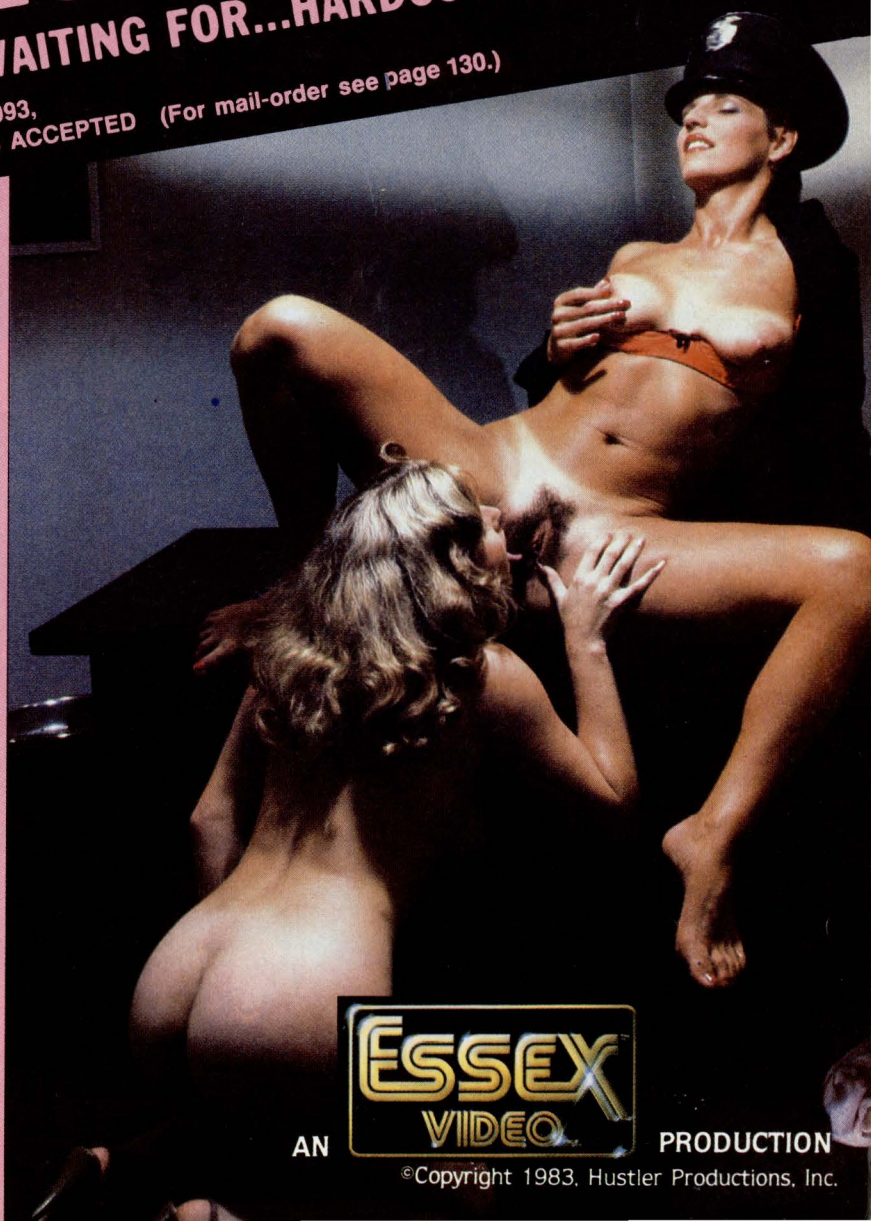
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His screen presence is bubbly and arresting, and he seems to arrive at this effortlessly . . ."
—Andy Warhol, Interview*

"LAWRENCE WELK IS SURELY A MOVIE STAR'S MOVIE STAR! 'Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence Welk' reverberates with the sound of clashing cultures—his and the rest of the world's."
—Rolling Stone*



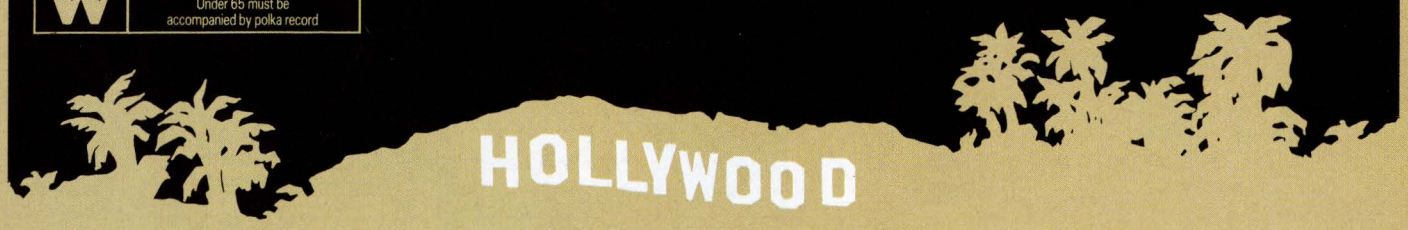
MERRY CHRISTMAS, MR. LAWRENCE WELK*

THE "SAVE THE ACCORDION" FOUNDATION Presents a YANKOVIC Production
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LAWRENCE WELK • MYRON FLOREN
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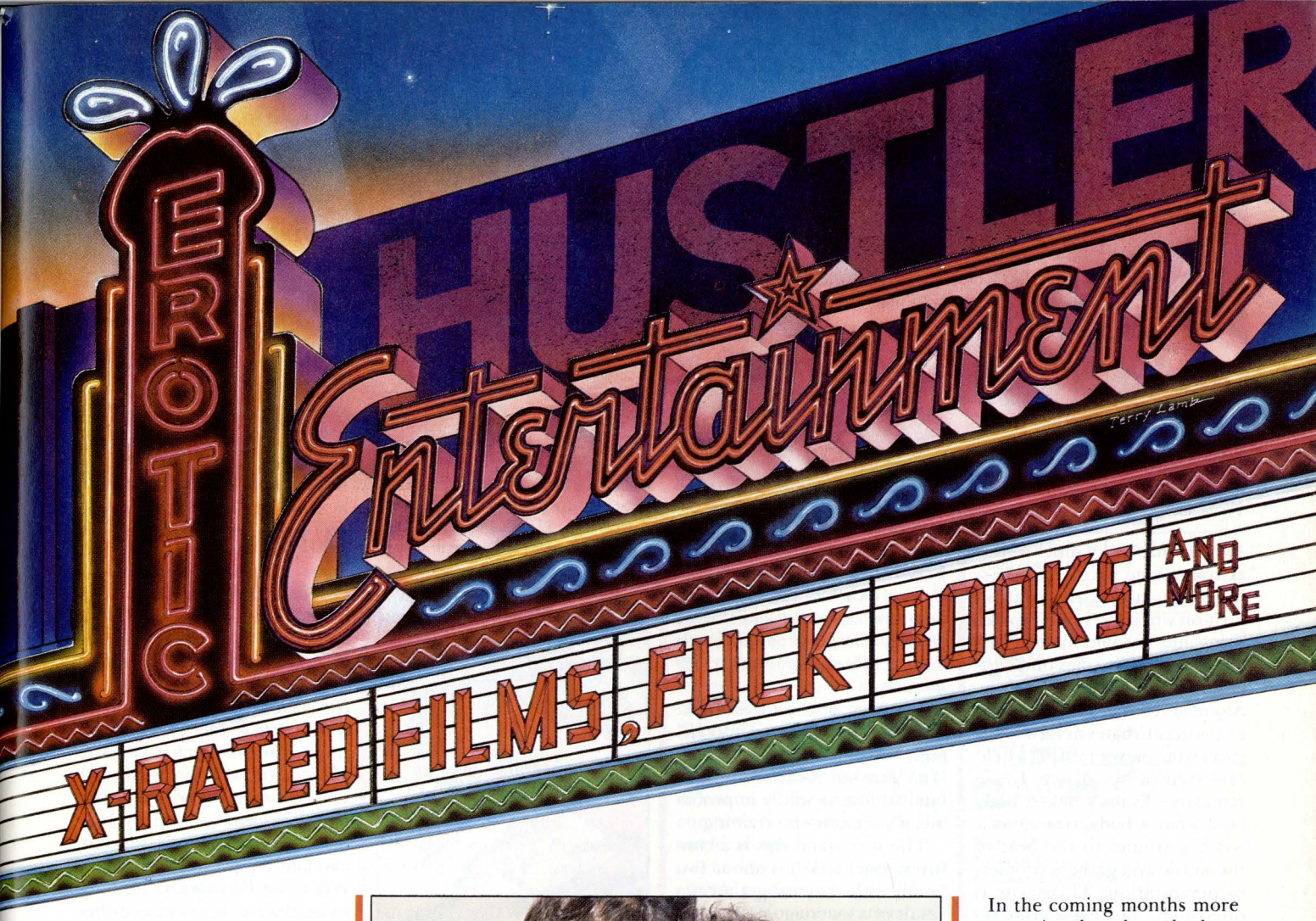
A ONE AN' A TWO RELEASE

DULLBY MONO

W WUNNAFUL, WUNNAFUL
Under 65 must be accompanied by polka record



*PARODY—NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY



X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Fleshdance

Fully Erect. Produced by Joann Jewel; written by J. Daniels; directed by Ken Gibb; starring Shanna Evans, John Leslie, Herschel Savage, Rachel Ashley, Ron Jeremy, Tanya Lawson, Desiree Lane, Laurie Smith, Kimberly Carson, Janey Robbins, Gina Veronaca and Paul Thomas. Running time: 83 minutes.

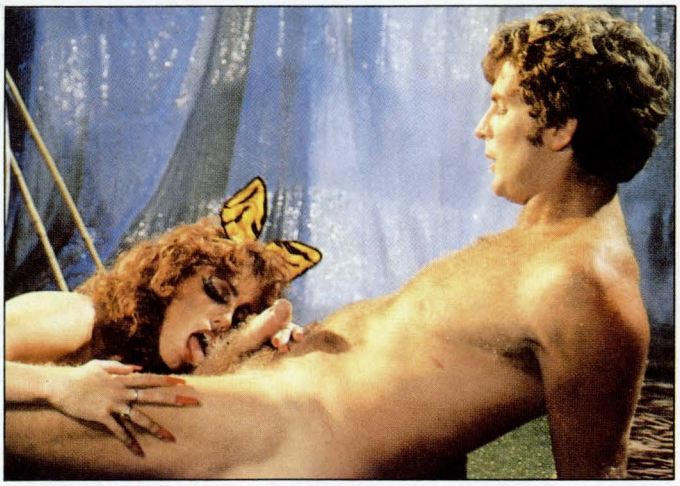


John Leslie and Shanna Evans make an erotic pair in 'Fleshdance.'

In the coming months more porn satires based on the box-office megahit *Flashdance* will be released than your pecker will be able to handle. *Fleshdance* is the first such production . . . and it may prove to be the best.

The story revolves around a semisleazy strip joint that is doing terrible business. In an effort to breathe new life into the place, the owner (Herschel Savage) comes up with the idea of having an elaborate, cash-prize contest to determine the hottest act. With the help of his friend (John Leslie), Savage remodels the club, finds some fresh faces and asses, and reopens with a gala, standing-room-only evening of onstage sexual dance-fantasy. The contest is–not surprisingly–won by a Jennifer Beals lookalike (Shanna Evans), who performs an excruciatingly erotic dance that commands a dick-standing ovation from the raincoat-clad male members of the audience. Evans, in the final scene, celebrates her victory by passionately fucking Leslie's brains out.

Far and away the highlight of *Fleshdance* is Shanna Evans.



'Fleshdance': Paul Thomas in a cock-hardening fantasy with Tanya Lawson.

Aside from being a super-sensual lovemaking partner for Leslie, she is also a devastating turn-on when she's simply practicing her aerobic dancing. In one scene Leslie spies on Shanna "working out" after class. Alone in front of a long mirror, Evans masturbates herself to orgasm while never missing a delicate step of her dance. Leslie fantasizes Evans's naked body (and what a body, whew!) as it writhes around to the beat of the music and gathers droplets of perspiration. This scene is one of the hottest *nonsex* sequences ever filmed–definitely one for the blue books.

Elsewhere *Fleshdance* burns the screen with some tantalizing little ladies who know what to do with their own formidable figures. For example, during the dance contest, luscious Laurie Smith is seated in the audience watching a contestant (Desiree Lane) and her black partner (Gina Veronaca) perform a lesbian waltz onstage. Fantasizing she is up there with the girls, Smith imagines her head between Lane's legs and her ass in Veronaca's face. The resulting sapphic triad is sure to scorch the berries off your Fruit of the Looms.

Competent performances, smooth production, sizzling sex action . . . and some damned decent dancing make *Fleshdance* a blue pic that will have your dick doing the jerk. . . . *–L.M.F.*

Playing With Fire

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced and written by Helene Terrie; directed by Kirdy Stevens; starring Brooke West, Randy West, Tom Byron, Cynthia Taylor, Karen Summer, Eric Edwards, Ron Jeremy, Cara Lott and Lindy Shaw. Running time: 99 minutes.

The king of the incest flick, Kirdy Stevens (*Taboo I* and *II*), pulls out all the stops in *Playing With Fire*–an X-rated romp of familial lust so wildly improbable, it's actually entertaining.

The story (and this is a confusing one, folks!) is about two families who come together as a result of a marriage. Catherine Marshall (played by Cynthia Taylor) weds super-stud Danny Fields (Randy West). She has two young (and extremely horny) daughters, Virginia (Brooke West) and April (Karen Summer). He has a virginal teenage son (Tom Byron). When the merry group gets together under the same roof, erotic hell breaks loose. Little April gets her new brother's cherry and seduces him and Sis into a threeway; Mom Catherine gets pissed at Dad Danny and fucks her daughter Virginia's boyfriend (Eric Edwards); Dad porks little April while Mom's out sucking Edwards's cock; etc., etc., etc. Oh, yes, you should know Mom and Dad started arguing because Mom found out Dad boffed Virginia before they were married. And the beat goes on. . . .

Suffice it to say, a lot goes on in *Playing With Fire*, even though there's practically no plot to speak of. But Stevens seems to have a knack for pulling off erotic coups, and his simple secret is: Throw plenty of sex action out so the viewer won't give a flying butt-fuck what's happening. And this ploy is surely evident here.

In a takeoff sequence from the mainstream thriller *Body Heat*, Randy West is leering into Taylor's bedroom window, longing for her slinky body through the locked sliding door. As the tension mounts, you think West is going to throw a lounge chair through the glass a la William Hurt–but no such luck. Instead, he jimmies the door open, embraces Taylor and proceeds to fuck her silly.

Playing With Fire also brings to the sultry screen a string-bean-figured delight in Karen Summer. Her devirginizing



Tom Byron, Brooke West and Karen Summer are 'Playing With Fire.'

scene with Tom Byron is not only hard-core ball-singeing, it's innocently humorous. Little Summer looks amazingly at home with a cock in her face–an image that more porn starlets should strive for these days.

There are a few problems with *Fire*–like its length. The film is just too long and does warrant a yawn in spots. And there are flaws in the casting. For example, Cynthia Taylor playing the mother of *anything*–not to mention two grown daughters–is a little hard to swallow. Her daughter Virginia looks older than she does–but, hey, that's enough nitpicking.

Playing With Fire is a titillating, outrageous and curiously entertaining look at what nobody would believe goes on behind closed doors. See it with a member of the family . . .preferably a good-looking one. *–L.M.F.*

When She Was Bad

One-Quarter Erect. Produced, written and directed by Kemal Horulu; starring Georgina Spelvin, John Leslie, Vanessa Del Rio, Tigr, R. Bolla, Sharon Kane, Ron Jeremy, Joey Silvera, Anna Ventura, Eleoner Liquore, Sharon Mitchell, Michael Knight and George Payne. Running time: 93 minutes.

Despite an all-fuck-film-star cast and top production values, *When She Was Bad* is nothing more than a cliche, run-of-the-mill, relentlessly bland and boring emotional drama about personal relationships. The only thing "new" about this flick is the casting of Vanessa Del Rio in the role of a cunty Jewish princess . . . certainly a first for the hot-blooded Latin celluloid cum-swallower.

The story surrounds the dissolving relationship between a dominant businesswoman (Georgina Spelvin) and her



In 'Playing With Fire' Cynthia Taylor is titillated by Randy West.



Eleoner Liquore bares her breast to Anna Ventura in 'When She Was Bad.'

photographer husband (John Leslie). Spelvin is having an affair with R. Bolla, who's pressuring her to leave Leslie–who is meanwhile busy occupying his free time fucking the models he photographs. In the midst of all this, Spelvin's virginal daughter (Tigr) is being pursued by a horny Ron Jeremy. Tigr's not giving in, because she doesn't want to grow up "all fucked up" like her mom and stepdad. Spelvin goes to hump-happy swing parties with Bolla while her daughter sits at home and ponders her own sexuality. Ultimately, Leslie packs a bag and leaves Spelvin, but Bolla's too wimpy to leave his wife, because she owns his business and stock certificates. The two split up, Tigr finally gets dicked by Jeremy's foot-long sausage, and Spelvin waltzes off into the sunset with her soon-to-be-lesbian pal Sharon Kane.

The dialogue and action in *When She Was Bad* are moronic and out of sync. In one stroll-through-Central Park sequence Spelvin and Bolla go from "Get away from me" to "I love you so much" in a matter of seconds. The schizophrenic conversation makes about as much sense as Reagan's foreign policy.

As for the sexcapades in this flick, they can be summed up in one word: conventional. Only one sequence conveys any true erotic passion, and that's ironically when Leslie molests his wife in a drunken stupor. Spelvin's bucking resistance to Leslie's locomotive cock-thrusts is very real but, unfortunately, short-lived. After the torrid encounter the schmaltzy banter begins again, and the film resumes its inevitable descent into the X-rated toilet.

It's not often that a well-produced film with such a good cast turns out so poorly. Of course, in the porn business anything is possible. *–L.M.F.*

The Challenge of Desire

One-Quarter Erect. Produced by Now Showing Inc.; written and directed by Lawrence T. Cole; starring Becky Savage, Jon Martin, Lilly Marlene, Monica Vicare, Don Hart, Linda Shaw, Blair Harris, Herschel Savage and Grant Lombard. Running time: 87 minutes.

For the first 15 minutes of this film you might think you're watching an episode of "The Emotionally Retarded Perform Their Rendition of Shakespeare in the Park." But hold on to your leotards–*Challenge of Desire* does not stop with idiotic dialogue and vague attempts at interpersonal philosophizing. It's also intensely boring and boasts only fleeting instances of sexual excitement.



Becky Savage opens wide for Grant Lombard in 'The Challenge of Desire.'

Becky Savage and Jon Martin are a couple driven by the need to play deep-thinking, competitive games with one another. They're constantly in search of the "supreme erotic challenge" and delight in barfing out phrases at each other like "our games are always outside ourselves" and "soon the battle between us will start." The crux of this is that they find it hard to get off by themselves and have to solicit the kinky sexual assistance of whomever they can get to spread her legs or expose his cock. So they fuck a bunch of "guests" in their home, and in the end, when they've had their fun, they fall back into each other's arms . . . in love again and completely at peace with the world. (Gag!)

The sex in *Challenge* is incredibly monotonous. And when it's not monotonous, it's stupid and contrived. In one scene Martin and Savage decide that heavy abuse is the way to go; so they verbally and physically debase each other. Endearing words from Martin like "here, put some of this lotion on you–I hear it makes you stink like a whore" appear to dampen Savage's cunt, but they do absolutely nothing for the viewer, who's too busy laughing or puking to get a hard-on.

If there is one high point in *Challenge*, it comes during a masquerade-orgy near the film's end. The camerawork here is particularly good, and the participants–especially Linda Shaw and Lilly Marlene–appear to be generating at least a moderate degree of erotic movement and emotion.

On the whole, however, this film is trite, insipid, sappy and tries much too hard to be a serious study of the sexual psyche. Some less absurd dialogue and a more nonchalant approach to the theme could have prevented *Challenge of Desire* from being the embarrassingly bad attempt at pornography it really is. *–L.M.F.*



ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

Golden Girls
HUSTLER Video Magazine #1
In Love
Maneaters
Naughty Girls Need Love Too
Night Hunger
Reel People
Sexcapades
Suzie Superstar
That's Outrageous
The Devil in Miss Jones II
The Young Like It Hot



Three-Quarters Erect

Bubblegum
Expose Me Now
Hot Dreams
Midnight Heat
Pleasure So Deep
Touch of Blue
Up 'n' Coming

Half Erect

A Taste of Money
Baby Cakes
Between Lovers
California Valley Girls
Eat at the Blue Fox
Little Girls Lost
Nightlife
Oui, Girls
Puss 'n' Boots
Smoker
That's My Daughter
Treasure Box
White Heat



One-Quarter Erect

Body Talk
Daddy's Little Girls
Fox Holes
Let's Talk Sex
Peep Holes
Sweet Young Foxes
The Starmaker

Totally Limp

A Bit Too Much Too Soon
All About Annette
Virginia

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



FULLY ERECT
Superior. A top production.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
A well-made film.



HALF ERECT
So-so. Limited appeal.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Poor. Don't expect much.



TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

PORNPOURRI

Edited by Lonn M. Friend

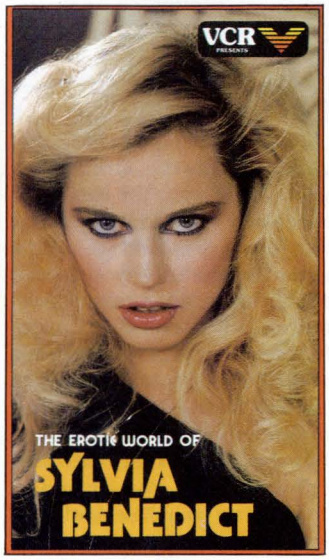
Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

The Erotic World of Sylvia Benedict

(*Video Cassette Recordings*) Sweet Sylvia may only be a minor erotic actress, but she strokes, sucks and fucks with the best of 'em on this one-hour tape. Sunbathing next to her luxurious pool and narrating in a breathy voice, the platinum-haired firecracker introduces us to six sexual vignettes. One scene features her in a hot lesbian encounter with buxom redhead Rosie Marie. There's enough tit-sucking and pussy-tonguing in this ten-minute loop to dampen any set of jockey shorts. The tape's highlight, however, is a threeway flesh feast between Sylvia, Frank James and Becky Savage. Sylvia sucks James's balls while Savage tosses her throat around his cock; then the two girls double-lick his dick for some steamy visuals. All in all, Sylvia Benedict is a welcome new face to the world of porn. –*Kent Smith*



Sweet Sylvia (l.) frolics with a girlfriend in 'The World of Sylvia Benedict.'





Frank James joins the action in a torrid threesome from 'Sylvia Benedict.'

VCA's X-Rated Directors Series

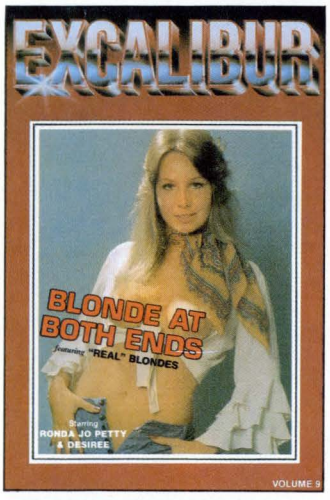


Chuck Vincent

Video Company of America–one of the largest manufacturers of prerecorded porn videocassettes–has just announced an upcoming series of tapes that will be directed by some of this country's finest adult-film makers. Starting this spring VCA will release one cassette per month featuring an erotic fantasy by a different director. Among the talented blue-movie men to create their video perversions are Henri Pachard (*Sexcapades, The Devil in Miss Jones II*) and Chuck Vincent (*Roommates, In Love*). If anyone can add heat to the usually cold medium of video sex, these guys can.

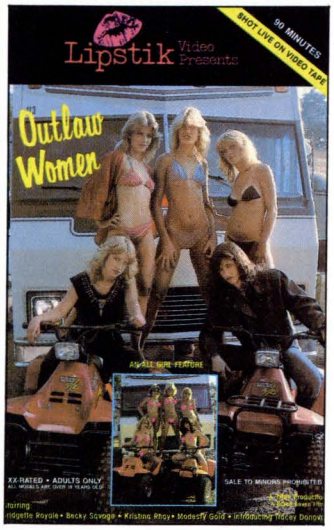
Blonde at Both Ends

(*TGA Video*) From the fine *Excalibur* series of videoloops, this 60-minute collection is a must-see for anyone titillated by fast-fucking blondes. It contains seven sex shorts–some more exciting than others, but all hard-core graphic and dripping with cum-shots. We start with a threeway gallop between Rhonda Jo Petty, Sal Sabino and Tony Gabino. A spine-crushing double penetration highlights this vignette. The hottest scene, however, features Herschel Savage as a doctor who, while eating out his nurse, is surprised by his wife (Chris Cassidy). Cassidy rather nonchalantly quips, "I didn't know Medicare covers meals," then enthusiastically she joins the adulterers for a steamy threesome that nearly blows Savage's balls off. Though *Blonde at Both Ends* lacks variety and creativity, it's still solid sex entertainment. –*K. S.*



Outlaw Women

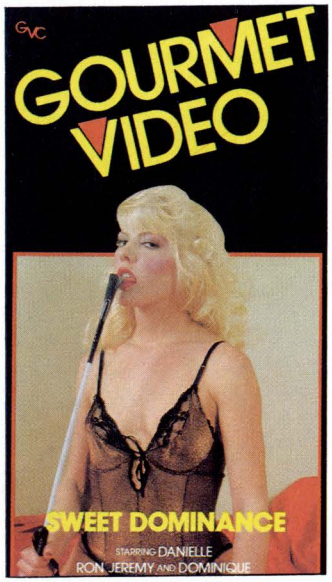
(*Lipstick Video*) For those who masturbated uncontrollably to *Lipstick*'s earlier all-girl videotapes, this one may be a tad disappointing. It starts off well enough, with Kristina Rhay and Modesty Gold playing two lesbian lovers going at each other like dogs in heat. While touring the country in an RV, they pick up a female hitchhiker (Tracey Donovan). Gorgeous Donovan immediately flips into a sexual fantasy in which she's involved in a sizzling threeway with Rhay and Gold. But then the story and the action fall apart as the girls in the RV arrive at a house they think belongs to an old friend of Rhay's. It turns out to be owned by two unattractive and kinky bikers, who tie up the visitors for some sour bondage. Pick up this 90-minute lesbo romp for its *first* half only. –*K. S.*



Sweet Dominance

(*Gourmet Video*) This tedious videotape begins with four girls–Dominique, Gina Martell, Jasmine and Karol–sitting beside a pool as they verbally arouse a male pool cleaner. (Now there's an original idea!) Just as the dialogue gets really dirty, out strolls blond bimbo Danielle Martin dragging along a leashed Ron Jeremy, who's decked out in silk stockings, high heels, garter belt, etc. (The sight is absolutely nauseating.) The girls then invite the pool cleaner (billed only as Scott) and Jeremy indoors for

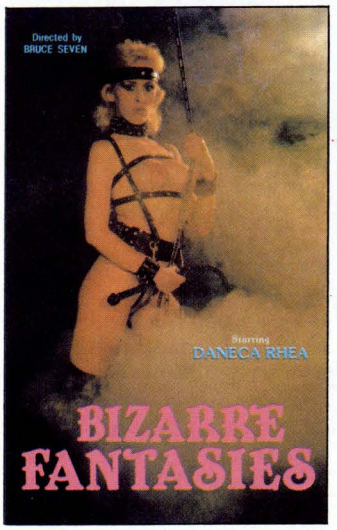
some light-bondage fun. Both guys are tied up, and the girls sexually tease them into raging



hard-ons. Just as you start to think that the tape is "soft" on sex, some hard-core cocksucking commences. However, this momentary action is simply not enough to save *Sweet Dominance* from being just another shot-on-video loser. *–K. S.*

Bizarre Fantasies

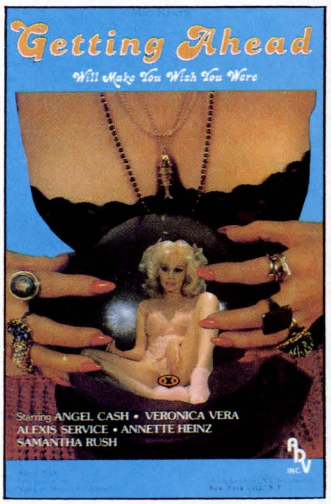
(*Bizarre Video*) This is the most stimulating release from *Bizarre* in some time. Two well-endowed young ladies (Daneca Rhea and Lilly Tony) decide to explore their neighbor's empty house, knowing that the resi-



dents have left town for the weekend. Entering the house, they happen upon a veritable warehouse of bondage gear–everything from iron ankle spreaders to latex ball gags. After sucking tit and fondling one another for a while, this pair of flaming lesbians meet a strange character who comes out of nowhere. This guy–who looks likes a child-molesting Tony Orlando–commands the girls to perform all sorts of B&D-oriented acts. Appearing to get off and enjoy the abuse, the ladies have an exciting afternoon and go home sexually satisfied. Even though the action is sofe-core, it's still a turn-on, mainly because Rhea and Tony are very hot-looking bitches. *–L.M.F.*

Getting Ahead

(*Adventure Films*) This 16mm feature never made it to theaters, and that's probably a good thing. *Getting Ahead* is the type of lame adult production that should be viewed behind



closed doors. The flick stars porn's dimmest blond bulb, Angel Cash, as a young columnist trying to get into investigative reporting. She presents to her editor (Dave Ruby) a proposal for a story about a Gypsy fortune-teller (Jim Davey) who tells people exactly what they want to hear while at the same time picking their pockets. The sleazy Davey convinces a pathetic dancer (Samantha Rush) that she will soon be a big star; a rich matron (Veronica Vera) is told of a sexy maid she'll be hiring, etc. When Cash arrives, she is cured of her frigidity by going down on the Gypsy. After that the white-haired bimbette returns to her editor's office to find Ruby typesetting the copy-girl (Alexis Service) with his cock. Of course Cash joins in, and the triad have a jolly time. Dear Angel's cocksucking is about all that holds the sexual interest here. The acting is wooden, and the fuck sequences are so short, there's barely time for your dick to rise. Unless you're in the mood for a really weak laugh, go see some other fuck flick. *–K. S.*

Video Games For Smut Lovers



The two recent adult-video-game releases from *Playaround* are more an exercise in futility than X-rated fun. Both feature double-sided cartridges, which means you get a two-for-one purchase. "Bachelor Party/Gigolo" is the first one we checked out. "Bachelor Party" is a sort of sex-filled Pong, but instead of bouncing balls back and forth, the player bounces a little man into a bunch of ready-and-willing ladies. Each hit is a "score." Unfortunately, the visuals are so crude and the sex action so abstract, it's neither tremendous fun nor a turn-on.

The flipside of the cartridge, "Gigolo," is a bit more complex and contains considerably more-provocative graphics. The player tries to get a street hooker in and out of various "dens" containing a variety of johns, without getting caught by the cops or mugged by a crazed convict. Once the hooker meets the john (or "gigolo"), we see a full-screen image of the couple fucking. By moving the joystick, the player can make them hump faster, thereby gaining a bigger score.

"Bachelorette Party/Burning Desire" is the second game we played, with "Bachelorette Party" being nothing more than a gender reversal of "Bachelor Party." "Burning Desire," however, features a lady about to be burned at the stake. The player controls the hero, who hang glides above the damsel and tries to douse the flames with a portable fire extinguisher. At the same time several demons attempt to stop the hero by tossing rocks at him. When the flames are low enough, the hero can then dip his dick into the fair maiden's mouth and rescue her by getting a flying blowjob.

With all the ideas thrown into these games, one has to wonder why playing them isn't more fun. And despite the sexuality of the graphics, as video games go they're nothing to rave about. However, if you're completely burned out on Pac-Man and Donkey Kong, you may get a kick out of these unusual novelties. *–K. S.*

BOOKS

Reviewed by
Theodore Sturgeon

The Doors: The Illustrated History

By Danny Sugerman; Quill/ William Morrow and Company, 105 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; $14.95.

and John Densmore don't have to back into anybody's rock convention, but I don't think they'd argue with me when I say that without Morrison there would have been no Doors . . . nor the need for a marvelous pictorial retrospective like this volume.

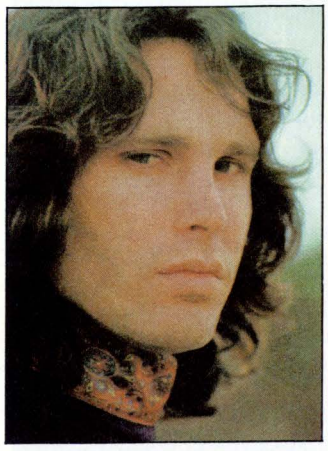
The Doors is beautifully designed and loaded with both color and black-and-white pictures of Morrison and his band. Some of the pix are startlingly candid, such as a series of recording-studio shots in which Morrison is crooning passionately over the shoulder of keyboardist Manzarek. The text consists mostly of contemporary articles, reviews and magazine quotes culled from various publications during the past few years. Some of the copy is fascinating and gives an added dimension to the photos.



Group pictures tell the story in 'The Doors: The Illustrated History.'

You hear the word *charisma* from time to time. Some people have it, but most don't. It's a strange phenomenon, a magnetism that's far easier to recognize than it is to explain. Many actors have it–like Brando, Beatty and Olivier. John Kennedy had it . . . so did Jim Morrison.

Jim Morrison *was* the Doors. This throws no rocks at the other three members of the legendary Los Angeles band that moved the musical Earth during the late '60s and early '70s. Ray Manzarek, Robbie Krieger



'The Doors': The legendary band was led by the charismatic Jim Morrison.

"I think of myself as an intelligent, sensitive human being with the soul of a clown that always forces me to blow it at the most important moments," says Morrison in the book. Intelligent? Absolutely. Sensitive? Just listen to his lyrics. But Jim forgot one thing–charismatic.

Buy the book.

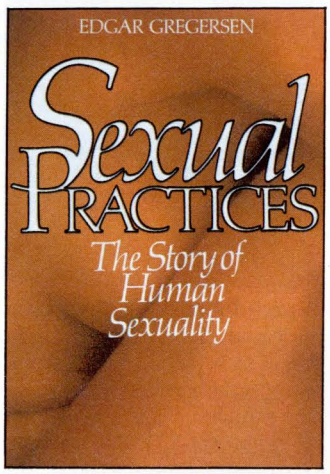
Sexual Practices

By Edgar Gregersen; Franklin Watts, 387 Park Ave. South, New York, NY 10016; $18.95.

Students! Pay attention now!

In order to make your lady "frenzied, weak and helpless," apply *gichigich*. But after you marry her, you'll have to cut that out because, writes author Gregersen, "she would insist on it all the time, and this would wear you out, making it impossible for you to work like other men." Or so say the natives of the island of Yap. In case you're interested (who wouldn't be?), here's the procedure: "The man just barely inserts his penis between the woman's outer sexual lips as she sits on his lap. The head of the penis is moved up, down and sideways for a period of time, which can be quite long. The rate of this movement varies and can become quite intricately contrapuntal. . . . She experiences one orgasm after another and involuntarily urinates a little after each orgasm (the sensation for the man is that he is on fire)."

Gichigich is only one of hundreds of revelations in this book. The author is an anthropologist, and he really has it in for his colleagues of the last couple of centuries, feeling that their research was sloppy and loaded with their own preconceptions, moralities and prejudices. Gregersen is out to set the record straight. He appears to have covered all the literature about the sexual practices of all the peoples of all the continents and islands in all the history of the world. At least that's the impression the reader gets



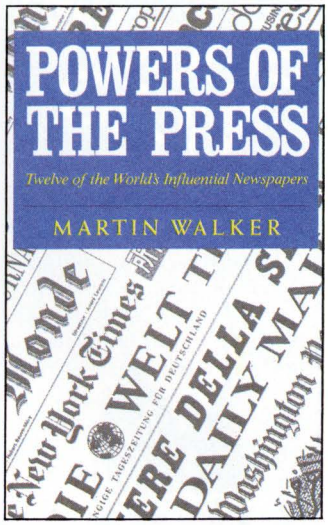
after experiencing *Sexual Practices'* 320 pages, 300 black-and-white photographs, nine maps, index, bibliography and complete list of the author's sources and acknowledgments.

Class dismissed.

Powers of the Press

By Martin Walker; The Pilgrim Press, 132 W. 31st St., New York, NY 10001; $20.

Author Martin Walker tackles a fantastic chore in *Powers of the Press*–he attempts to explain how news becomes news. And he does that by examining the histories and inner workings of

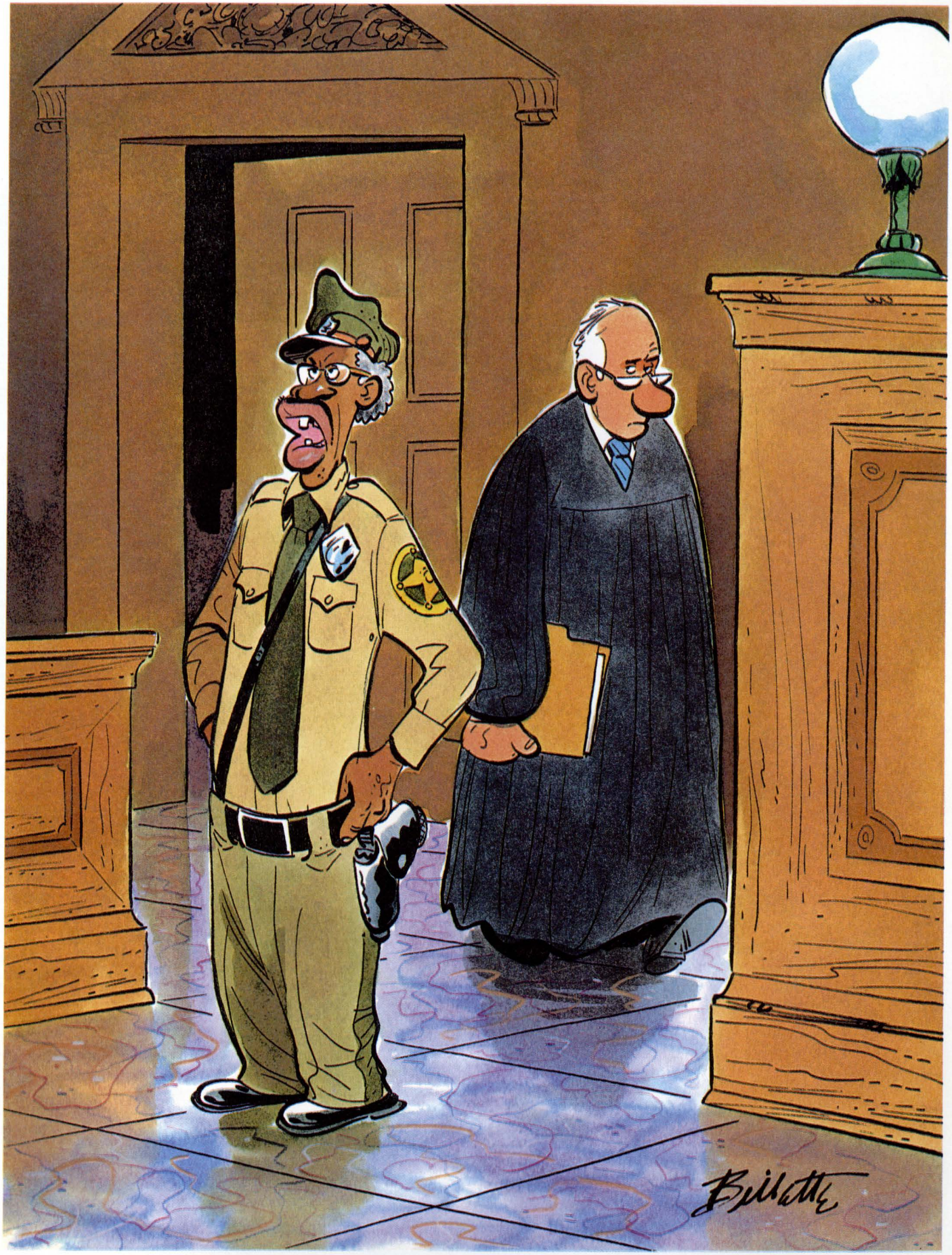


12 of the world's greatest newspapers, including the *Times* of London, France's *Le Monde*, Russia's *Pravda*, Egypt's *al-Ahram* and the USA's *New York Times* and *Washington Post*.

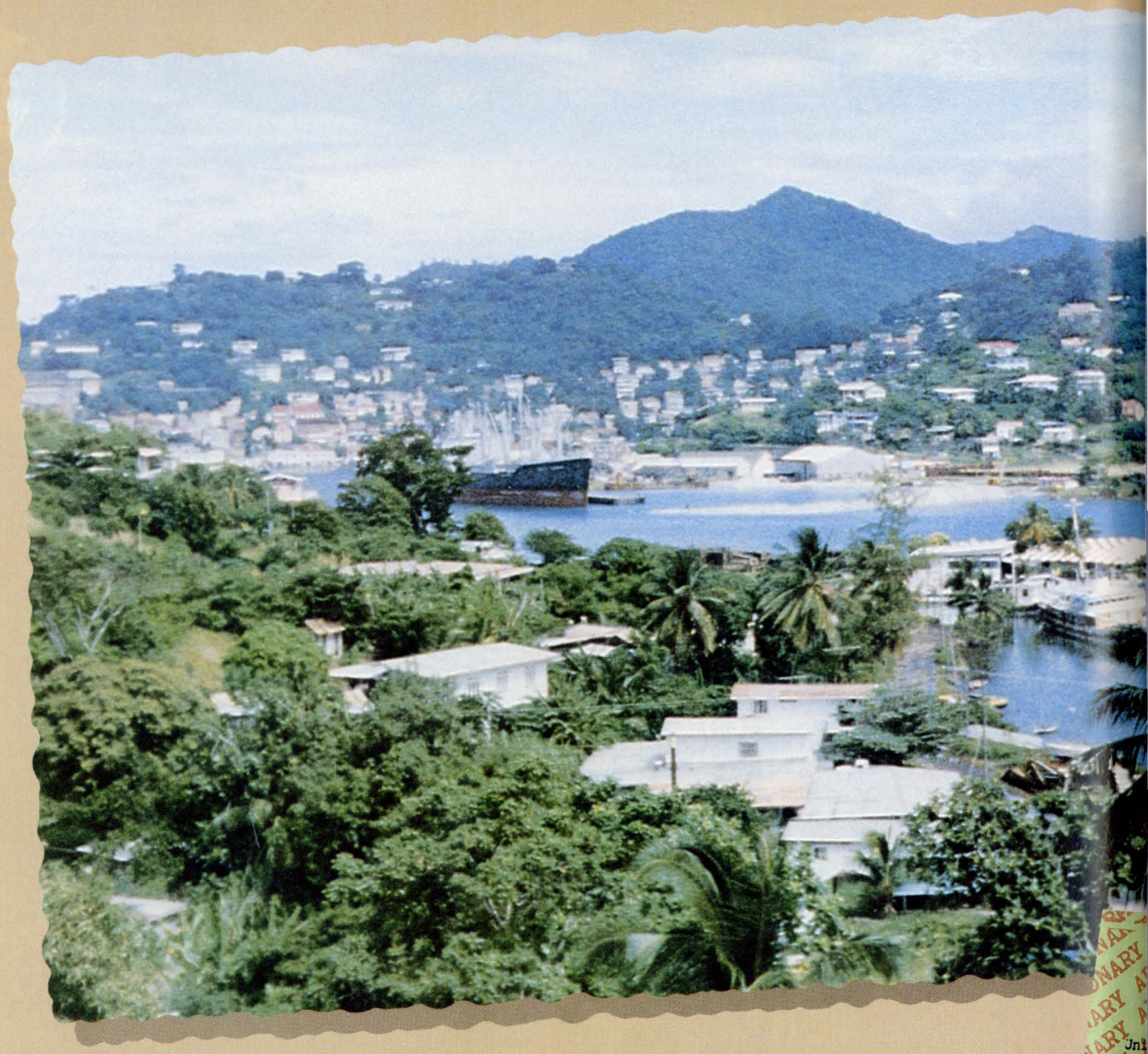
The bottom line here appears to be: How much influence does a great newspaper have on government and business, and what impact has the press had on the true functioning and progress of our world? The answer is: plenty! Sure, governments have pushed newspapers around a lot, but it's worked the other way too. South Africa's racial prejudice, for example, is being backed against a wall largely because of the heroic efforts of the editors and staff of the *Rand Daily Mail*, who for years have faced jail, persecution, financial ruin and violence in keeping their countrymen informed.

And then there's *Pravda*–the perfect example of the nonfree press, manipulating present truth and past history and telling the people only what the Soviet government wants them to know. On the other hand, there's Japan's *Asahi Shimbun*, a paper that has reflected the country's miraculous rise from the ashes of World War II.

There's a lot more information in *Powers of the Press*, including tales of the wildly political antics of the *Washington Post*, which at one time in history claimed it held the power of life or death over a Presidency. For anyone interested in how the news works around the world, this volume is a must.



"Hear ye! Hear ye! Get up offa yo' butt. De man done come in de do'!"

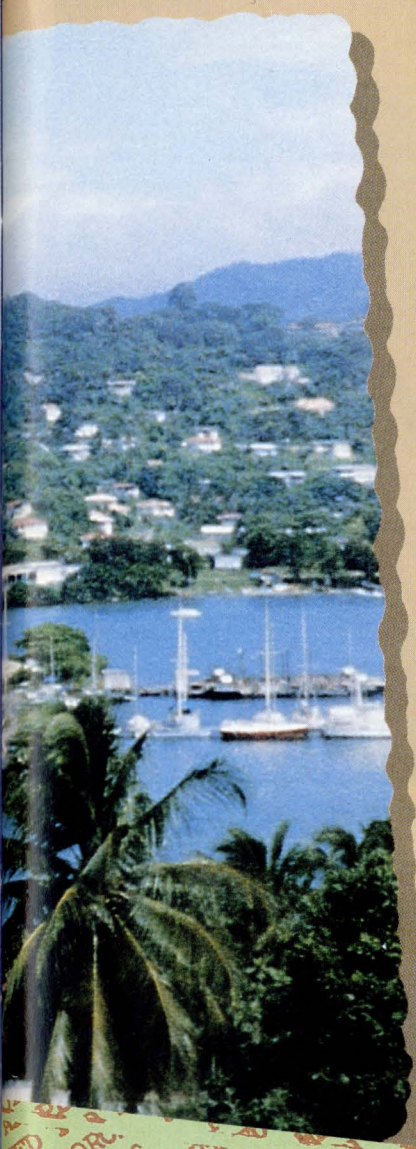


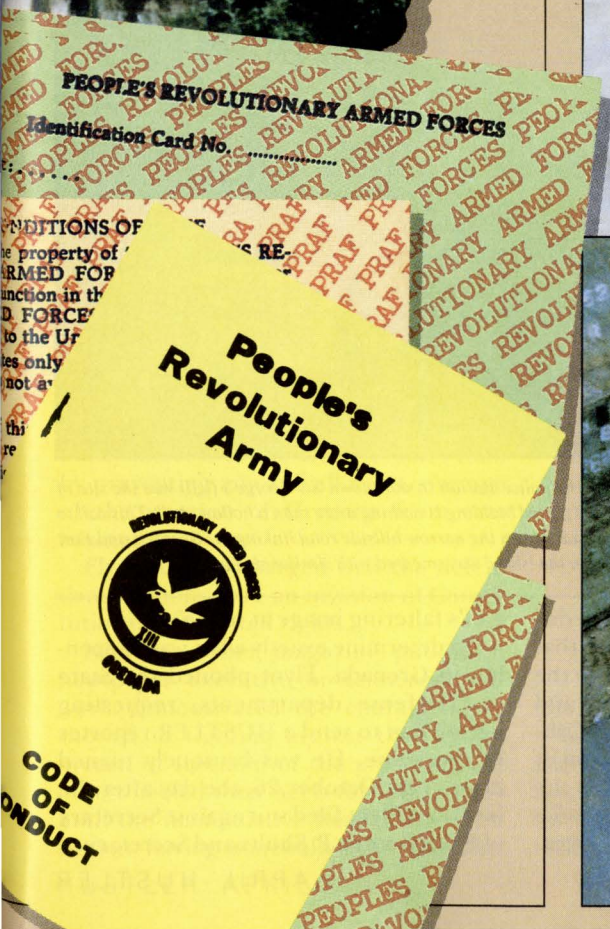
OUR MAN IN GRENADA

Searching for the Truth

Report by Michael Bane

From the time he heard the first news bulletins describing the massive American invasion force that had landed on the tiny Caribbean island of Grenada, HUSTLER Editor Larry Flynt smelled a rat. The Reagan Administration was insisting that the presence of Cuban troops and Russian armaments on the island posed a clear and present danger to the United States. But Flynt was more concerned about

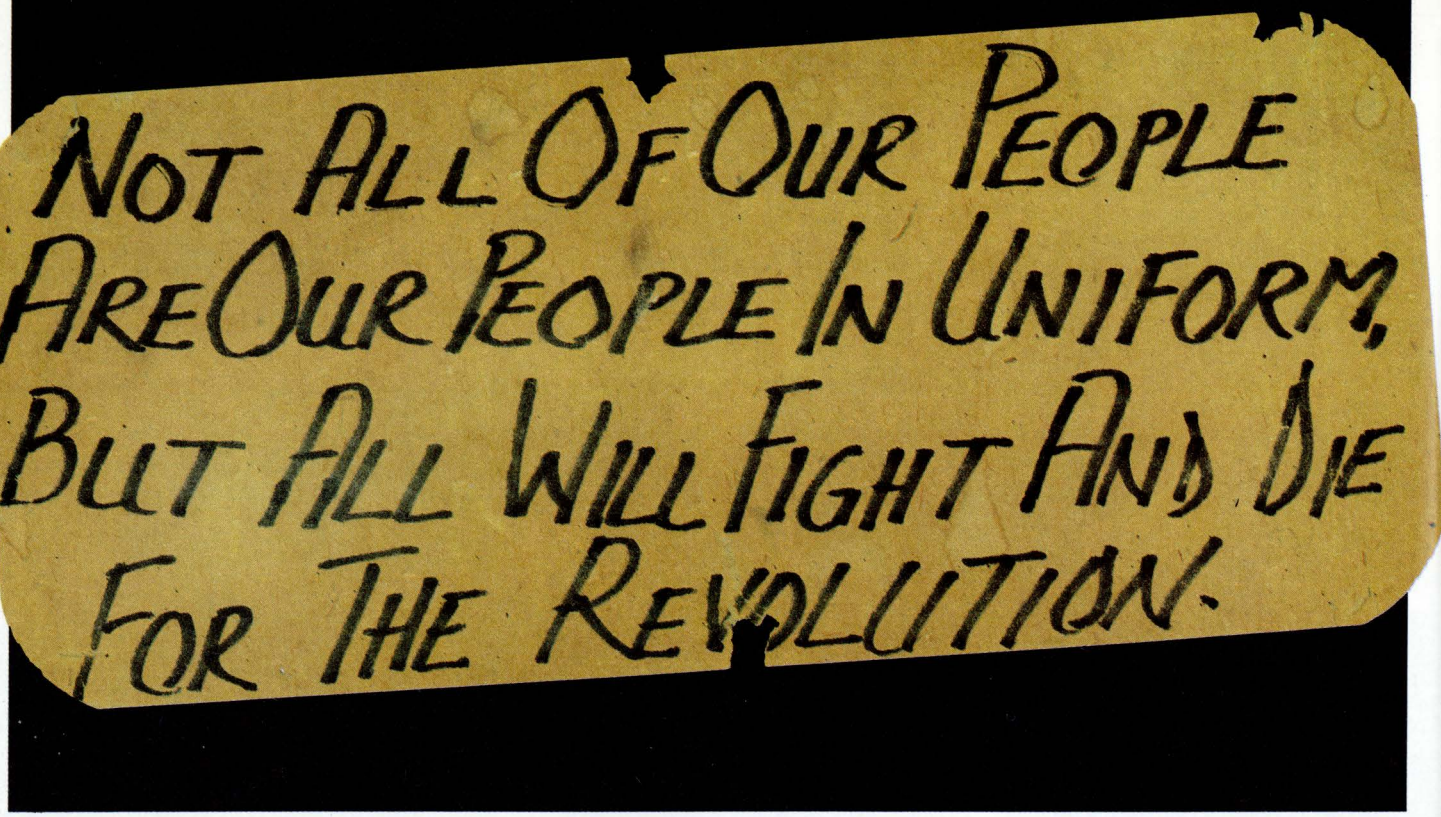



PEOPLE'S REVOLUTIONARY ARMED FORCES
Identification Card No.
People's
Revolutionary
Army
CODE
OF
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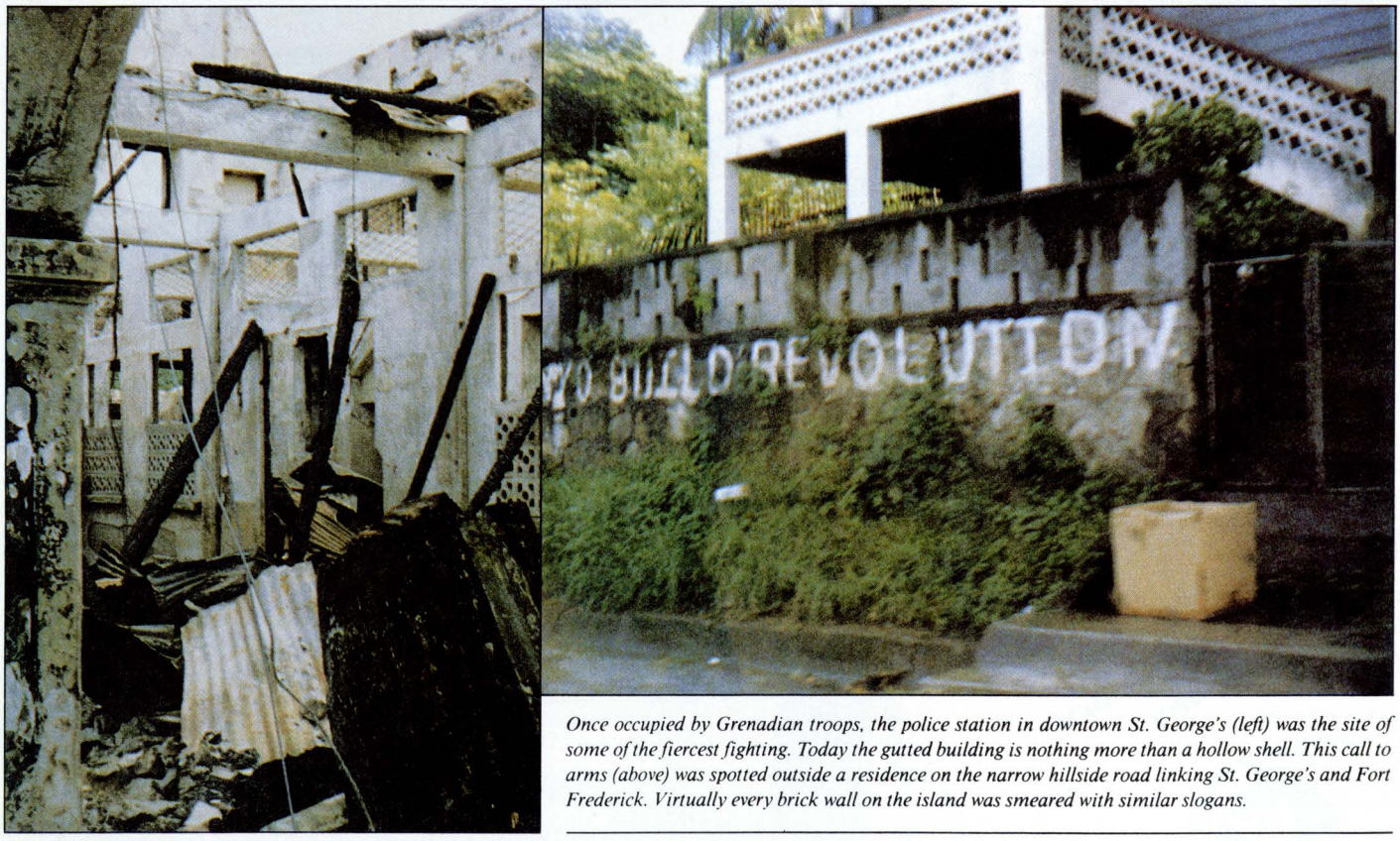



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HUSTLER's reporter discovered this hand-lettered cardboard sign in a blown-up office at Fort Frederick, the main revolutionary command post on the island.



Once occupied by Grenadian troops, the police station in downtown St. George's (left) was the site of some of the fiercest fighting. Today the gutted building is nothing more than a hollow shell. This call to arms (above) was spotted outside a residence on the narrow hillside road linking St. George's and Fort Frederick. Virtually every brick wall on the island was smeared with similar slogans.

finding the real reason behind such blatant saber rattling.

He knew that American forces had participated in a secret, practice invasion of Grenada in early October 1981; during Operation Ocean Venture, the largest naval maneuver since World War II, the focus of the Caribbean phase had been taking over the island of Amber and its citizens, the Amberdines–a thinly disguised fiction. Flynt also realized that Reagan's recent wimpish responses to the Korean Air Lines Flight 007 incident and the slaughter of 239 U.S. Marines in Lebanon had brought widespread criticism of his administration. Could it be that the overseas invasion and its certain outcome was a calculated attempt to shore up Reagan's faltering image at home?

To determine exactly what was happening in Grenada, Flynt phoned the State and Defense departments, requesting permission to send a HUSTLER reporter to the scene. He was brusquely turned down. Last October 26, the day after the invasion, Flynt filed suit against Secretary of State George P. Shultz and Secretary of



Clockwise from upper left: American forces captured Fort Frederick on the same afternoon they invaded the island; carrying an M-16 rifle equipped with a grenade launcher, a U.S. trooper stands guard; this Grenadian troop carrier was blown away in the initial assault; HUSTLER's Michael Bane poses on a Russian-made assault vehicle; an armed American ambulance transports wounded troops flown in by helicopter. Below: Newsmen found the wreckage of this U.S. Cobra gunship in a St. George's school yard.

Defense Caspar W. Weinberger in the United States District Court for the District of Columbia.

"There is no compelling public interest in preventing [reporters] from going to Grenada or sending news reporters there," he said in his petition. "There are less-restrictive means of protecting any security interest of the United States than by preventing any and all news coverage of the invasion of Grenada from that location."

Flynt further charged that the defendants' actions were an invasion of Constitutionally protected rights.

Not one other magazine publisher, newspaper executive or television network demonstrated the courage Flynt showed in fighting against this serious breach of freedom of the press. All the others cooled their heels for several days until the manipulative Reagan Administration–having stonewalled the American public's right to know for as long as it could–finally relented. HUSTLER reporter Michael Bane was among the first journalists to reach Grenada. His eyewitness report follows.

* * *

"This breezy little Windward Island, peeking out of turquoise-blue waters, has heavenly white beaches, small hotels with charm, and perhaps the prettiest capital in the Caribbean, St. George's. Grenada is one of the few truly uncrowded and unspoiled getaways left. . . ."

–*Glamour* magazine
November 1983

* * *

Back in the mountains, on a pitted goat-path road that runs through picture-postcard views, the radio transmitter stands like an ancient artifact in front of a bullet-riddled concrete-block building. Near the



Photography by Michael Bane

GRENADA *(continued from page 43)*

The stench of blood is ever present. It stays in the throat, sears the lungs and eats away at the soul.

transmitter lies the burned-out hulk of a searchlight truck, its huge eye staring blindly at the sky. Close by is the wreck of a bright-blue Datsun with "Ministry of Communications and Works" still partially readable on the door.

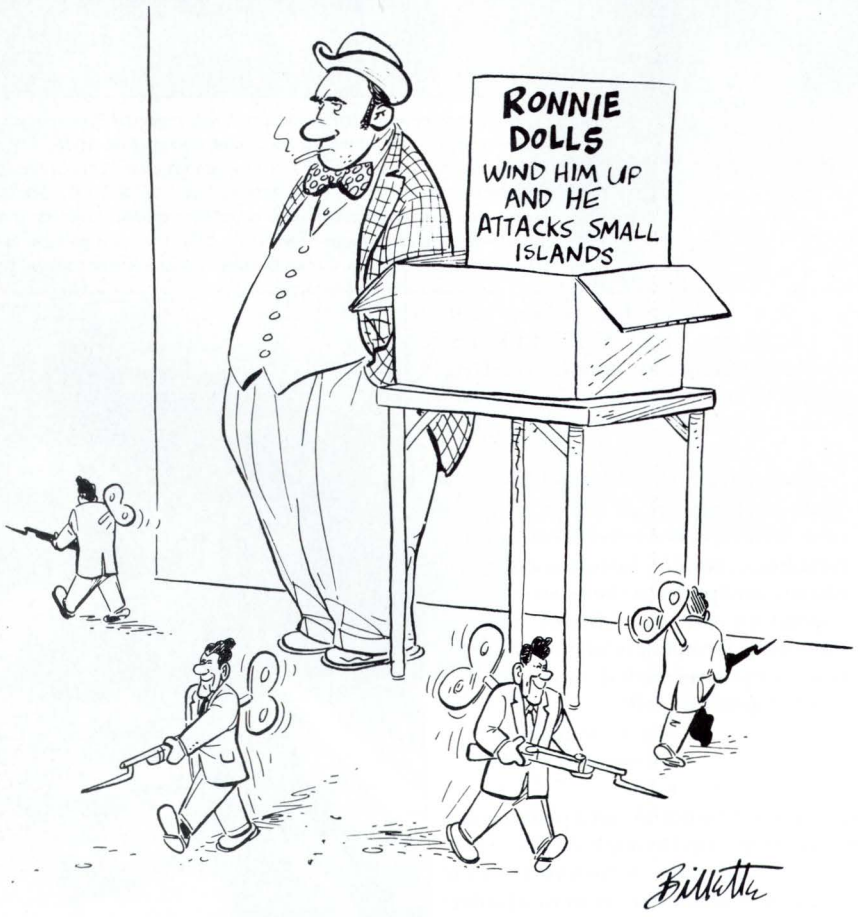
The surface of the building's fenced-in yard glitters in the sunlight, the morning sun reflecting off the thousands of cartridge cases scattered about like exotic gravel–small, almost-petite, 5.56mm shells from American M-16s; fat, blunt 7.62mm shells from Russian AK-47s. A bright tropical bird pecks for insects in a three-foot-deep bomb crater.

On one wall at head height is a reddish-brown stain. Another begins about the level of a man's heart and runs in trickles down to the ground. Bloated tropical flies cover the bedding and the walls. Dust motes dance in the shafts of light streaming through the shot-out windows. The stench of blood is ever present. It stays in the throat, sears the lungs and eats away at the soul.

War has come to sunny Grenada–bullets and death intruding among the gently swaying palms and banana trees. It is less than a week since American Marines and troops from other Caribbean countries landed to wrest control of this little island from a revolution gone sour. Grenada is slowly coming back to life. Girls wearing the traditional plaid skirts and white shirts of Catholic schools walk gingerly around the oddly shrunken wreckage of a crashed Cobra gunship, afraid to touch its olive-drab rotors–the only parts still identifiable as a helicopter.

Grenadians wander through mountains of weapons, curiously lifting belts of machine-gun ammunition or extending a solitary finger to touch the blunt, gray noses of antitank rockets. It's as if these machines of destruction with their cryptic Russian markings hold some great truth, some secret for understanding the two weeks that have rocked the Grenadians' lives and, in truth, the lives of people around the world.

Here is what happened: Before dawn on the morning of October 25, 1983, American forces–including Marines and Army Rangers–invaded Grenada, the southernmost and among the smallest of the Windward Islands, located 100 miles north of the Venezuelan coast. Code-named Urgent Fury, the invasion brought to an end a four-year-old Marxist revolution as well as two weeks of what residents described as "terror and anarchy" under the junta that overthrew it.



Piecing together the story from Grenadians and from documents left strewn around the island, the picture that emerges is one of young men and women "playing" at revolution with real guns and live ammunition–people who were cold-bloodedly sold out in a brutally real game of international chess. It is a picture of a sad little nation–with pretty scenery but not much of an economy and no jobs for most of its citizens; a past full of pirates, slaves and adventure, and a future full of questions and uncertainty.

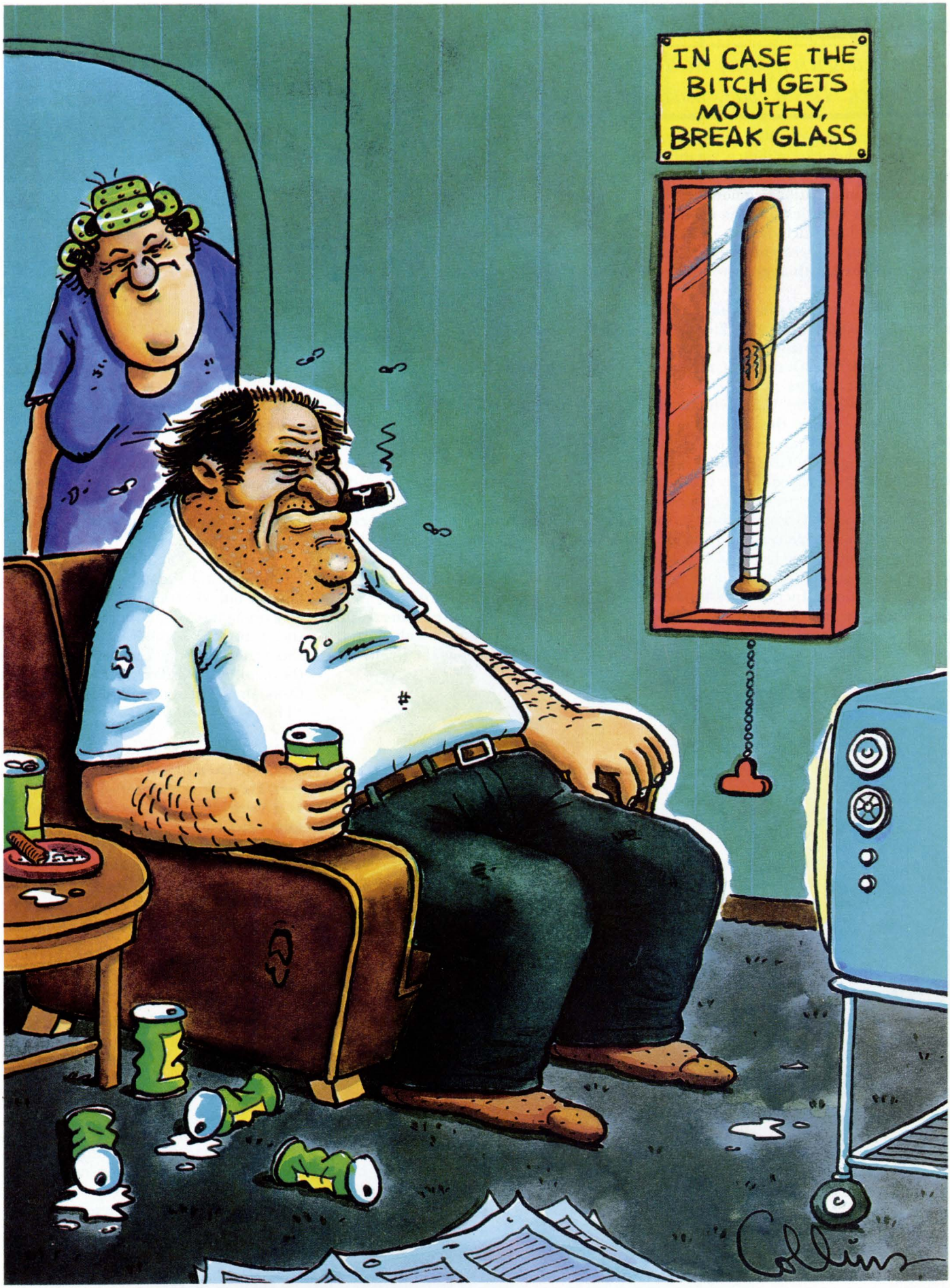
Grenada is a stage on which the goals, the ambitions, the greed and the irrationality of other, more powerful countries–and the more powerful men who run them–have been acted out. The Grenadians themselves, sons and daughters of slaves and slave masters, are only bit players.

Twenty-one miles long and 12 miles wide, Grenada is home for just over 110,000 people who make their livings mostly through some connection with one of the island's three main crops–nutmeg, cocoa and bananas. Most of their ancestors were originally brought to Grenada as slaves to work the plantations or came as overseers to supervise the slaves. In the years since emancipation slaves and masters have blended together to produce a particularly attractive group of people–the dark of Africa mixing with the pale Scottish and English skins to produce a cafe-au-lait tone reminiscent of the people of New Orleans.

From the time of its independence from England in 1974 until a bloodless coup in 1979, Grenada was ruled by Prime Minister Eric Gairy, who was about par for the course in Third World countries–corrupt, repressive and everything the British feared when they freed their colonies to run their own affairs. The coup established Maurice Bishop in power. As head of the leftist New Jewel movement, Bishop was also about par for the course.

Within three days of his taking office, shiploads of arms and ammunition began arriving from Cuba and Russia. Work was quickly started on an international airport "for the tourist trade." The airport would prove to be big enough to accommodate a barbecue for most of the population of Grenada–and to bring in enough tourists to overrun the island in a couple of hours.

Coincidentally, the new runway would also be long enough to handle the largest and most sophisticated military aircraft–a


IN CASE THE BITCH GETS MOUTHY, BREAK GLASS

"We had guns; they had guns. We shot at them; they shot back. It's a war, man. It's a war."

prospect that brought bleats of concern from the American military establishment, even though the dimensions were well within international guidelines for peacetime air facilities, and the construction plans did not include any of the underground fuel or weapons bunkers normally associated with aggressive military activity.

Work was also begun on a harbor project to facilitate first a trickle, then a flood of arms shipments from Cuba, the Soviet Union, East Germany, Czechoslovakia and other points.

Relations with the U.S., which had been cordial under the heavy-handed Gairy regime, deteriorated into a virtual cold war under Maurice Bishop. When Ronald Reagan replaced Jimmy Carter as President, the U.S. cut off all economic aid to cash-poor Grenada, urged the Common Market to refuse financing for a new jetport and lobbied against Grenadian requests for aid from other international institutions. Increasingly isolated, both militarily and economically, Bishop predictably escalated his ties with Russia and Cuba–and the U.S. reacted no less predictably with shock and outrage as Grenada turned into the best-armed, most beautiful slum in the Western Hemisphere.

Two years ago an enlarged American naval fleet began patrolling the nearby Caribbean waters, and Operation Ocean Venture was staged against a mock airport and the mock capital of a tiny tropical island.

Desperate, perhaps, to avert a bloody confrontation, Bishop then did something that wasn't par for the course, something that wasn't in the cards at all. Without so much as an appointment he flew to Washington last June to try easing the tensions between Grenada and the United States. All he got for his trouble was a lecture from then-national-security adviser William Clark and Deputy Secretary of State Kenneth Dam. But he came back determined to make at least some cosmetic changes.

The people of Grenada were ecstatic. In Bishop's seeming turnaround they saw jobs, roads, health care–some future other than merely being a Cuban-armed camp. Over and over again Grenadians told HUSTLER about their brief moment of elation, a feeling that the revolution might work after all.

"Bishop was going back to the ballot box," says a young Grenadian with tears in his eyes. "You go back and tell them Bishop was a good man. The sons of bitches killed him. Tell them that."

In early October, Bishop was arrested by two of his own henchmen, Bernard Coard and Hudson Austin. Educated at Brandeis University in Massachusetts and the University of Sussex in England, Coard was a Ph.D. candidate in economics. Austin, a former prison guard and road engineer, was an all-around thug.

A huge crowd of his supporters carried Bishop to a rally in Market Square in St. George's, where the Grenadian army proceeded to open fire on their unarmed countrymen, killing 12 of them. Bishop was later executed along with a host of his followers.

Hudson Austin announced that *he* was the new revolutionary leader, and any Grenadian who stuck his head outdoors would be shot on sight. The revolution had turned rabid.

"You know what they should do with Hudson Austin and all his family?" asks a 26-year-old electrician who declines to give his name. "Shoot them–just like they shot Maurice Bishop. Take them out and shoot them for what they did to us. Damn the man and his damn Cubans. Do you think they'll shoot him?" His face falls. "They won't, will they?"

* * *

Oliver Nichels leans wearily on his broom in front of a St. George's radio station. He is 28, a member–or ex-member, as it were–of the militia. He had joined four years earlier, when Bishop's revolution seemed like the answer to his people's prayers. Now he calmly points out bomb craters and says the American Marines ambushed about 40 militiamen when they took the station. He is interrupted by an Australian journalist.

"You mean," the Australian asks, "the Yankees fired on them without any warning at all?" Nichels looks puzzled. "You know," the journalist prompts, "they just slaughtered them?"

Nichels shrugs his shoulders. "We had guns," he recalls. "They had guns. We shot at them; they shot back. It's a war, man. It's a war."

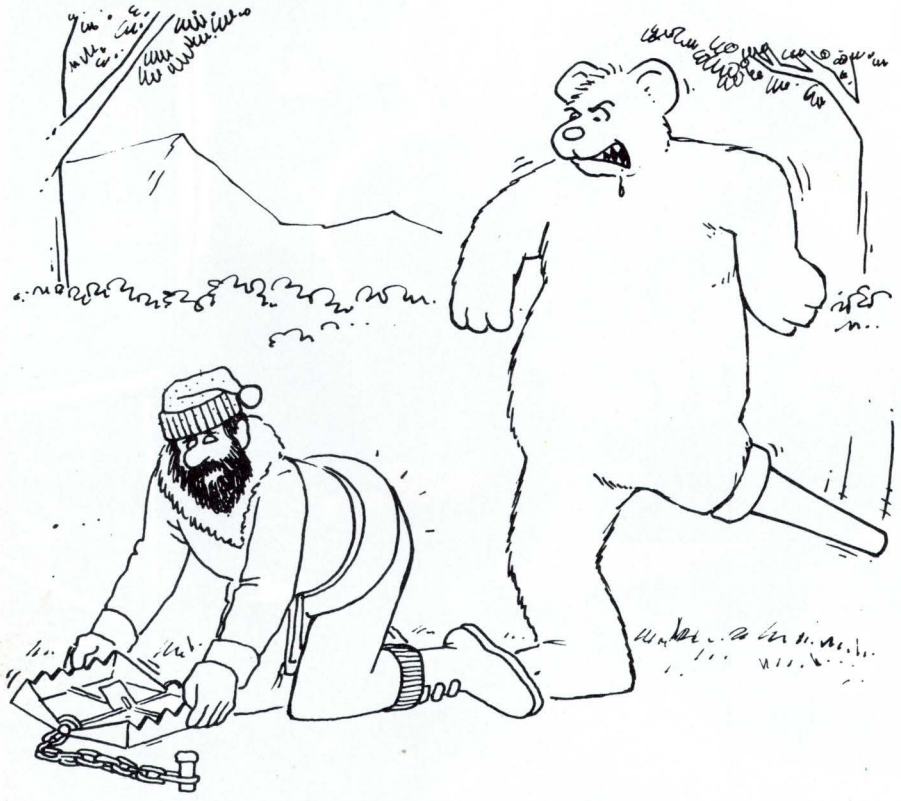
Across the road from the station the corn has been scythed by gunfire, the ears shot to pieces and hanging raggedly on the stalks.

"What's going to happen to the revolution?" a journalist asks.

Nichels laughs humorlessly. "I'd say the revolution is crumbling," he answers.

"They were crazy," says 66-year-old

(continued on page 54)





Photography by James Baes

HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC



There's a natural aroma about a woman that can't be washed away or completely covered up. It's a pungent fragrance, strong and full-bodied. It rises thickly off a woman, letting a man know what she needs and when she needs it. No sweet perfume can mask its powerful scent. Its hold on men is absolute, catching them hook, line and sinker. What's that smell? We call it Eau de Pinque.






toilette
shalimar
guerlain











GRENADA *(continued from page 46)*

"I have my own personal reasons to be glad the Americans came. If they hadn't come, we would all be dead."

Renwick Dowden, a onetime cab driver, sometime dockworker and part-time farm laborer whose great-grandparents came from Scotland to Grenada to oversee the slaves. He introduces me to his tall and winsome daughter. She is beautiful, her features and complexion combining the mixed ancestry of the island. In her 20s, she works for a British industry and–Dowden mentions in passing–was tagged on a revolutionary "death list."

"It was no secret," he explains. "So I have my own personal reasons to be glad the Americans came. If they hadn't come, we would all be dead."

The Americans came with a vengeance –purportedly in response to a request from the Organization of Eastern Caribbean States, spearheaded by the pro-U.S. governments of Barbados and Jamaica. The exact legality of the invasion is still up in the air–as if in the real world any set of laws could control a war. But after a week on Grenada one thing becomes clear: Immediately before the American invasion a state of anarchy existed on the island.

"Not All Of Our People Are Our People In Uniform, But All Will Fight And Die For The Revolution," reads a hand-lettered cardboard sign I find in the ruins of Fort Frederick.

"Anyone who talked was thrown into prison," a toothless old man tells me. "We couldn't talk; we couldn't do anything."

* * *

In the weeks before the invasion there were 1,000 U.S. citizens on Grenada. Approximately 100 of them were medical students attending the St. George's University School of Medicine, one of the unaccredited "offshore" academies that have proliferated throughout the Bahamas, largely for the training of Americans who fail to qualify for a mainland med school.

While the American students at St. George's may not have been in any direct danger under the regime that assassinated Bishop, the thugs who were running the country *could* have decided to use them as bargaining chips in a game of diplomatic blackmail with the United States. That was one reason given by Reagan for the invasion.

But as House Speaker Tip O'Neill said soon afterward, "For two years the administration has been looking for an opportunity to get into Grenada . . . I think they found the excuse."

In the days following the invasion no one outside the administration really knew for certain *what* had happened on Grenada–or why–because the press had been banned from the island, forcibly in some cases. "We don't have enough men to protect television cameramen, lighting crews and the like," Secretary of Defense Weinberger lamely explained. "I don't want to do anything that weakens the ability of our men to do the job." (Later he authorized a bighearted, $65-a-month, imminent-danger pay bonus for U.S. troops.)

The brainwashed American public strongly agreed that the press had no place in the midst of a combat zone. But as Anthony Lewis wrote in the *New York Times*: "A man who strains to conceal what he is doing must fear the consequences if the truth is discovered. What feared knowledge was President Reagan trying to keep from the American people about Grenada? Why did he bar the press from the invasion of that small island, as General Eisenhower did not feel it necessary to do [on D-Day]? . . . Mr. Reagan was afraid that the facts on the ground would not support the reasons he gave for the invasion."

* * *

Five days after the invasion this correspondent and other grumbling journalists at last begin lining up at an old abandoned airport on the island of Barbados that has been turned into the main military staging area for Grenada. At 5 a.m. the facility is filled with troops waiting to be airlifted; most of them are members of the United States Army's crack 82nd Airborne Division. They wear new ballistic helmets that look slightly German. Out on the runway are skids of ammunition and supplies–including a stack labeled "Human Blood." Even more disconcerting is the presence of female soldiers in full combat regalia.

The newspeople probably have enough audiovisual equipment to film *Apocalypse Now*. Cameras, videodecks and sound equipment are stacked everywhere. Their owners eye each other cautiously–like dogs sniffing out new turf.

The flight to Grenada takes about an hour. When we land, Port Saline Airport is a scene of pandemonium. The noise of arriving and departing C-130 troop transports is an unceasing roar, and the backwash from their huge props is hot and fierce, stirring up a solid wall of dust from the dry, bulldozed plain.

Blackhawk helicopters, ominous-looking birds of prey, flit in and out continuously, and sometimes a long daisy chain of choppers stretches all the way across the

(continued on page 92)





"Uh, if I were you, friend, I wouldn't even worry about the meaning of life...."





OUR MAN IN MOSCOW

SEX BETWEEN THE ☆ RED SHEETS ☆

We met in the bar of the National Hotel shortly after midnight on the first day I arrived in the Soviet Union. It was only a little past noon back in the United States, but jet lag had put me on a schedule that was exactly the opposite of Moscow time. I was ready for action.

"Are you alone, darlink?" she asked me, flashing her big, dark eyes and rubbing her upper torso along my shoulder. She was an exotic creature–slender and svelte, with long, silky, jet-black hair and sensual, bee-stung lips that formed a perpetual pout. She was dressed in an expensive-looking suit and a silk blouse. She reeked of Chanel perfume, though Lord knows which number.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I am," I replied. "What have you got in mind?"

She leaned over and kissed me softly on the cheek. "A double brandy," she purred, rolling her "rrr" like a kitten with a bowl of milk. I ordered Courvoisier for her and a straight, three-ounce shot of vodka for myself.

We took a small table in a dark corner of the bar, where only foreign currency is allowed. I began to look around the room and spotted many other callgirls–but none with the looks or style of this honey.

"Kak vas zahvoot?" I asked, practicing my Russian.

"Natasha. And yours?". . .

My Moscow trip was supposed to be a piece mission–a seminal journey to the East, an exploration of the soft

Article by Randy Kornitsky

Illustration by David Mann

Flynt had wanted to contribute to peaceful East-West relations at the level of the groin–if not the heart and mind.

underbelly of communism, commissioned by HUSTLER Editor Larry Flynt. Early last August, Flynt had called me into his office to ask if I would be interested in going to the Soviet Union to do undercover research for an article on sex behind the Iron Curtain. At first the project sounded like pure sociology. But that's not what Flynt had in mind.

"What I want you to do is get laid in Moscow," he said. "I want you as my special emissary to make *personal* contact with the Other Side."

Flynt had long since lost faith in the ability of American diplomats to prevent the inevitable thermonuclear orgasm. He wanted to make some contribution to peaceful East-West relations at the level of the groin–if not the heart and mind. He had selected me as his sexual envoy to bring a message of love to a Soviet citizen from one of the biggest capitalists in America. And he wanted to publish a complete account of my odyssey in HUSTLER.

Like most of Flynt's pet projects, it was a daring idea. And for me it was an intriguing challenge both personally and professionally–a dream assignment.

"I'll accept on two conditions," I said. "First, I go into the Soviet Union quietly; no press credentials. Nothing linking me to you or to HUSTLER. I want to be able to get out without a hassle. And second, because some day I may want to return to the Soviet Union, my true identity will not be disclosed in the article."

"No problem," Flynt agreed, shaking my hand.

I left his office with mixed emotions, my mind reeling at the thought of what I was about to do. I was headed for the world's largest police state, representing a magazine of which the mere possession is a major penal offense there. Every move a visitor makes in the Soviet Union can be easily and carefully monitored by the KGB–the secret police. And the Russians are notorious for shooting first and answering questions later.

My unusual mission could be easily misinterpreted by the paranoid minds in the Kremlin as an attempt to expose intimate secrets of state or compromise a Soviet citizen, or as a provocation to embarrass, slander or undermine the image and prestige of the USSR. All of those were serious antistate felonies, oneway tickets to Siberia. And I have never had a taste for gruel and fish-head soup.

I knew enough about Soviet law and authority from prior trips, from the books and articles of dissidents and defectors and from the horror stories of other visitors and correspondents there to know what I was getting myself into. This journey would require careful planning, considerable research and a few good connections inside.

I realized I could bring nothing with me that would arouse the suspicions of customs agents at Moscow's Sheremyetovo Airport. Not even a crimson-colored, capitalistic condom would escape their notice if I became a candidate for a close search.

As I told Flynt, I would travel on a tourist visa. As far as the Soviets were concerned, I would be just another bourgeois rube lured to the USSR by the Intourist (the Russian travel bureau) posters in my local travel agency. I would visit Red Square, pay my respects to the waxen remains of revolutionary leader V. I. Lenin, shop for values in the state-owned GUM department store, eat blinis (Russian pancakes) and belt down straight shots of 100-proof vodka.

My nights would be my own business. I'd slip the hotel floorwoman (one of the shrewish ladies who sit strategically at the center of each hallway to keep a lid on things) 20 rubles to keep her Russian lips sealed, and I would conduct my mission undercovers. The only sounds the KGB "bugs" would pick up from my room would be low moans. For all they'd know, I could be suffering from Rasputin's Revenge or the Trotsky Trots.

In preparing for my journey, I set up a very specialized language course in what I call barfly Russian. I did not have time to learn the language fluently, but I knew I would need some important phrases if I were going to carry out my assignment. My tutor, a native Russian, spent several days teaching me the basic phrases for picking up girls in Moscow: "Hello. Do you come here often?" "Can I buy you a drink?" "Would you like to have an American cigarette?" "Are we alone?" "I am in room such-and-such at the National Hotel." "When can I see you again?" "Thank you very much for the beautiful blowjob."

I also learned some all-purpose phrases, such as: "How much?" "Can I . . .?" "Please do." "Yes, you may touch it." "What's your sign?" "Yes, I have American dollars . . . and bluejeans." "Can I take your photo?" "Let's go to your apartment." "No, thank you, I've eaten all the sturgeon roe I can."

As a practical matter, I knew I would




HA HA HA! APRIL FOOLS, ABRAHAM... YOU DON'T REALLY HAVE TO SACRIFICE YOUR SON TO ME!
SHAWN KERR

MOSCOW *(continued from page 58)*

It became obvious why a night with a lady of the evening is so costly in Soviet Moscow–the economics are terrible.

have to rely on body language and suggestive gestures with my tongue and lips. In those I was already fluent.

I began my travel arrangements toward the end of August. One week later, on September 1, Korean Air Lines Flight 007 and its 269 passengers–including ultra-right-wing Congressman Larry McDonald–were scattered all over the Sea of Japan by a trigger-happy Soviet pilot. My friends immediately began calling to console me about the probable cancellation of my trip due to the USSR's international-air-travel boycott following the tragedy. But I had cleverly booked a flight from Copenhagen, Denmark, to Moscow on Aeroflot (the Soviet airline) to avoid any serious problems.

* * *

Natasha was an Aquarian. Not that her astrological sign meant anything to me; I mention it because she volunteered the information. Barroom chitchat is barroom chitchat in Moscow, Idaho, or Moscow, USSR.

The little Soviet sexpot really had her act together. She told me her life's story in the first five minutes of our meeting. She was 28 years old, unmarried and had a young daughter by an Algerian who'd left her with the baby. Her business in the evening provided the finer things in life for her and the child, who lived with Natasha's parents in a Moscow suburb.

By day she was a teacher in a Moscow high school. By night she earned three months' salary with each trick she turned. She knew how to say "Are you alone?" in Finnish, French, German, Lithuanian, Polish and Arabic as well as in English.

Natasha also said she was not Russian but a Tartar, which to me meant only that her forebearers had hated fish as much as I do and created a sauce to kill the taste. I found it difficult to keep my eyes off her devilish, pouting lips, which she moistened frequently with her tongue. She spoke in broken but understandable English and seemed fairly intelligent and straightforward–and she was extremely sexy.

After ordering a second round of drinks, I said I wanted to go to bed with her and asked what she wanted from me.

She tossed off her opening bid: "One hundred dollars. I stay with you one hour, Randy, no more. Your room in the hotel?"

"One hour?" I responded. "Impossible!" The word *impossible* carries great weight in the Soviet Union because virtually everything commonly expected in the Free World is impossible there.

"Okay, two hours. No problem. How long you want? I can't stay all night. Too dangerous. This Soviet Union, not States." Her big eyes constantly scanned the room as if to say, "Make your move, buster, or we'll soon have company from the KGB."

"Impossible," I persisted, trying to take charge. "It's all night or nothing, darling." A hundred dollars could get you well laid in the best hotels in America. Here it was two weeks' wages for an orthodontist. I wasn't about to capitulate so easily.

Looking very nervous, Natasha relented. She said she had rented an apartment five minutes from the hotel, where we could spend the night. Her friend was using it just now but would be finished in half an hour or so. It was a deal.

To sweeten the bargain, I bought her some chocolates, American cigarettes and a can of salted peanuts. She seemed quite pleased.

We left the bar arm in arm and picked up Natasha's fur-collared coat at the hotel's cloakroom. She tipped the porter there ten rubles (about $13), and as we left the hotel, I saw her slip the doorman 20 rubles. Outside there was a line of about ten cabs, but Natasha picked out one in particular with whom she had made prior arrangements. The cabbie also received some cash as he closed the door for us.

It became obvious why a night with a lady of the evening is so costly in Soviet Moscow–the economics are terrible. She was feeding at least six mouths: the coatroom porter, the bouncer in the bar, the barman, the hotel doorman, the cabbie and herself–not to mention all the incidental bribes to the hotel floorwomen, the local militia sergeant and various bureaucrats.

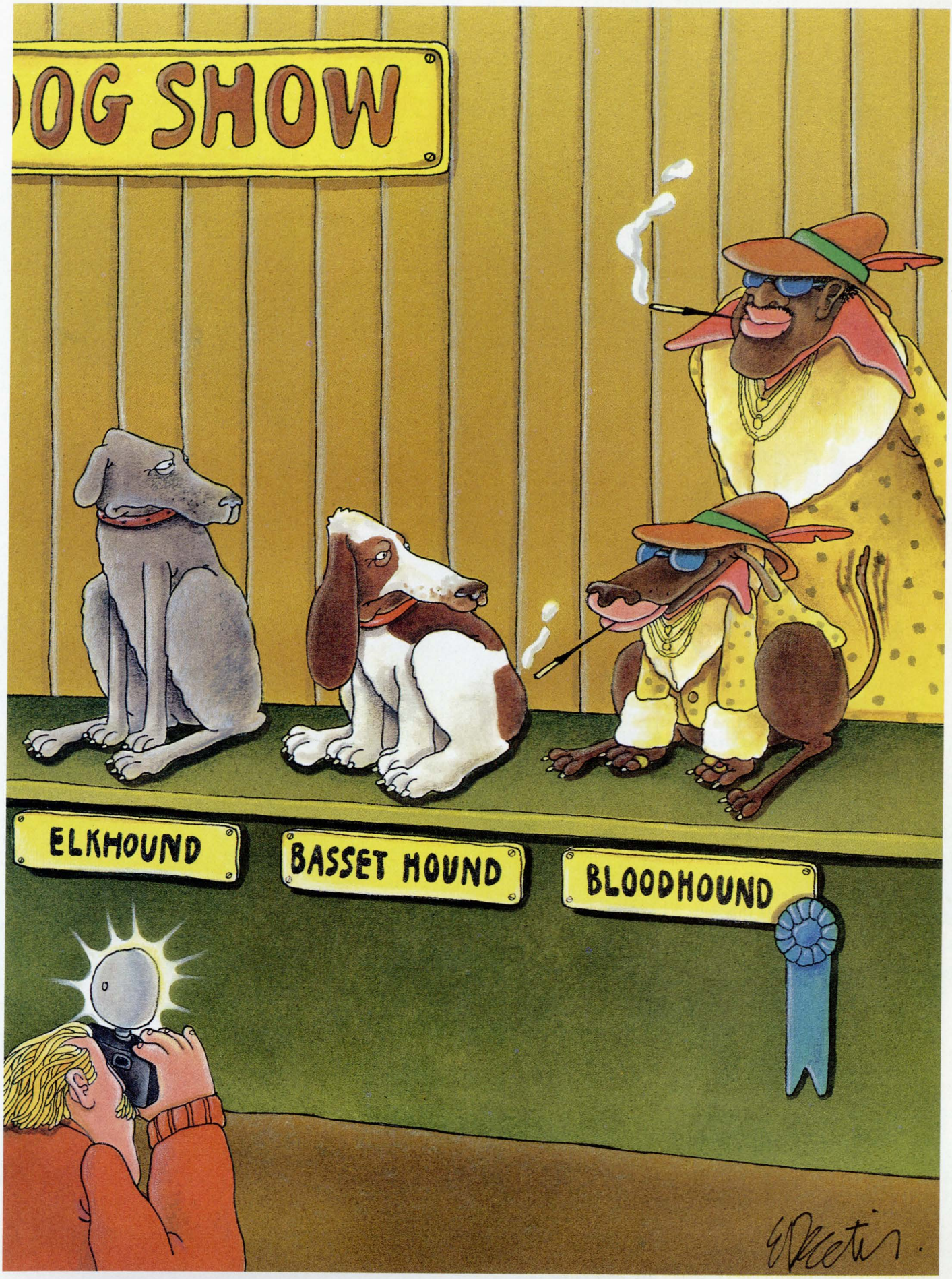
Natasha moved through the hotel like a pro, buying silence and protection. If I had not been watching the size of the bills she was handing out, I would have thought she was offering token tips or merely shaking hands.

Still, I was somewhat apprehensive. From previous research I knew that Russian citizens are not allowed any direct, unofficial contact with Westerners–a group viewed as tempters and exploiters by a government which fears that knowledge of the comfortable capitalist lifestyle could sow seeds of disloyalty. This attitude made my project not only dangerous for myself, but doubly dangerous for the woman who

(continued on page 70)



"You really shouldn't drink on an empty stomach... why don't you give me a blowjob first?"


OG SHOW
ELKHOUND
BASSET HOUND
BLOODHOUND

The new nun's story

Jillette knew life at the convent would be tough. But how could she have guessed the dress code would be so strict? The life she had known was being taken from her; everything had to go. She was stripped of her worldly possessions, shorn of her raven locks, deprived of all she enjoyed. Only her memories and her virgin purity were left intact. Afterward she lay in her room, confused. Is this how she would spend the rest of her life? She pondered the question and examined a body forever locked away from the world of men. *Damn*, she thought, *I've screwed up*.



Photography by Clive McLean



















A terrible prude, V.I. Lenin was quoted as saying, "Sex is mainly a hobby of the intellectuals."

would consummate it with me.

* * *

Prior to leaving the United States, I had spent hours poring over Russian sexual history and etiquette to learn the quirks, fetishes, perversions and preferences of the culture. I felt this information would help me to avoid any indelicacies or potential embarrassment for my contacts or myself.

Research on the sex life of the Russians required a bit of digging; what's available is spotty. The most intriguing material on the subject begins with reports of the enormous and diverse sexual appetite of Czarina Catherine the Great.

The empress came by her nickname honestly. She was known to have had at least 21 lovers during her marriage. But as time went on, Catherine was not satisfied with male suitors exclusively. She got into lesbianism and eventually delved deeply into bestiality, which may have been her undoing.

In the summer palace near Leningrad hangs a portrait of Catherine astride a beautiful white stallion. The palace gossip was that she'd had that very stallion slung over her royal bed from an apparatus that must have looked like something out of a modern-day S&M dungeon. The story goes that while Catherine was preparing herself in bed, her absentminded footman began to scratch his balls and accidentally released the rope holding the horse–crushing the monarch to death.

"Russians always have taken [a frank and earthy attitude] toward sex," wrote Ella Winter in her 1933 book *Red Virtue*. "In some parts of Russia the traditional form of courtship, thousands of years old, is for boy and girl to sleep together in the barn or cowshed for some weeks, the girl remaining virgin."

Little has been said about the sexual exploits of the biggies of the Russian Revolution. Referring to Soviet hero V. I. Lenin, sexologist Dr. Mikhail Stern, a recent Soviet immigrant who was a physician in the Gulag prison colonies for many years, concludes that "the Communist titan was in fact a sexual pygmy. . . . He is commonly supposed to have been impotent."

A terrible prude, Lenin was quoted as saying, "Sex is mainly a hobby of the intellectuals." Perhaps they were the only Communists smart enough to appreciate the value of sex.

But Comrade Lenin wielded little power over sexual matters. Russia became sex-crazed after the October Revolution. "Every kind of liberty and license were taken," according to Winter. "In fact, in some circles for a girl to be unwilling to share her bed with any chance young man showed 'bourgeois class prejudice.' "

There were nude marches, sex orgies and mass campaigns for sexual liberation. Promiscuity was widespread, the family was deemed a bourgeois remnant of the czarist times, divorce was easy, and abortion–the primary means of birth control–was freely available.

In the city of Vladimir a decree of the workers' Soviet (council) demanded that every young woman over age 18 be placed under state control and if unmarried, "on pain of the strictest prosecution, [must register] with the bureau of free love" in order to choose a husband. "Those who wish to do so may choose a new husband or wife once every month."

In her book *Red Love: The Love of the Worker Bee*, novelist and pamphleteer Alexandra Kollantai urged the modern Soviet woman to consider having sex to be "like drinking a glass of water."

Lenin vehemently denounced that theory. "Of course thirst must be satisfied," he said. "But will the normal man in normal circumstances lie down in the gutter and drink out of a puddle or out of a glass with a rim greasy from many lips?"

Either way the answer was a resounding yes. The Red Army, for example, must have been drinking from many common cups. In 1930 the Soviet health journal *Za Zdorovy Byt* reported 25 cases of venereal disease per 1,000 troops. The same journal claimed that comparable figures for the American Army were 60 per thousand, but that's capitalism for you.

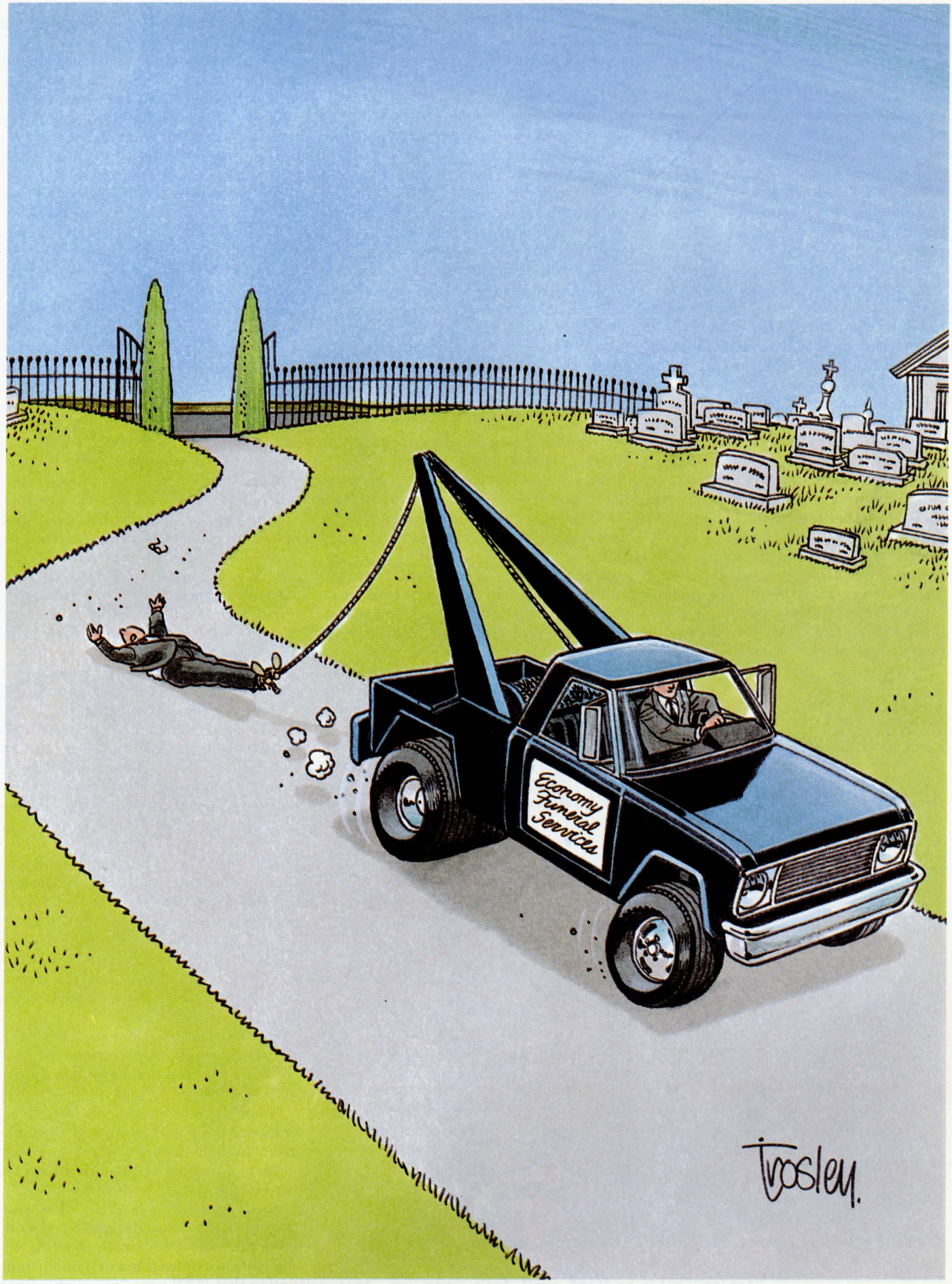
The backlash against this wild, communal abandon began with the 1928 rise to power of strongman Josef Stalin, who "rehabilitated" the family unit, put an end to promiscuity and outlawed abortion. During his regime homosexuality was made a crime, and after 1944 a divorce was nearly impossible to obtain.

Such repression has continued until this day. "Since normal sexual drives are either repressed completely or can only be expressed in ways that would ordinarily be considered deviant, the private lives of ordinary Soviet people can only be compared to the lives of convicts in prison or soldiers in a barracks," says Stern.

Sex, therefore, can be dangerous to your health in the USSR. Many sexual activities are grounds for imprisonment. Transmitting a venereal disease could result in up to three years in a prison camp. Homosexual acts between consenting



Last chance, buddy...Are You gonna try this lite beer, or do we have to crucify You?"


Economy
Funeral
Services
Trosley.

MOSCOW *(continued from page 70)*

Finding a honey in the Land of the Bear is no problem, but tasting the honey without being stung is another matter.

adults can bring five years of hard labor (eight years if a minor is involved). Sodomy or any heterosexual act deemed "perverted" is worth a three-year sentence, while performing an illegal abortion can send someone away for eight years.

Prostitution, however, is not illegal. It is fairly common and quite openly practiced, although the position of the pimp has been eliminated. Even so, prostitutes are often arrested and prosecuted for the crime of being social parasites (having no legal means of support).

On the other hand, paying a prostitute in American dollars is a violation of Soviet currency laws, which are strictly enforced and specify heavy penalties. So finding a honey in the Land of the Bear is no problem, but tasting the honey without being stung is another matter.

* * *

Natasha's apartment was located about five minutes from the notorious KGB headquarters on Dzerzhinsky Square. The taxi took us from the National Hotel near Red Square up Kirov Street, and then it turned onto Komsomolsky Prospekt. Stopping in front of a ten-story stucco building situated in a ragged, seamy Moscow neighborhood, the cabbie announced he would gladly settle the ruble-and-some-change fare in American currency (worth far more in the Soviet underground economy).

The tiny, two-room apartment was suitably equipped for Natasha's needs with a 21-inch, Russian-made, black-and-white television set, a Czech stereo, a queen-size bed, a wardrobe closet, a cabinet stocked with empty cognac, scotch and bourbon bottles, and a red telephone. Luxurious by local standards, the accommodations were strictly black market. Natasha was paying ten times the legal rent, about $200 a month. By living there, she was risking arrest on a number of grounds. Everyone residing in Moscow must have an "internal passport" issued by the Soviet government. Natasha had no such document.

Paying the rent in foreign currency was another serious offense. She was also bribing the female building superintendent, whom she referred to as "the old horse," to keep quiet about her enterprise–even passing her clientele on to the woman for sloppy seconds.

"I take bath, and then you take bath, no-kay, my darlink?" Natasha asked as she locked the door. Then she made the bed with new sheets and pillowcases she had purchased that morning and gave me a pair of slippers and a clean towel. Obviously, this was a class operation.

After we bathed separately, Natasha entered the living room wearing a sheer, red-nylon nightgown that revealed her lean, beautifully tanned body. She had just returned from a week in the fashionable Black Sea resort of Sochi.

As we talked, she nibbled my lips playfully, and we slowly stroked each other. She spoke of her sexual fantasies and preferences, indicating that she liked group sex–especially where she was the object of two or three men's attention. In the previous month she'd had two such *menages*–one involving three Finns and the other with three Armenians.

When the conversation stopped, Natasha pulled my head down on one of her breasts and said, "Bite eet." I willingly followed instructions. Then she pushed my head farther down her body until I was confronted with the soft black hair of her cunt. As I nibbled her there, she began to moan and squirm. I moved my body around so she could have a crack at my hardened cock.

"Do you want to do eet?" she asked following several minutes of such foreplay.

"Silly question," I replied.

"You want to use preservateef?" she said, using the Russian word for condom. I knew all about Russian-made condoms, which are known as "galoshes" to those who have used them–and justly so. They are unlubricated and come packed in paper. I have never been a fan of the condom in ideal circumstances, but the Communist variety was the best excuse for abstinence I could think of. I politely refused her offer.

"Eet's no-kay," she assured me. "I make no babies this time of month." Then Natasha noticed the scar near my crotch. "Operation to make no babies?" she inquired.

I tried to explain that it was a hernia repair, but she didn't understand.

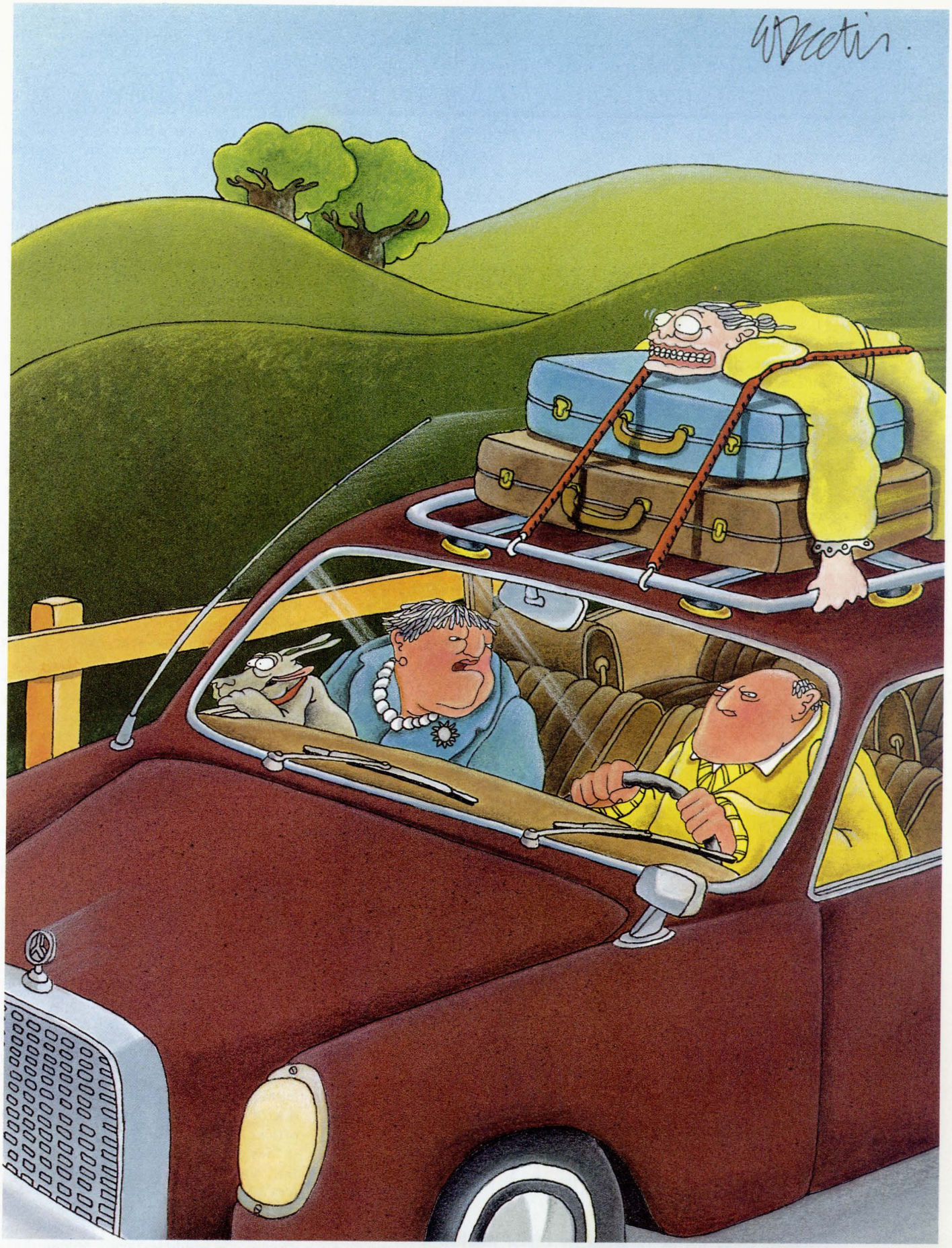
"Many Russian men have operation to make no babies?" I asked.

"I not eenterested in men with such operations," she said, implying they had given up their virility.

We continued nibbling, and I inquired further about her birth-control precautions. Like the vast majority of Russian women, abortion was her preferred method of preventing childbirth. Natasha said she had experienced ten or 11 abortions, noting that IUDs were "not healthy" and that she did not like to use a diaphragm.



"Okay, you can come in for one cup of coffee, and that's all!"



"All bags on the roof, my ass...next time Mother rides inside!"

MOSCOW *(continued from page 72)*

In the "deviationist position" I was seated on her face while my cock was purged between her Socialist tits.

Once she had tried the Russian rhythm method of birth control, but that worked about as well as the Catholic variety–she has a child to prove it.

Without warning, Natasha playfully dipped her finger into her love box and then put it in her mouth. "It's sweet," she noted with satisfaction. Next she grabbed hold of my wang and seemed to be impressed. "It's 20 centimeters," she estimated, "maybe 21 . . . yes, 21."

Until that moment I had forgotten the Soviets work on the metric system. I caught myself momentarily trying to convert her guess into inches so I could know whether she was flattering me or cutting me down to size.

By now Natasha was on top of the matter, straddling me and bouncing up and down. Rubbing her breasts, she pulled and pushed my cock through her tight, dripping pussy–quietly chanting sweet Soviet nothings that I could not understand, except in the broadest sense.

Taking charge, I rolled Natasha over onto her back and began pumping in earnest. Her ass cheeks came completely off the sheets with every upstroke, then crashed to Ground Zero on the down. This Soviet nymph was made for fucking, and that's just what we did, humping all night until both of us got off nicely just before we fell asleep at about 5 a.m.

When we awakened around noon, my happy hooker wanted to play in bed some more. I was hard put to refuse. We made love again, very slowly and softly.

"You like the proletarian position best?" she asked me afterward.

I was surprised she'd raise political issues that early in the day, until it dawned on me that Natasha was not talking Marxism–but rather about what Americans call the "missionary position." She didn't know our terminology, but hers was even more descriptive. Shoulders hunched and nose to the grindstone, this lovemaking posture is definitely more workmanly than religious.

"The proletarian position is my favorite," I told her. Then, pretending more information than I had, I said I sometimes liked the bourgeois position. She looked at me quizzically. "Which ones do you like?" I asked.

"I like them all," she said and proceeded to demonstrate her versatility by engaging me in four or five different ones. The most memorable were what I call the "collective," in which one sows wild oats through the back door, and the "deviationist," in which I was seated on her face while my cock was purged thoroughly by repeated thrusts between her Socialist tits.

* * *

Four days after my first encounter with Natasha I began to experience an ominous burning whenever I took a piss. By the fifth day other symptoms of a Socialist disease developed. At the same time my sexual appetite had begun to taper off, which I believe was caused by the hotel's putting saltpeter into my food. I began to suspect that my piece mission was being sabotaged. But by whom?

Worried about my condition, I went to the hotel physician–a surly woman who spoke no English whatsoever. My Russian tutor had not prepared me for dealing with a case of the clap–if that's what it was–so I pointed to my dripping whacker and said, "Infection, infection."

She got the message. But instead of treating it, the physician gave me a note sending me to the Moscow clinic that deals with skin and venereal diseases. The Russians have a medical specialty known as dermato-venerology, which for some odd reason combines acne, crabs and clap under one roof.

The VD doctor who saw me was an attractive young blond woman with a wry smile. Her English was quite limited.

"Look at me, Comrade Kornitski," she said brusquely.

I looked at her somewhat confused.

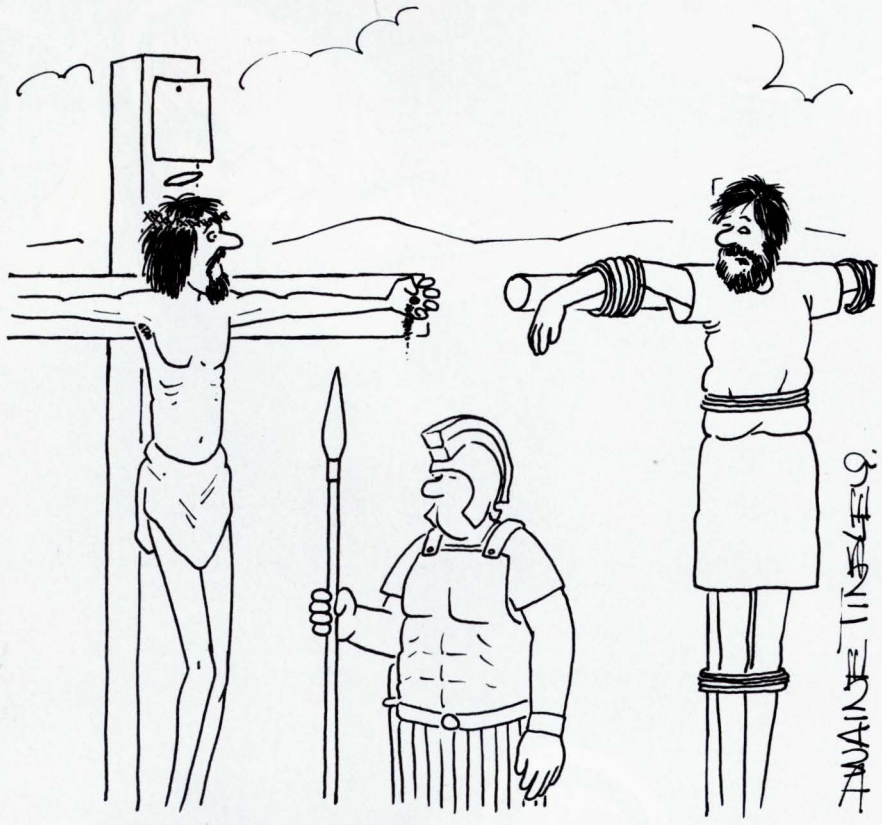
With annoyance she repeated, "Look at me *your penis*."

"Ah," I said, bashfully, carefully whipping out my bedraggled, red-tipped organ. I told her that I had been infected in Copenhagen, Denmark, prior to my arrival in the Soviet Union. She coarsely rubbed a specimen plate over the end of my cock and had me take the results to a laboratory downstairs.

Half an hour later the doctor called me back into her office and confirmed my diagnosis: gonorrhea. She ordered up three doses of the Soviet blockbuster form of penicillin, known as *bizillin*. My treatment began immediately with a jab in the butt from a long, sharp needle. I thanked the doctor weakly and hobbled out of her office.

"See you tomorrow, Comrade Kornitski," she said as I left. That afternoon I met with Natasha and gave her the bad news. She was aghast. We both knew that if she was proven to be the carrier of my disease, she would be facing 36 months in cold storage. I assured her that I had not

(continued on page 166)



"Actually, I was hoping to spend my Easter vacation in Fort Lauderdale...."


SOUVENIR
MUGGING
PHOTO



Photography
by James Baes



SWEET 'N' JUICY

Anita's body glows in the Florida sun. Get closer to her. Feel her heat. Basking on the sundeck makes her hot and sweaty, as if she were eternally aroused. As the day swelters on, she's covered with moisture. Now Anita is sweet 'n' juicy.









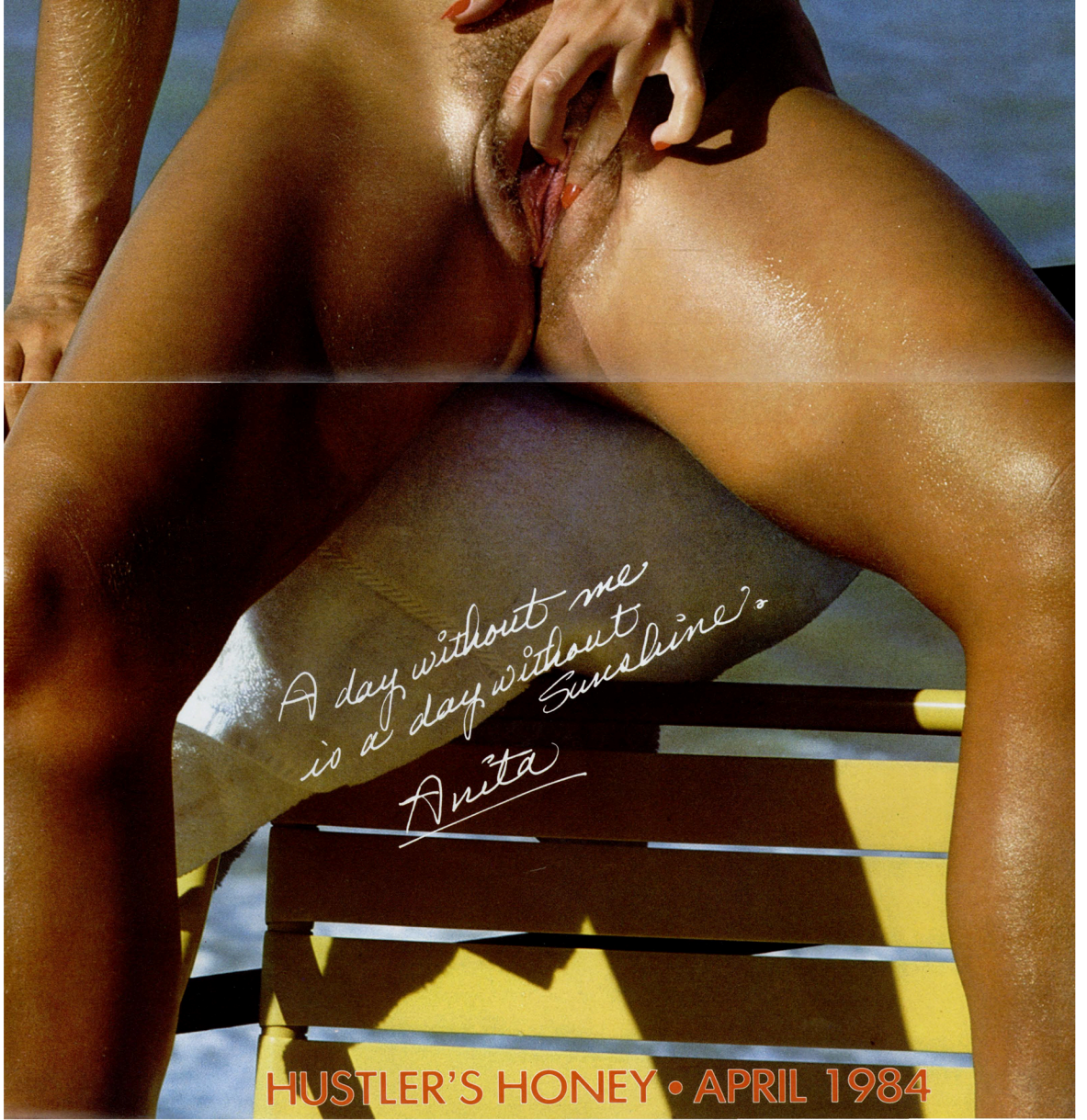











A day without me
is a day without
Sunshine.
Anita
HUSTLER'S HONEY • APRIL 1984





Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker

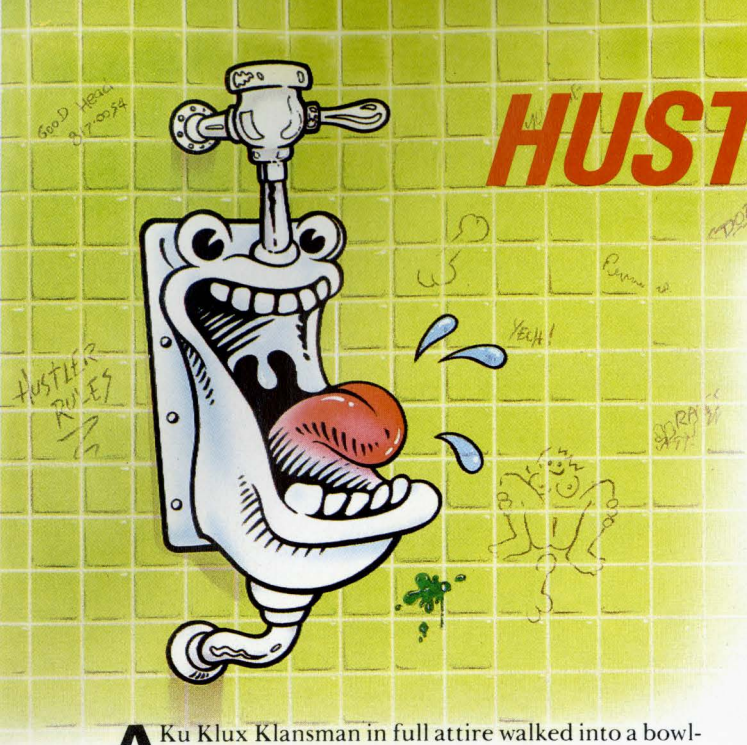
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Chester the M.O'Lester



HUSTLER HUMOR



A Ku Klux Klansman in full attire walked into a bowling alley carrying a baseball bat. With a fanatic gleam in his eye he strode up to the nearest rack of bowling balls and began energetically beating on the balls with his bat.

The manager of the bowling alley ran over to him and angrily demanded, "What the hell are you doing?"

"Don't try to stop me!" the Klansman roared. "I gotta get these niggers before they hatch!"

Four unfortunate Polish sailors recently lost their lives. One died at sea, and the other three drowned trying to dig his grave.

On his deathbed a man confessed to his wife, "Honey, I've been unfaithful to you, but every time I cheated, I put a dollar under the rug. All the money is still there except the one dollar that I spent for medicine."

Surprisingly, the man recovered, but his wife took sick. She also felt she should confess; so she told him, "I was unfaithful to you too, dear, but every time I cheated, I dropped a pea through the little hole in the kitchen floor. They are all still under the house–except the three bushels we ate during hard times last winter."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *super-lover* as: a guy with a nine-inch tongue who can breathe through his ears.

The Italian and Polish paratroopers were arguing about who was best at packing a parachute. Unable to resolve the dispute on the ground, they decided to go up in a plane and judge by the midair performances of their chutes. The Pole went first, pulled the cord and started floating toward the Earth. Then the Italian jumped, pulled the cord and nothing happened. He pulled the safety cord–still nothing.

In a matter of seconds the Italian whizzed past the Pole, plummeting downward like a stone. "Oh!" shouted the Pole, yanking off his harness. "So ya wanna race!"

Question: What would Princess Grace be doing if she were alive today?
Answer: Scratching at the inside of her coffin.

The blind man walked into a department store with his seeing-eye dog and headed straight for the men's-underwear department.

Surrounded by pajamas and boxer shorts, he came to a stop, picked up his German shepherd by its hind legs and began swinging the dog around in a circle.

A startled clerk ran over to him and asked loudly, "Sir . . . may I help you with anything?"

"No thanks," the man answered. "Just looking."

Question: How do a Jewish couple fuck doggy-style?
Answer: The man sits up and begs, and the woman rolls over and plays dead.

A man was sitting in the local porn-movie house when suddenly he smelled an awful stench. He noticed a drunk sitting a couple of seats away, and he realized that the odor was coming from that direction.

"Hey, asshole," the man called, "did you shit in your pants?"

"Yeah," the derelict replied.

"Well, what the fuck are you going to do about it?" the man demanded.

"Don't know yet," the drunk answered. "I haven't finished."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *black Irishman* as: a leprecoon.

Sam phoned Ron in the middle of the night. "My piles are killing me! And I can't go to the doctor till tomorrow morning!"

"Listen," said Ron, "get a tea bag and put it on your asshole. It will shrink the swelling. Take a sleeping pill, and tomorrow you can go to the doctor."

Sam followed his friend's advice. The next day he rushed to a proctologist, who immediately had him get up on the examination table. The doctor spread Sam's cheeks and muttered, "Hmm."

"Something wrong?" asked Sam.

"No," answered the doctor. "You're going to take a long trip . . . you're going to meet a tall, dark. . . ."

Three little kids were sitting on a curb one day–a Catholic boy, a Jewish boy and a black boy. A priest walked up to the group, and the Catholic jumped up. The priest asked him, "What are the two most important things in your life?"

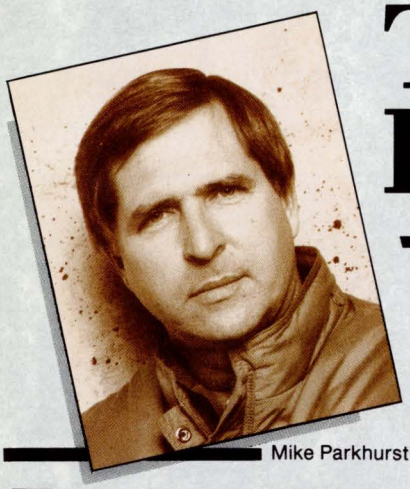
"The Virgin Mary and you, Father."

Later a rabbi came up to the group and asked the same question. The Jewish lad answered, "King David and you, Rabbi."

A little while after that the black youngster leaned over to his friends and asked, "What's the matter, y'all never heard of watermelon and pussy?"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" × 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry–we cannot return submissions.

The 50-Billion-Dollar Ripoff



Mike Parkhurst

In keeping with HUSTLER's long tradition of presenting even the most controversial viewpoints, we provide this space to outspoken opinion-makers in politics, religion, the arts and other segments of contemporary society. The author of this month's Guest Editorial is Mike Parkhurst, president of the Independent Truckers Association as well as editor and publisher of Overdrive–the largest-selling trucking magazine in the world.

P. T. Barnum, the father of the circus still bearing his name, was once quoted as saying, "There's a sucker born every minute." His estimate would be conservative today. It would take him 438 years to reach the total population of suckers now living in the United States. And that's exactly what we've become–a nation of suckers for the greatest salesmen of all time: the 535 members of the U.S. Congress.

Our elected representatives are so successful in dumping their questionable wares on an unwary public that they have even managed to persuade the press to promote only what they want promoted–Watergate and Abscam notwithstanding. And some of their snake-oil techniques are costing American taxpayers a whole lot more than the price of admission to a circus sideshow.

A year and a half ago hastily assembled legislation called the "Surface Transportation Assistance Act" was ramrodded through the House of Representatives in just four days. It was said that this new group of laws would help resurface the nation's dangerously crumbling traffic arteries and modernize antiquated portions of the interstate highway system. Instead, the legislation grabbed *50 billion more dollars* from taxpayers to fund a wide variety of projects–only some of which have anything remotely to do with actual highway repair or construction.

Among the fiscal atrocities contained in these laws is authorization to maintain a Department of Transportation office in the Virgin Islands and funding for a "comprehensive investigation and study of the feasibility of a high-speed ferryboat" between the towns of St. Croix and St. Thomas in that vacation paradise.

Then there's $4.5 million earmarked for a study of "wave erosion" in and around–of all places–Devil's Lake, North Dakota. Another $23 million will go to building a bridge in no particular city–just a bridge to show that it can carry traffic away from a congested downtown area.

You want more? This same legislation provides $45 million per year essentially for the building of bicycle shelters and lanes. The money must go for "transportation" bicycles and not "leisure" bicycles. That means the shelters and lanes will only be for the use of commuters who travel by bike; pleasure bikes would be banned.

Furthermore, Secretary of Transportation Elizabeth Hanford Dole now has the power to regulate all *bicycle* safety. If she so chooses, Junior's little Roadmaster or Schwinn could be *required* to have electric turn signals, brake lights or perhaps even an air bag. Many of the Orwellian fantasies neatly hidden in this act are evidence that *1984*'s Big Brother is already here.

The so-called "transportation" bill siphons more money from your pocket for the building of parking lots. It also permits states only to operate vending machines in rest areas on the nation's interstate highways–meaning that bureaucrats will now determine what kind of candy or coffee Mr. and Mrs. Motorist can consume.

Known as Public Law 97.424, this Pandora's Box of legislation was officially introduced on December 3, 1982, and hastily passed by the House of Representatives. The package was haphazardly molded into shape by a lame-duck Congress (whose main priority was hurrying home for Christmas vacation) and cleverly disguised with a wrapping marked "nickel-a-gallon" fuel-tax increase.

Ahhh! Now you remember. But you probably didn't know what was carefully concealed underneath that wrapping paper–not until now.

The Washington press corps received a description of the bill in the form of a neatly typed press release with nice little summaries and quotes. But the Congress neglected to tell the press about all the fine print in the Surface Transportation Assistance Act, and the press wasn't about to dig up a copy and wade through its hundreds of pages.

The Senate couldn't evaluate the fine print either, because there were no copies of the bill available to read. In fact, only three hodgepodge versions existed–and those were filled with hand-scribbled notes in the margins, had pages missing and were still in the rewrite stage just hours before final Senate passage.

Ramming through legislation that nobody has read is nothing new in Washington. The real crime was that neither the Congress nor the press attempted to discuss the meat of the bill–the real pork. For that is exactly what the Surface Transportation Assistance Act is: one of the biggest pork-barrel giveaways in recent history.

A closer look at the pork finds it infested with maggots that will grow fat and happy as long as the public continues to live in ignorance of this giant swindle. It sounded

patriotic and sensible when we were told the legislation was merely a "nickel-a-gallon" tax increase badly needed to pave potholes and prop up bridges. Right off the top, however, one of those five pennies–or 20% of the total money–was destined for mass-transit systems already secretly subsidized to the hilt. Few people realize that Ma and Pa Kettle in Altoona, Iowa, are helping to pay for the billion-dollar subway systems in such big cities as Washington, New York and Philadelphia.

passed on to Mr. and Mrs. Consumer in the form of higher prices for retail goods; and/or (2) thousands of truckers would be forced out of business.

Is it any wonder that the Independent Truckers Association fought the passage of this legislation, saying it was an example of "a lame-duck Congress trying to cook the truckers' goose while hatching a tax turkey"? After two months of frustrating door-pounding in the halls of Congress, independent truckers staged an 11-day shutdown

Almost $30 billion was sitting in a vault, drawing interest. And not one cent was being utilized for its intended purpose; instead, it was being used to help pay off the awesome national debt.

Congressional and administration spokespersons were saying that the nickel a gallon was needed to patch roads. Would you believe forest roads? Yes, $100 million per year is earmarked to build or patch forest trails or roads. And another section of this act provides for funds to be used to build and/or repair a major thoroughfare in Canada–the Alaska Highway.

Several years ago the state of "Taxachusetts" got into trouble when the Massachusetts Bay Transportation Authority couldn't pay off some loans. This new legislation dipped into your pocket to do the job bungled by Bay State bureaucrats. And while I'm on the subject of bailing out Massachusetts, you will undoubtedly be thrilled to learn that half a million dollars was set aside in the Surface Transportation Assistance Act for a "feasibility study" to determine whether or not the three ugly-looking trolley lines in Cambridge could be eliminated–thus freeing Harvard astronomers to look ever upward without a blemish to block their view.

If you're filled with righteous indignation over this obvious perversion of purpose, keep in mind that there are funds in this "transportation" legislation earmarked for recreational boating. If that sounds fishy, hold your nose as I remind you that a section of the same bill amends an existing act which promotes U.S. fisheries. The cost? A mere $3 million per year.

For the nation's 900,000 truckers–350,000 of whom drive long-haul routes–the legislation brought new sales taxes on trucks and trailers equivalent to 12% of the retail price, thus handing Uncle Sam a whopping sales commission of over $9,000 for each heavy-duty, over-the-road tractor, plus another $3,000 to $4,000 for the sale of each new highway trailer. On top of that the government levied a rubber tax of up to 50¢ per pound for big tires, which was even more than the actual value of the rubber. At the same time the highway-use tax was jumped from $240 per year to $1,600, whether the truck runs one mile or 100,000 miles. And that tax will continue to rise each year for three years.

Incredibly, the total 1983 tax bill on the trucking industry came to *ten times* the amount of all the profits made by all regular common-carrier trucking companies for the combined years of 1980, 1981 and 1982. The implication was twofold: (1) the staggering increase would be to protest this atrocious legislation. Yet little has been accomplished since.

Figuratively speaking, truckers now sit way in the back of the bus while bus owners ride in the back of limousines. That's because the Surface Transportation Assistance Act decrees that almost all buses can continue to avoid paying *any* federal fuel tax–including the new nickel-a-gallon increase. And their exemption extends through 1988. A fully loaded bus can weigh over 20 tons–heavier than half the big trucks in the country. But the bus industry apparently greased the right wheels and therefore continues to enjoy almost religious status, taxwise.

If all of this doesn't stir your sense of outrage, there's more. Having been passed by a Congress that failed to read it and signed into law by a President who didn't read it either, this giant, $50-billion tax increase also included in its language a restriction on the amount of money that could be spent on highway improvements each year.

The first year's collection–some $12 billion–was at press time waiting to be distributed among the states. The second year's total, another $12 billion, was also available. In short, there was more money in highway taxes already received than could legally be spent on all the highway repairs the Congress claimed were so vital.

So while the $50-billion ripoff was being passed into law, the sum of almost $30 billion in *previously collected* highway taxes was sitting in a Washington vault, drawing annual interest of billions of dollars more. And not one cent of this money was being utilized for its intended purpose; instead, it was being used to help pay off the awesome national debt.

How much longer are we going to let our wallets and purses be picked without our knowledge? Are there responsible citizens among us willing to fight back? Or are we going to continue to allow these latter-day P. T. Barnums who call themselves congressmen to play us for suckers? The answers are up to you.

Readers who share or disagree with Mike Parkhurst's opinions are encouraged to address HUSTLER's Feedback section (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054). Those who are interested in subscribing to Overdrive ($23 for 12 issues) should address their correspondence to P.O. Box 54078, Los Angeles, CA 90054.

GRENADA *(continued from page 54)*

What feared knowledge was President Reagan trying to keep from the American people about Grenada?

island. Troops sit on aluminum pads, waiting to be shipped to the far shore to help secure the commercial airport there.

The buses are late as the military tries to orchestrate the invasion of the press. There are reporters from all over the world–Sweden, France, England, Australia, South America and all parts of the United States.

When the next C-130 lands, television people descend upon the disembarking soldiers as if they were peculiar creatures in some zoo. The cameras gear up and converge on a particularly "colorful" scene, such as a trooper catching a bit of sleep on a stack of C-rations. The most successful in getting the men to talk is a svelte Swedish newswoman who looks exactly like a Swedish newswoman ought to look. A Brazilian television journalist in a tight red shirt and spiked heels doesn't do too badly either.

Most of the troops look heartbreakingly young. But among them is a sprinkling of grizzled veterans–the cutting edge of the 82nd Airborne and the Rangers. Some have cradled their M-60 light machine guns in plastic bags to keep out the dust that blows everywhere. Others carry well-used trench shotguns, the ultimate weapon for jungle fighting. They eye the press silently, and the press in turn steers clear of them.

Press headquarters is the Grenada Beach Hotel, an attractive tropical resort whose allure is somewhat marred by the wrecks of several bullet-riddled cars littering the entranceway and by the absence–discovered soon thereafter–of telephone, electricity and running water. The military briefing is very short. Nobody is exactly sure what is going on with the current situation, but they'll be happy to deliver the press to downtown St. George's. "From there you're on your own," says an Army spokesman.

First stop on the official tour is a pair of warehouses–one piled full of Russian military hardware ranging from antiaircraft guns to AK-47 assault rifles; the other crammed from floor to ceiling with ammunition. Most of the boxes that contain these weapons are marked "Pack Rice, 100 Pounds."

Some of the weapons are antiques, including a water-cooled heavy machine gun from World War I. Others are new, Russian-issue AK-47s–probably one of the more efficient killing machines ever made–still packed in shipping-wax paper. But most of the Soviet guns look pretty ratty.

I overhear a journalist talking about how the Russians saddled the Grenadians with their "castoffs." Another newsman raises a more ominous possibility: that all this hardware has been planted here by the Americans as evidence to support the U.S. pretext for invading the island in the first place.

There are also old U.S. "grease guns" from World War II, battered, dented and deadly; piles of Czech assault rifles; British Stens and Sterling submachine guns; larger squad machine guns fed by belts of ammunition; tank killers; grenades; and mixed case lots of explosives. All the markings are in Russian. Altogether there are enough weapons on hand to arm some 10,000 people.

Prominently displayed are uniforms, portable battle kitchens, web belts, canteens, new hats, Russian trucks, communications equipment and just about everything else a country would need to start a war. It's almost overkill–too much of it, too clearly marked, too conveniently stored in conspicuous warehouses, all photogenically stacked and stockpiled for maximum impact.

From there we are bused up into the hills above the airport to POW camps that are surrounded by concertina wire and ringed with machine gunners. There are 650 Cubans in one camp, housed in either barracks or a makeshift canvas tent in the center of the compound. We are given an armed guard and strict orders about where we may and may not walk. The Cubans, mostly black, say nothing, and we are forbidden to speak to them or ask them questions. A few puff cigars and stare at the reporters.

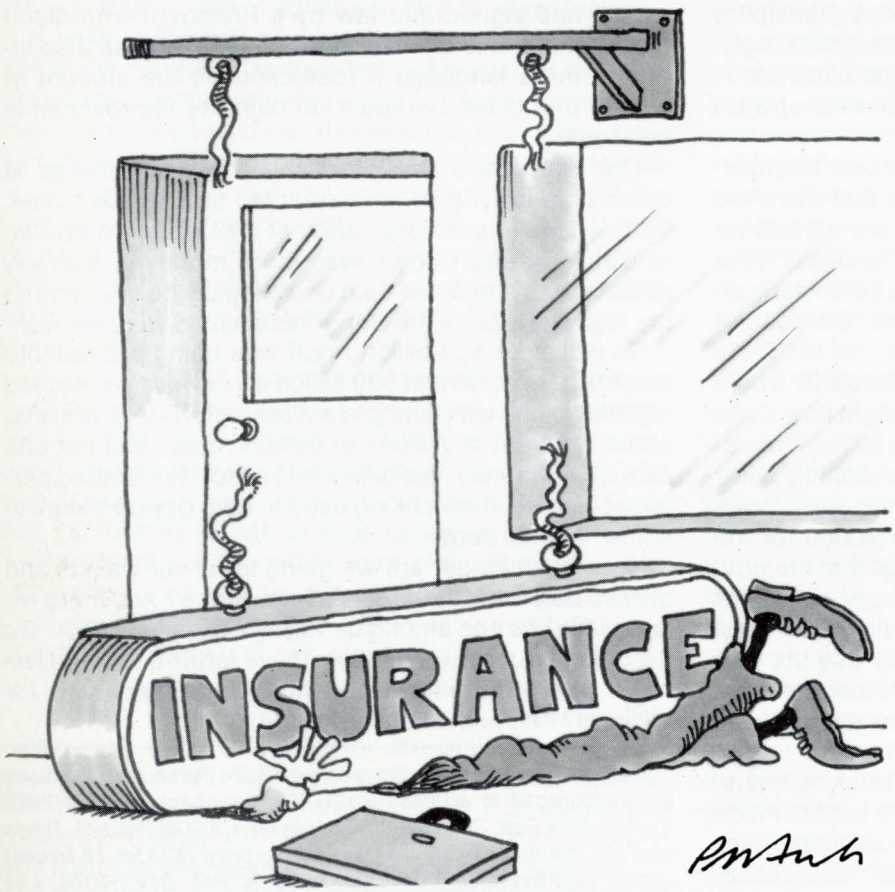
On the way back to St. George's we pass several destroyed Russian armored cars and one downed American Cobra gunship–but surprisingly little destruction to civilian property. Only a few of the houses show signs of having been caught in a firefight.

Except for the omnipresent 82nd Airborne, it's impossible to tell that an invasion took place here only a few days ago. The bars in St. George's are open, and most have enough power to run refrigerators stocked with Grenadian beer and cold Cokes that cut the jolt of the local 150-proof rum, which is guaranteed to strip paint. One by one the citizens file in to tell their stories.

"God bless Uncle Reagan," says an old man. "Without him we all be dead soon."

I ask if he really believes that. "The

(continued on page 98)



Enmeshed in Each Other



Photography by Matti Klatt









HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt* contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name _____ Name to Be Published _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

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WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature _____ Date _____

GRENADA

(continued from page 92)

revolution would have killed us all," he replies. "We were scared for our lives."

Most Grenadians, says another, knew the People's Revolutionary Army was arming the island. But they had no idea about the *amount* of arms until they were "collected" and placed on display by the Americans.

I find a driver and head up into the hills by myself. The roads are terrible, he says, not because of the invasion but because under Maurice Bishop all the country's money was going into arms. Barely wide enough for a single car, the roads twist along precarious ledges with breathtaking views, and the air is heavy with the fragrance of the hibiscus that blooms everywhere.

The first thing we come across is the wreck of a Russian armored car equipped with a .50-caliber machine gun. Curious local residents walk carefully around the already-rusting hulk. As we keep winding higher and higher, the roads get narrower and steeper until finally we reach Fort Frederick. It's obvious that there was a pitched battle here.

In front of the fort a small, four-wheel-drive vehicle lies on its side. In its backseat are three coffin-size crates that have fallen over and poured fully charged magazines of ammunition for AK-47s all over the ground. A number of small cars and trucks litter the compound–some were blown up, others shot to pieces.

The buildings themselves have been blasted apart, and spatters of blood can be seen in the wreckage. All around are crates of Russian arms, ammunition and antitank rockets. Not wanting to discover whether retreating troops had a chance to set booby traps, we tiptoe gingerly through rockets that are scattered around the compound like cordwood. I take a break, sitting on a wooden skid stacked with cardboard boxes until an engineer from the 82nd Airborne points out what's inside them–enough explosives to blow Fort Frederick into the *Twilight Zone*. I move away quickly.

Scattered–almost artfully–throughout the debris are personal documents–postcards from Grenadian troops being trained in Moscow, complaining of having to wear coats and ties to class. "What," asks one student plaintively, "does wearing a coat and tie have to do with the revolution?"

There are personal manuals on arms training that look disconcertingly like high-school writing primers. The handwriting is pinched and precise: "The M-52 rifle is an individual weapon destined to annihilate or destroy enemy soldiers. It can be used to eliminate the enemy by fire, bayonet, butt plate. . . ."

Even unearthed love letters are filled with the language of the revolution: "comrade forever," "picking up the gun," "war with the fascists." An entry in a young woman's diary complains: "Julio drank a lot of beer and put his hands on me, on my breasts. I hit him and knocked him down. He does not have the proper revolutionary spirit."

The overall feel one gets from the documents at Fort Frederick is that of kids playing a new board game called Revolution: comrades-in-arms taking apart and putting together weapons, dreaming of a revolution like the ones celebrated in the stacks of pamphlets and books published in the Soviet Union, Cuba, East Germany –even Washington, D.C.–pamphlets in which the People's War sounds so romantic.

One of the main "textbooks" I recovered is *Grenada: The Peaceful Revolution*, a typical Marxist tract in which Cuba and the Soviet Union can do no wrong, and America is depicted as a Frankenstein monster. Among other denunciations it accuses the U.S. of being responsible for forcing the Grenadian government to close down the island's free press: "The United States has a long record of using the 'free press' in foreign countries to facilitate coups, interventions and destabilizations by running articles which create fear of communism among the local population."

America is also blamed for the insane arming of the island: "While the idea of 'defending' tiny Grenada against the military might of the United States might seem ridiculous, Grenadians don't see it that way. They are conscious of the fact that patriotic Cubans turned back the Bay of Pigs invasion in a matter of hours. . . ."

What is especially interesting about this textbook is that it was published in the U.S. by the Ecumenical Program for Interamerican Communication and Action (EPICA), which lists "assistance" in funding from the United Methodist Church, Church of the Brethren, United Church of Canada and the Anglican Church of Canada.

(Frances Smith, a spokesperson for the United Methodist Church, grudgingly confirmed to HUSTLER that the church had contributed $2,500 through its Board of Global Ministries–recently lambasted on a *60 Minutes* broadcast that mentioned the church's role in Grenada. "The reason for the funding," Smith said, "was to make available to persons wishing to study the events in Grenada some material not generally available elsewhere."

(The argument sounds hollow and meaningless to the bit players of Grenada who discovered, a little late, that all the

(continued on page 106)

$10,000 Beaver Hunt

FREE!!!
BEAVER-HUNTER CAPS TO ALL CONTESTANTS
(EVEN IF WE DON'T PUBLISH YOUR PHOTO)



The News Is Out! HUSTLER is offering all you lovely ladies and Beaver Hunters even bigger Beaver bucks than ever before! Besides awarding $100 to every Beaver who appears here, we select one in each issue as our Beaver of the Month. (Check out *Beaver Spotlight* on pages 104-105.) Every monthly winner will compete in our Beaver of the Year contest, with a grand prize worth $10,000–including exclusive contracts to appear as a HUSTLER model and to star in an upcoming HUSTLER video! So get those snapshots in today! A couple of good Polaroids are fine. All photos submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 98, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your Beaver her $100.



Photo by Wayne Leopold



Photo by Mike

"Making it in a swimming pool filled with strawberry Jell-O and whipped cream" would fulfill 25-year-old Celeste's fantasy. An entrepreneur from Hartford, Connecticut, she enjoys swimming in the nude and reading erotic novels.

Bowling, working on cars and soaking up the sun are the favorite leisure-time activities of Cherry, 26, a housewife from Navarre, Ohio. Posing for a HUSTLER centerfold would fulfill her fantasy.


TEAR HERE
TEAR HERE
PK36
786067
Photo by Husband
Thirty-year-old Viv says her fantasy is "to be a hooker for my man and let him take me any way he pleases." A native of Argentina, Viv now works as a secretary in Garland, Texas. Her hobbies are dancing and "good times."
Photo by Husband
Photo by Thomas Spence
Tammy, 24, says her fantasy is to have sex with her husband and another man at the same time. Tammy is a qualified medications aide from Sunman, Indiana, who likes bowling, dancing and flirting with men.
Kenner, Louisiana, is home for 32-year-old Yukie, a housewife and mother of three whose favorite hobby is fishing. Her fantasy is to appear in HUSTLER Magazine. Here you are, Yukie!

HELLO
my name is

Eighteen-year-old Elena, a housewife from Jerome, Idaho, says she enjoys camping, sex and rock 'n' roll. Her fantasy – to appear in HUSTLER – has now been fulfilled.



Photo by Husband

Photo by Husband





Photo by Husband

Antioch, Tennessee, is home for 23-year-old Jennifer, a secretary who says she'd really get off on becoming a professional model. When she's not busy at the office, she goes boating and dancing.



Energetic Lynn M., a 31-year-old housewife from Spokane, Washington, wants to make it with a roomful of men while her husband films the action. Her hobbies are skiing and nude modeling.





Nineteen-year-old Nanci, a housewife from Claremont, New Hampshire, tells us she'd like nothing better than to do a nude photo-layout for a magazine when she's nine months pregnant. In her free time Nanci enjoys sewing, daydreaming and showing off her body.



Photo by Husband

Riding horses bareback and reading are the favorite pastimes of Kitty, 20, a housewife from Arizona. Kitty has two fantasies: making love with John "Dukes of Hazzard" Schneider and becoming a HUSTLER Honey.



Photo by Tom



Photo by Wayne

Twenty-two-year-old Shannon has a keen interest in foreign affairs - her fantasy is to make love on a deserted beach somewhere in the Greek isles. A secretary from Anniston, Alabama, Shannon enjoys sunbathing, hiking, horseback riding, camping and skiing - nude.

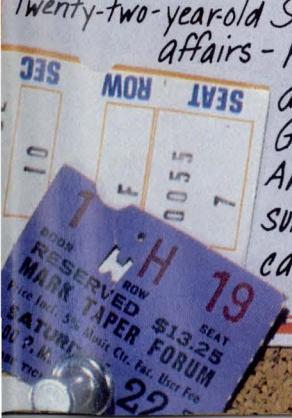




Photo by Husband

Making love to the man of her dreams on a deserted moonlit beach would fulfill Sherry's fantasy. A nineteen-year-old housewife and mother from Thermopolis, Wyoming, she says her favorite hobby is drawing.



Photo by Husband



Photo by Friend

Julie Mollohan, a 20-year-old from Land o' lakes, Florida, tells us her fantasy is to star with her husband in an X-rated film. Meanwhile Julie enjoys dancing and playing softball.

Linda Elwell, 24, a cashier from South Pasadena, California, spends her spare time waterskiing and playing pool. Linda's fantasy is to someday participate in a threesome with two men.



BEAVER SPOTLIGHT

Our April *Spotlight* model, 21-year-old Sandra Wapnick of California, loves outdoor activities like hiking, camping, swimming–and screwing! In fact, Sandra says the most erotic sexual experience she's ever had took place in a dark cave on the side of a mountain, deep in the wilderness. (That's all she'd tell us.)









Sandra was thrilled to be chosen Beaver of the Month, but she was a little nervous about her first professional photo-session. "That all ended the moment I arrived at the studio," she says. "The staff was so friendly! They really made me feel like a celebrity, putting on my makeup and styling my hair. And the photographer put me entirely at ease. I ended up having so much fun, I wish every girl had a chance to pose for *Spotlight*."

Every girl *does* have a chance to be chosen Beaver of the Month, but you won't be in the running until you submit your photo (and model release) to *Beaver Hunt*–so mail us your entry today!



GRENADA *(continued from page 98)*

"We have no food, no roads, no milk for the babies, but oh, we have guns. We have plenty of guns!"

rhetoric in the world can't stop a single rocket from a Corsair A-7 attack plane–or that the leaders of the revolutionary government weren't quite the bright, sensitive, caring idealists portrayed in this book by the limousine liberals of the EPICA task force back in Washington, D.C.)

We finally work our way into a back room at Fort Frederick, possibly the former headquarters for the revolutionary party on the island. A copying machine has been blown apart, and papers are scattered across the room as if by a giant hand. Reels of propaganda films from the Soviet Union are strewn about like May Day-parade streamers, along with books on Marxism and guerrilla warfare. There's also a stack of identity cards for members of the People's Revolutionary Army.

Nearby is the mental hospital, Richmond Psychiatric, used as a command post and hit by American fire during the invasion. Picking my way through the rubble at the entrance, I can see that even before it was bombed, this place was a horror–something out of the Dark Ages, a dungeon with cramped stone rooms and heavy wood-and-iron doors.

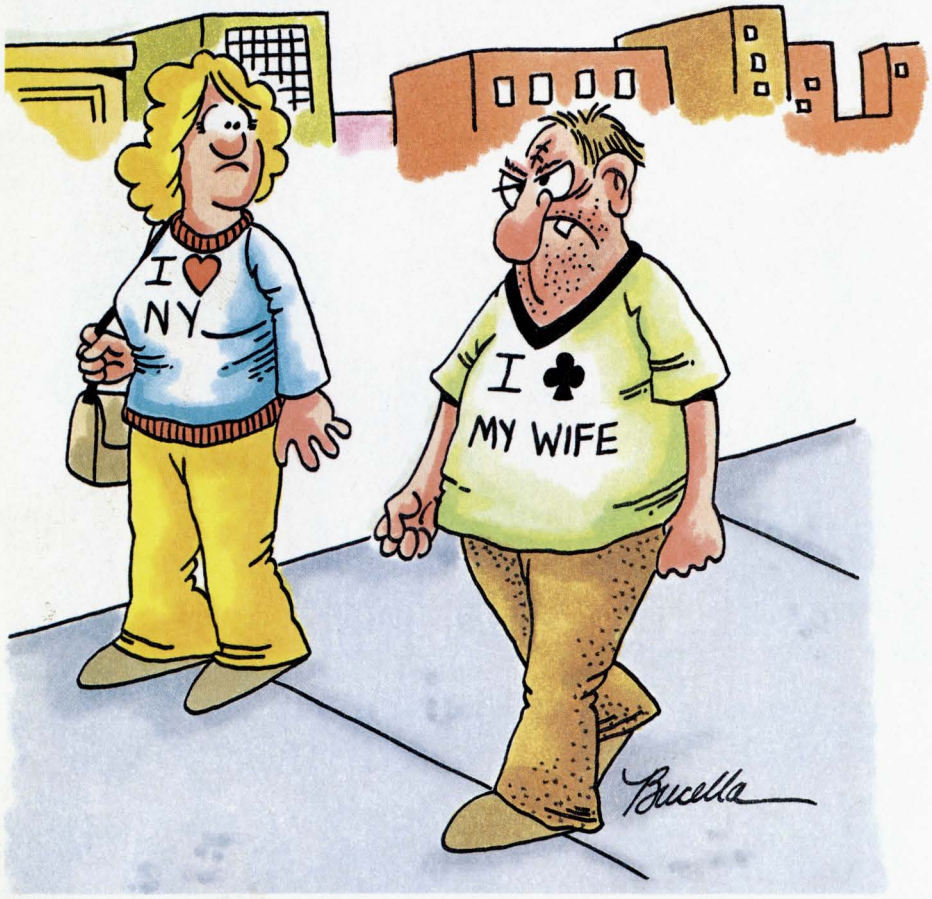
On one side of the hospital, "patients" can be heard moaning quietly in dank hallways that smell of human rot. The building's other side is completely demolished, the roof caved in and several floors collapsed. It seems astonishing that such extensive–yet selective–damage could have been inflicted "by accident," as American military sources claim.

Caretakers report that 15 or 16 bodies have been taken from the hospital, and there are probably five or six more still inside. On the wall someone has written "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

"The Americans had no choice," one caretaker says. "They were not to blame. It had to be done." He does not explain *why*, however.

The 82nd Airborne is still maintaining roadblocks, searching cars for arms and requiring everyone–including journalists–to show proper identification. We pass the studios of Radio Free Grenada, which was shelled by American ships after the station issued a call to arms.

Two misfired rounds soared through the carport of the house next door. The third scored a direct hit on the station, reducing it to rubble. Partially burned tapes and records litter the floor. A Rolling Stones album, *Emotional Rescue*, is still smoldering.



We are joined by a 26-year-old electrician who was commissioned to estimate what must be done to get the radio station operating again. "Everybody liked Bishop," he says, reminiscing about the executed prime minister. "But, you know, in a way he died for a cause. Without his death we'd still be under the Cubans."

In the tiny one-room bars that line the road, numerous hard-eyed young men watch the American troops without expression or talk quietly among themselves. They are the remnants of the People's Revolutionary Army–bitter, defeated, technically in hiding.

They refuse to speak to American journalists, but they openly talk to the South American press. Their comments, according to a Brazilian reporter, all involve the will of the working people and the ultimate triumph of socialism. "They talk about justice for the masses; then they talk about this steel-drum band they play in," he says, shaking his head.

Today the streets are filled with Grenadians who walk around the town trying to understand what has happened to their country. One heavyset woman in her 30s bitterly kicks some cartridges for a Russian-made AK-47 against the wall, where they rattle loudly.

"We have no food," she says bitterly, "no roads, no milk for the babies, but oh, we have *guns*. We have plenty of guns!" She begs me not to use her name. "When you leave, if they come again, they will kill me."

The men begin stuffing their pockets with documents, anything with names on it. "To take back and show the people," one man says. "The people must know about this."

Airborne engineers show up and ask us for press identification. They are inventorying weapons and explosives. We mention that we've found some love letters. "We don't care about their love lives," says the sergeant. "Only that they're dead."

We head for the St. George's Police Station, which was destroyed in the fighting. The building is gutted, its wreckage scattered among the seared hulks of rifles and shotguns. Next door, in an open stall, revolutionary T-shirts are being hawked. They were printed up by the government a month earlier to celebrate the fourth year of the revolution. The Grenadian shop owner impassively rakes in American dollars from the media people who line up to buy them.

Driving back into the hills, the road be-

(continued on page 162)

FRANK ZAPPA'S

Thing-Fish



Based on scenes from the impending Broadway musical, starring Ike Willis as the THING-FISH, Annie Ample as RHONDA, Robert Axelrod as HARRY, Phil De Carlo as THE UNKNOWN ITALIAN, with SISTER OB'DEWLLA 'X' and THE CRAB-GRASS BABY as themselves.

Book & Lyrics FRANK ZAPPA Directed By FRANK ZAPPA Produced By STEVE SAYADIAN Photographed By JAMES BAES Cover Photo LADI VON JANSKY

Costumes ROBERT FLETCHER & BELINDA WILLIAMS SAYADIAN Scenic Design ROBERT FLETCHER Masks & Special Effects JENE OMENS

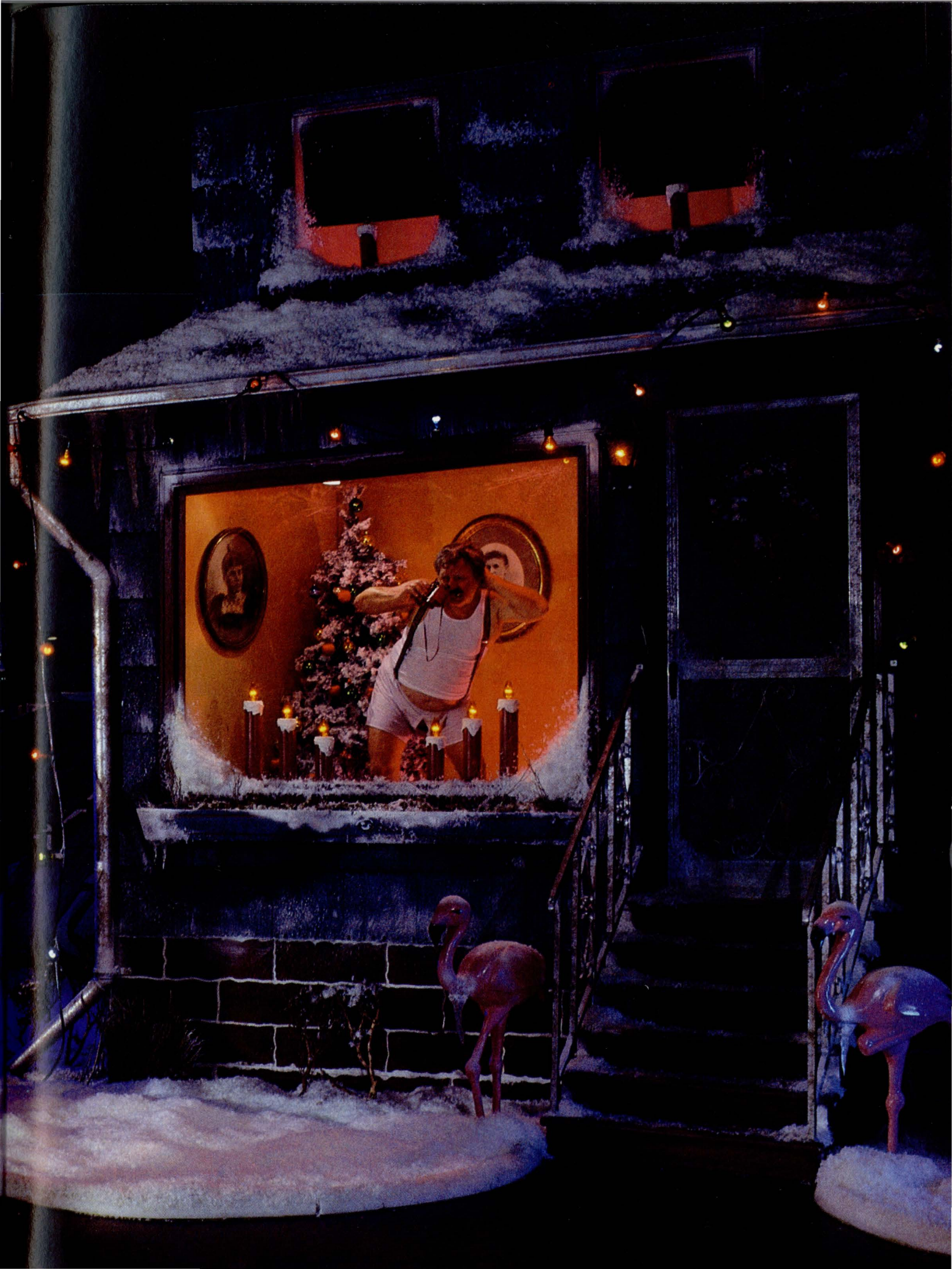
Makeup RONNIE SPECTOR Unusual Props EFFIE CAREY Crew KENT TERANISHI, BOB McCABE, GREG DOUGLAS, KEN De MARTINES

Original Soundtrack Album Available On BARKING PUMPKIN RECORDS, P.O. Box 5265, North Hollywood, CA 91616-5265

The front lawn of an UNKNOWN ITALIAN, somewhere in New Jersey, Christmas Eve 1983, 11:26 p.m.

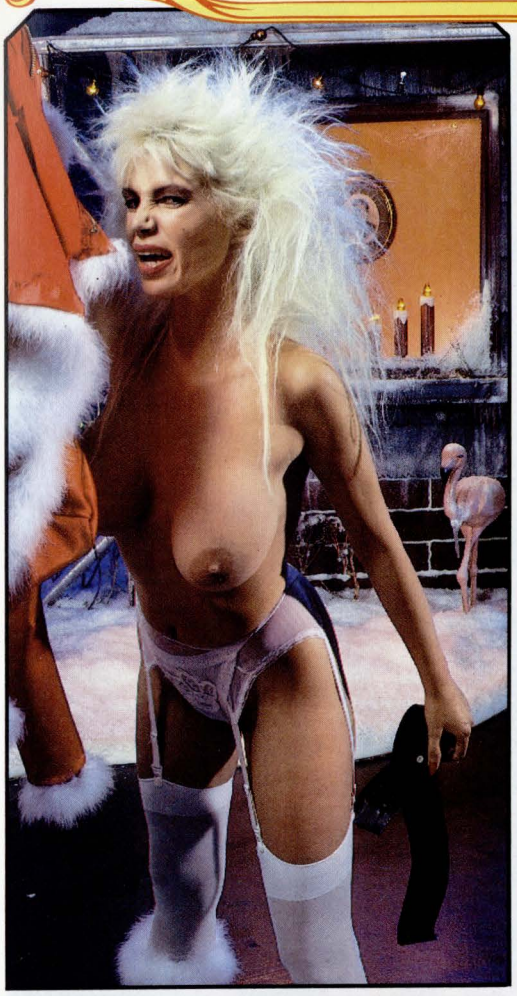
HARRY (in submissive leather) demands to have his way with little SISTER OB'-DEWLLA "X." THING-FISH (her legal guardian), convinced that the tiny creature is rugged and durable enough to withstand such abuse, agrees. HARRY has accidentally fallen in love with her and wants her to kick the shit out of him for Christmas. On bended knee he pleads: *"Anything you say, Master! Take me, I'm yours!"* This gives his wife, RHONDA, a terrific headache.

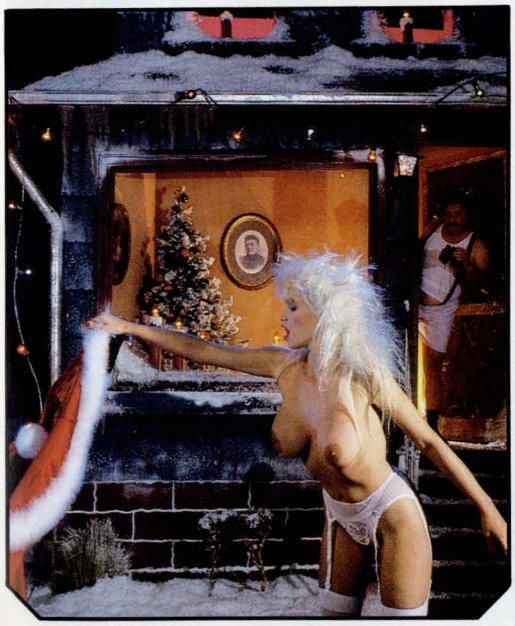





Disgusted with her husband's bizarre fixation, she attempts to reorient him with a shameless display of ornamental fatty tissue, shouting: *"These are my tits, HARRY. . . my wonderful, wonderful tits . . . I'm going to pretend I'm squirting them on you! Wooosht! Psssht! Fwsssht! Almost gotcha!"*

The UNKNOWN ITALIAN
worries that behavior such as this will have an adverse effect
on property values in his area. Two weeks ago he received a copy of that hideous little
book Pat Boone advertises (regarding HIS PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP WITH GOD).
Believing every word of it, the UNKNOWN ITALIAN now regards himself as an expert in
the field of Crisis Management . . . he now has HIS OWN personal relationship with God
and, like the rest of the Video-Christian species, an uncontrollable urge to inflict it
on the silly-looking motherfuckers who inhabit his $27 Nativity Box.







Stimulated, HARRY begs:
"Hurt me! Hurt me! Oh! Pull my chain, you tiny potato-headed whatchamacallit!"

RHONDA removes the rest of her holiday outfit. After a deft tuck & moisten maneuver she attempts to entice HARRY with her steaming bush. HARRY ignores it, still begging: *"Hurt me, OB'DEWLLA! Make me whimper and beg for your tiny rubber love!"*

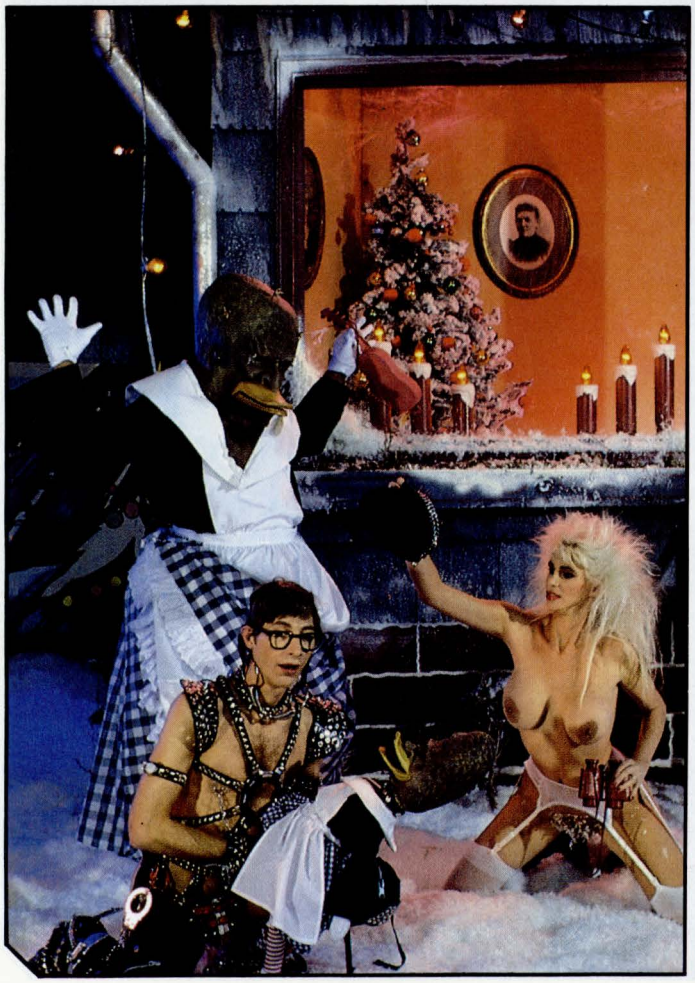


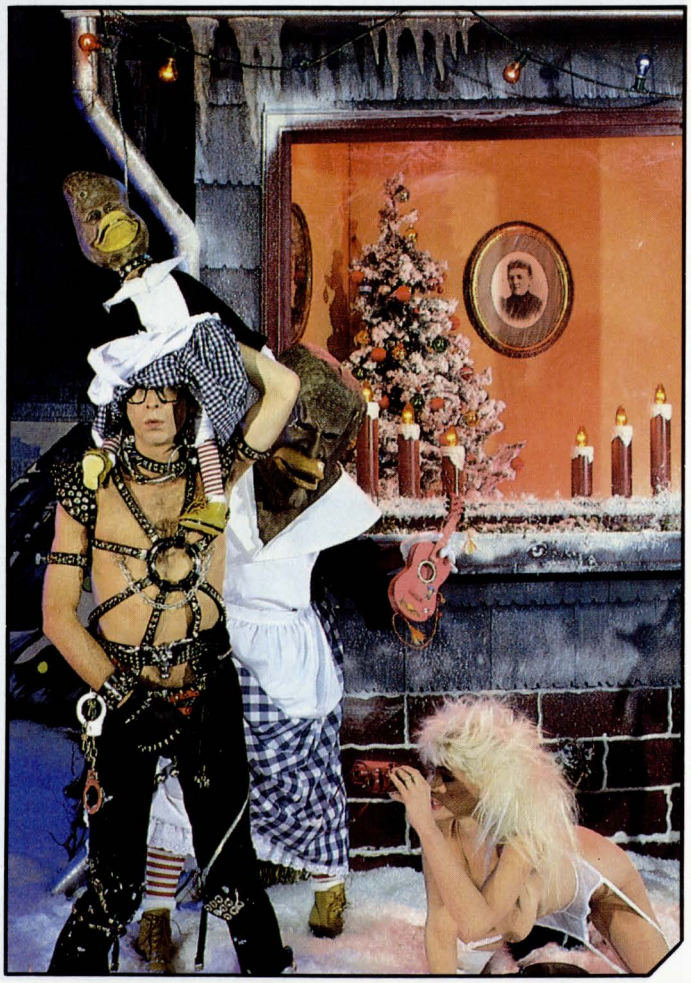


When HARRY was a boy, he used to fuck the flamingos near the steps. Knowing this, RHONDA, attempting theoretical proxy-lust, forces one of them to eat her shorts. THING-FISH remarks: *"You's a sick, white muthafucker, ain'tcha? 'DEWLLA! Don't be pullin' de boy's chain too hard dere! He gots anothuh show t'do t'morrow! I knows y'cain't hep y'seff wit dat crazy muthafucker 'busin' ya like dat! Jes hold on a lil' while longuh . . . he be droppin' de wad putty soon now!"*










"JESUS!
That was terrific! I've never
experienced anything quite like that
in a theater before,
RHONDA!"


"You're
a worm, HARRY.
Drop dead. God, you're
disgusting! Don't touch me!
YUCK!"

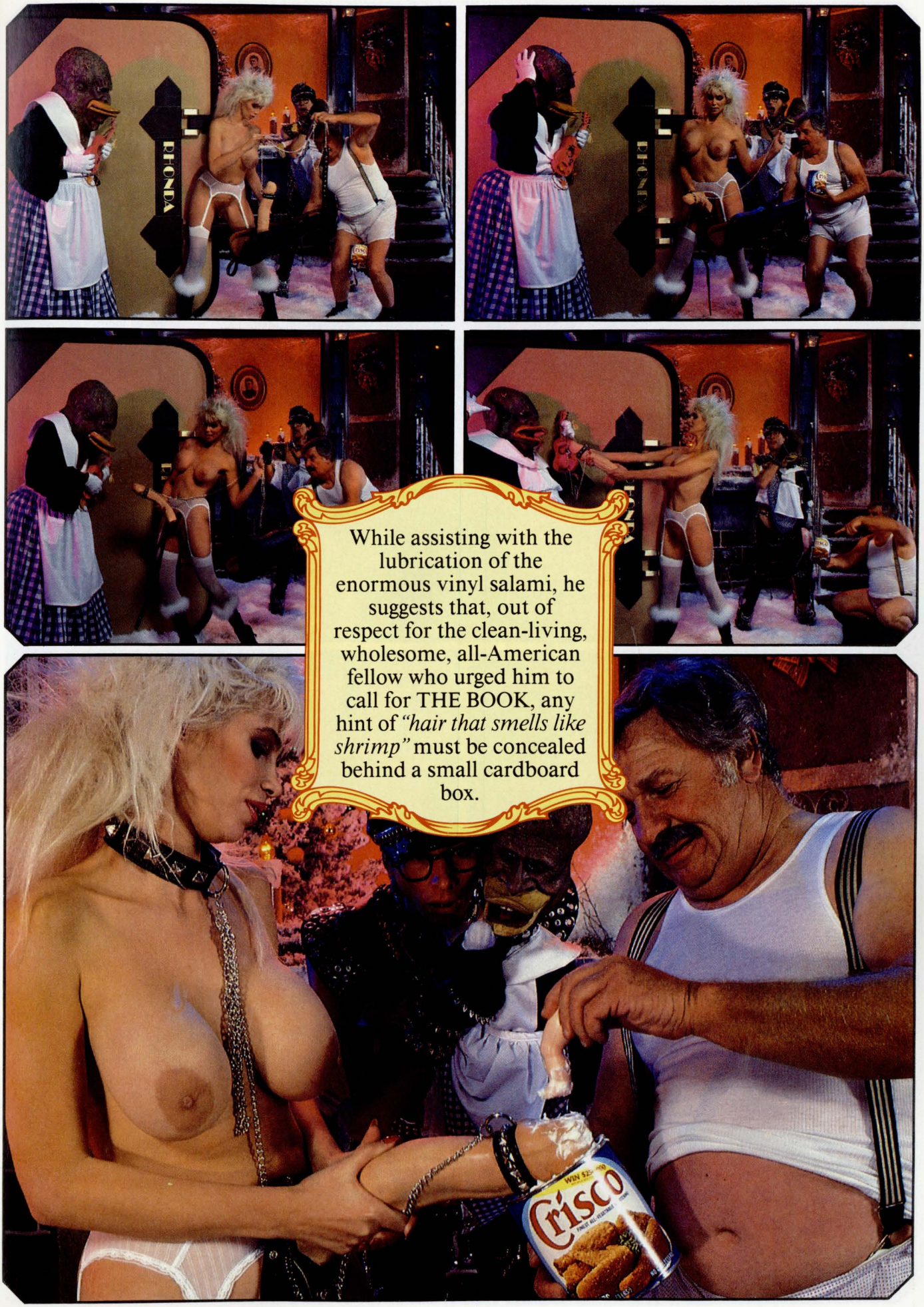




After dropping his imaginary load, HARRY and his beloved enjoy a couple of Marlboros. The UNKNOWN ITALIAN displays a traditional Sicilian home remedy for HARRY's rare mental disorder. RHONDA has decided that the only thing left for her to do is fuck her briefcase.

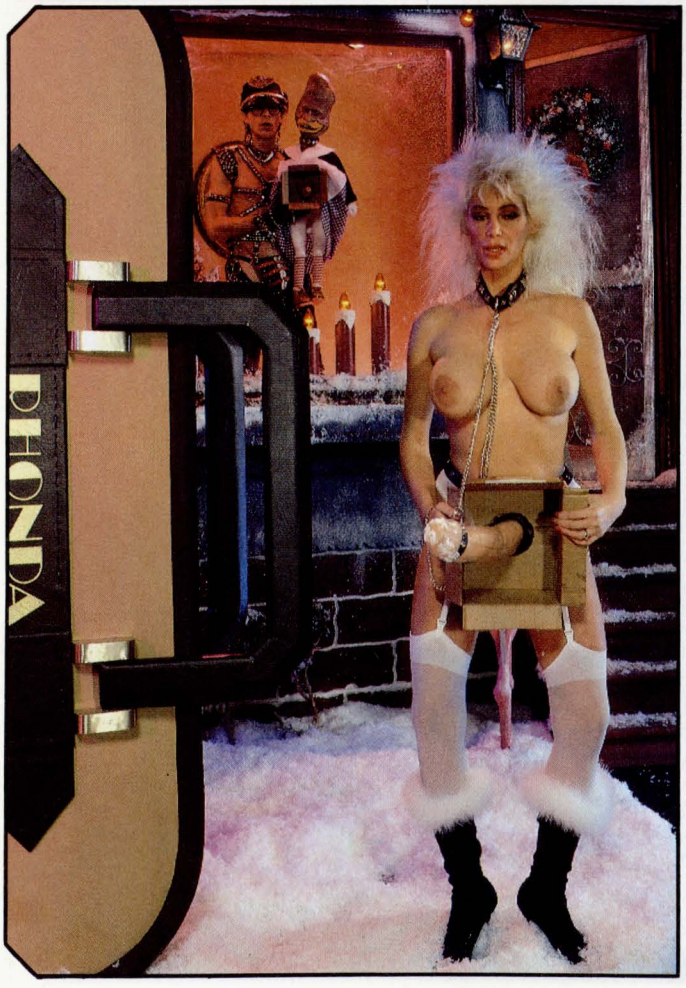


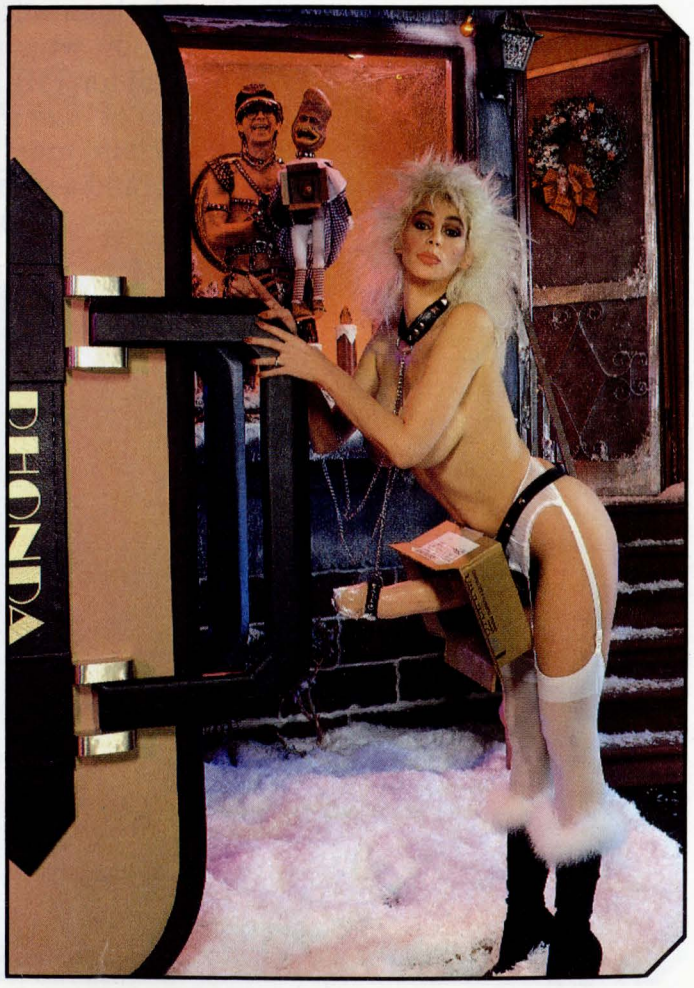




While assisting with the lubrication of the enormous vinyl salami, he suggests that, out of respect for the clean-living, wholesome, all-American fellow who urged him to call for THE BOOK, any hint of *"hair that smells like shrimp"* must be concealed behind a small cardboard box.


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PHONDA


PHONDA

RHONDA thinks it's a good idea and announces:
"I have my briefcase, HARRY. . . it's right over there . . . see it? It's BIG . . . it's BROWN . . . it's full of business papers from MY CAREER! I'm going to put my glasses on! I'm going to put my hair up in a bun . . . and then I'm going to FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!

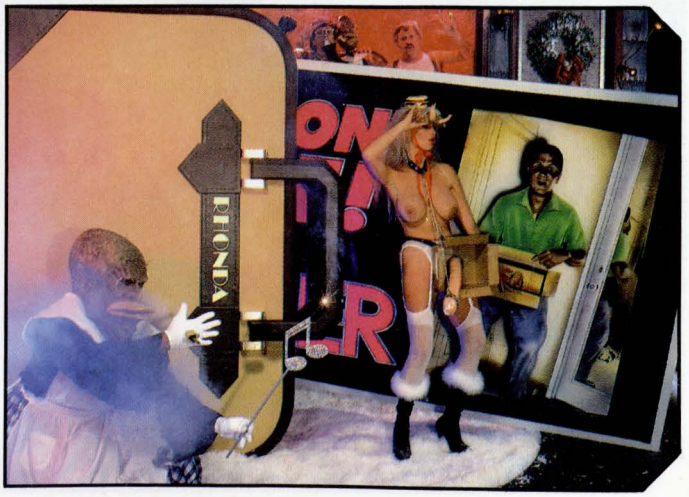






As if
she had uttered
THE MAGIC WORD,
a discarded aluminum
billboard refused by
Elmer Valentine
materializes behind her
big, brown briefcase,
showing Pat at the
exact moment he
discovered HIS OWN
"personal relationship
with God."

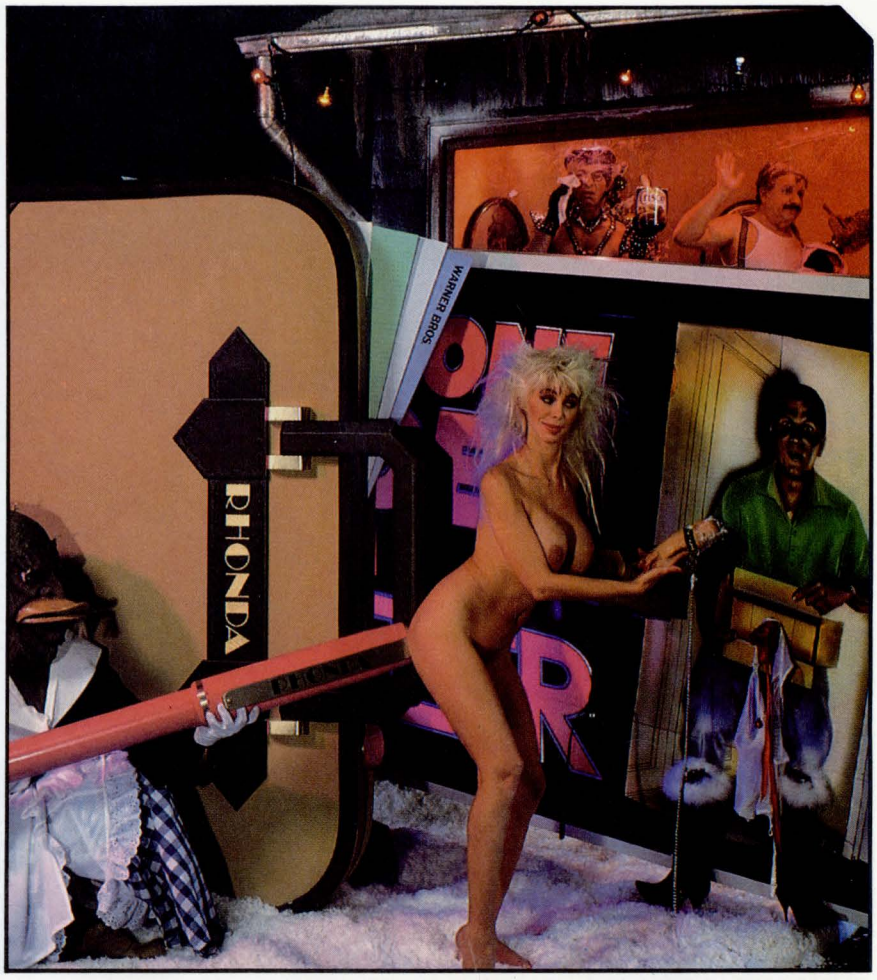





While
THING-FISH pretends that
RHONDA's fountain pen tastes like
corn-on-the-cob, Pat's airbrushed
replica attempts a rare form of
one-dimensional sodomy as
practiced by retentive savages in
Virginia.
RHONDA
WARNER BROS.


Relieving
THING-FISH of his burden, RHONDA
exclaims: *"I'm sucking the handle now! Look! Mmmmmm! It tastes good! I've got a fountain pen, HARRY! I'm going to stuff it up my asshole and ride the briefcase again, you disgusting, perverted bastard worm! Goddammit, watch me, HARRY! This is for your own good!"*


WARNER BROS.
RHONDA


WARNER BROS.
RHONDA

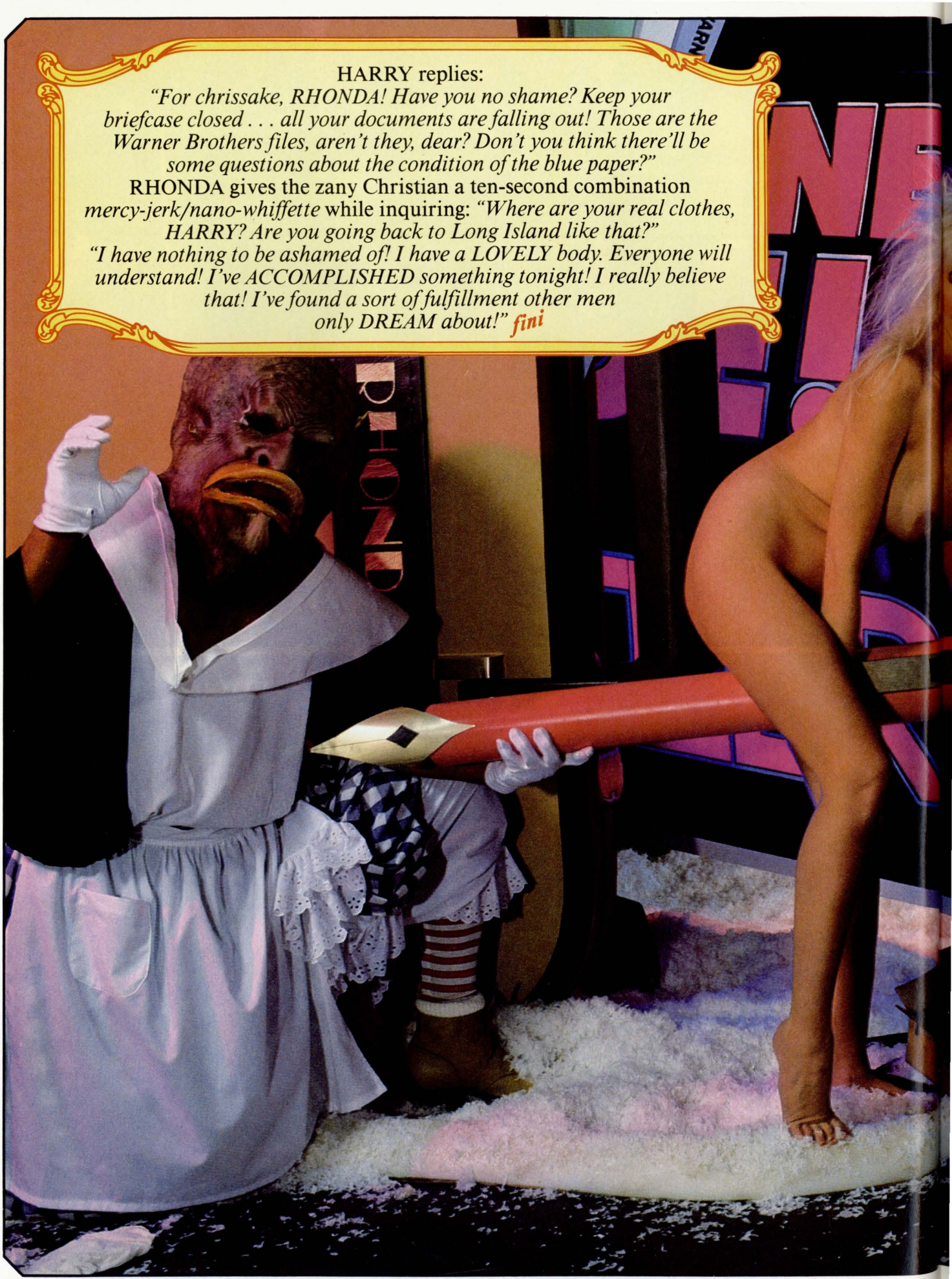

WARNER BROS.
RHONDA
RHONDA


WARNER BROS.
RHONDA
RHONDA


WARNER BROS.


WARNER BROS.


WARNER BROS.
RHONDA


HARRY replies:
"For chrissake, RHONDA! Have you no shame? Keep your briefcase closed . . . all your documents are falling out! Those are the Warner Brothers files, aren't they, dear? Don't you think there'll be some questions about the condition of the blue paper?"
RHONDA gives the zany Christian a ten-second combination mercy-jerk/nano-whiffette while inquiring: "Where are your real clothes, HARRY? Are you going back to Long Island like that?"
"I have nothing to be ashamed of! I have a LOVELY body. Everyone will understand! I've ACCOMPLISHED something tonight! I really believe that! I've found a sort of fulfillment other men only DREAM about!" fini



An open letter from CREAM

"Educate the masses and tyranny will vanish."–Thomas Jefferson

We believe, like many of our fellow citizens, that 1984 has an ominous feel about it.

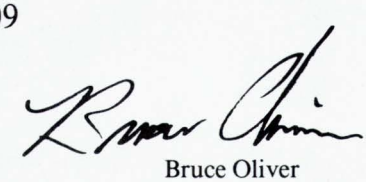
We also believe that the situations we face in this country and the world are serious–but not hopeless.

We are the Committee for the Right to Equal Access to the Media. The issue of equal access is one of the most important in our society, an issue that touches all of us every day. What people don't know *can* and *does* hurt them. The battle for control of information has been going on for hundreds of years, and some members of the print and broadcast media are not presenting the full range of thought and information. An increasing amount of the news and opinion they purvey is inaccurate. It is to *them* that we at the Committee address our efforts in 1984. The Committee was formed in late 1983 to accomplish one goal: aid legitimate groups and individuals that are having a problem in acquiring access to the media, whether it is paid advertising, public service or issues covered by the Fairness Doctrine.

In our very short history we have already identified over 100 groups that may have legally supportable cases of unjust access denial. In one case, as a result of direct action by the Committee, the *Washington Post* changed its position and printed an ad it had previously refused.

Direct action is the second punch in our strategy: Pickets, boycotts and court action will continue to be a powerful and visible expression of our presence in the system. Perhaps the most significant of our efforts in 1984 will be in the area of educating the public about censorship in the electronic and print media.

We feel the American people must recognize the importance of a free, accurate and accessible media to the preservation of democratic principles. We feel that a massive education campaign about the full implications and guarantees of the First Amendment must begin immediately. We must all be aware of what our rights are in order to protect them from the silent erosion we see taking place in our society today. We invite you to join us in our efforts to make 1984 a victorious year for First Amendment rights.
Please send donation to:
1635 Connecticut Ave. NW, Suite 200, Washington, D.C. 20009



Bruce Oliver
Executive Director

Committee for the Right to Equal Access to the Media

SOUND NUTRITION
THE ULTIMATE SEXUAL DIET



BY LILLIAN GRANT

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and–ultimately–to make you a much better lover.

No matter who we are or what we believe, in order to enjoy good sex, we must begin with the old adage about a healthy body and a healthy mind. Only a truly healthy human being can achieve truly healthy sex. And before anything can happen in the body, it must be ready to go, tuned like a race car, every part lubricated and set on a hair trigger–mentally as well as physically. This is true for team sports, jogging, calisthenics, hard physical labor–and it is especially true for sex.

That doesn't mean sex is exclusively for the young and athletic. Sex isn't even limited to the *healthy*. It's for everyone, and it's everyone's job to be prepared for the absolutely best sexual experience that's possible.

The answer to being prepared lies in two areas: attitude and health. The best sexual attitude in the world means little if one doesn't have the physical capacity to make great sex happen. And the best state of physical health means little if one's mind is poisoned against sex.

* * *

If everyone viewed sex as a pleasurable exercise, one major hurdle in people's lives would immediately be erased. A principal source of heartache, guilt, self-doubt and divorce would disappear. But even when people are open-minded about sex, physical problems can still occur. This is the time a nutritionist may be able to offer some help.

Sex involves both exercise and release. It places physical demands upon the body that call for the expenditure of energy reserves, and the resulting depletion must be replenished through proper nutrition to maintain good health.

"Replenishment" means more than just the immediate recovery of energy. It also means restoring to the adrenal glands the adrenaline that we use up during exercise, returning various fluids to the endocrine and exocrine glands, which control growth and sexual development, and replenishing the Bartholin's glands, which lubricate the vagina. Many glands directly involved in the production of hormones either permit or promote sexual activity. The most important of these hormones are estrogen (a female sex hormone) and testosterone (a male sex hormone). Estrogen is associated with such female characteristics as breast development, while testosterone is responsible for such male traits as body hair and a deep voice. These hormones also influence the rate of activity (in men) and the production of lubricating fluids (in women).

The most critical lubricating fluids in preparing the female body for penetration are those manufactured and released by the Bartholin's glands, situated on both sides of the vaginal orifice. When properly stimulated, these glands cause the discharge of a fluid that permits access to the vagina by the penis.

The mechanisms that trigger the release of vaginal fluid are both physical and emotional; the proper partner and adequate foreplay are crucial. But even before that the Bartholin's glands themselves must be in proper working order.

The care of glands is no different than the maintenance of the body in general. It's true that we need a wide variety of foods and food supplements as well as exercise and eight hours of sleep. In addition to eating high-quality proteins, complex carbohydrates and very little fat, your diet must be altered to include as many different foods as possible.

During the many years I have worked as a consulting nutri-

Illustration by Ren Wicks

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tionist, I have found that impotence is a very common problem among my male patients. To these people I usually prescribe a regimen of total nutritional reprogramming. For example, there was Sam–a healthy, robust 70-year-old with dreams of being a sexual superman. When he came to me, he was impotent and very depressed because he thought his sex life was over. I advised Sam to stop eating all his meals in restaurants and to start taking a series of nutrition classes. Within a short time Sam's problems were over, and he placed an ad for a woman in a local singles register. He got 29 replies and satisfied all of them.

One major problem with the restaurant-supplied food Sam was eating–and a problem with most of the food we all eat–is that it was full of chemicals, many of which are at least somewhat toxic. Each person in this country consumes something like two to five pounds of chemical additives every year. These damage the liver in particular, a condition that in men will allow female hormones to accumulate–causing impotence and, on occasion, swollen breasts. People who want to avoid these chemicals should, at the very least, cut down on alcohol, cigarette and soft-drink consumption. In order to prevent liver damage, they should also take large doses of vitamins C and E, which have been found to prevent the formation of scar tissue on the liver. Plenty of calcium and magnesium can also help counteract this problem.

I also advise patients like Sam to increase their consumption of complex carbohydrates, which isn't always easy in this day of processed foods. Complex carbohydrates are carbohydrates in their natural state; they are found in unprocessed vegetables, fruits and whole grains. Inside these foods is a very complex arrangement of balanced nutrients, all of which are essential to human health. When these foods are processed–as in the case of turning whole grains into white bread–everything in them is removed except starches and sugars, thereby cheating us of essential nutrients that could prevent problems like impotence.

My nutritional consultations also include having my patients bring me detailed records of the foods they eat each week. I have found one pattern in our eating habits that is particularly destructive: the tendency to eat the same foods over and over again. Clearly, most people become very fond of certain foods–be they hot dogs, apples or pasta–and develop the tendency to eat their favorites almost exclusively. Obviously, judging by the abundance of different foods available to us, this is not what nature intended.

Human beings need to eat a wide variety of foods in order to receive complete nutrition. But dietary problems can be easily remedied if people become more aware of what they're eating. For example, if your fruit intake includes only apples or oranges, try varying it with some fresh-fruit salads. If you're used to a diet of wheat flakes or corn flakes in the morning, find yourself a multigrain cereal. And eat mixed vegetables. By simply making this minor effort, your sexual performance and your total health will probably improve noticeably.

Years ago, at the outset of the biochemical era, scientists thought there were only a handful of different nutrients–23 amino acids for the construction of all proteins, five different sugars, plus vitamins and minerals. Today the conventional wisdom is that *thousands* of different nutrients are available to us, the majority of them unidentified and unnamed.

Since most of us grew up in a culture that provided, at best, seven types of meals a week, the nutrients we received from that limited variety could only satisfy a limited number of bodily needs. So it's conceivable that many of us have nutrition requirements that have *never* been met. When a specific gland receives a nutrient it requires and has never had before, a grand chemical interaction could take place. A whole new vista of health–or sexual response–may be opened. And more than a few times the result has been a resurgence of sexual activity and pleasure. The best aphrodisiac is a diversified diet containing all the essentials.

Another method that leads to heightened sexuality for some people is *controlled undernutrition*–a curtailment of unneeded bulk without sacrificing anything necessary. Slightly underweight people are able to perform better sexually than the rest of us. To hear them tell it, they derive more pleasure. This appraisal comes from people who were previously much heavier and were thus able to make a legitimate comparison. Science has also shown without a doubt that people who are a bit underweight usually live longer.

Controlled undernutrition, of course, is a tricky business. Anyone who carries a normal body weight with ease and feels good should not capriciously set out to lose weight without the ongoing advice of a competent nutritionist or physician. When involuntary food deprivation is forced upon an otherwise-healthy subject, the body very often loses its ability to fend off minor infections and its natural defenses against heat and cold.

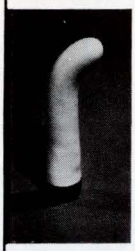
It seems only sensible that everyone should want to achieve the best experience possible in every facet of life–not just in bed. There is nothing healthier or happier than a sound mind in a sound body–unless it's *two* sound minds in *two* sound bodies, doing what comes naturally.



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It's probably the most erotic find of our age . . . and it's available exclusively from Adam & Eve! This amazing vibrator is shaped perfectly (it was a woman's idea) to hit the G-spot — the famous Grafenberg spot — for the most fabulous orgasm any woman has ever experienced! MEN! Give her pleasure like she's never before had! There's no doubt that the ability to give a woman sexual pleasure makes a man feel really good about himself . . . the more pleasure your partner has, the better you feel. So just imagine the fabulous sensation of having your lover spurt the hot, sweet fluid secreted by stimulation of the G-Spot! Now, with the G-SPOT VIBRATOR, you can find her G-spot easily and expertly . . . for sensational responses you'll both love! WOMEN! Masturbation has all new thrills! Some researchers believe only 10% of all women actually experience this kind of orgasm. Although most women are capable of having it, very few know about the G-spot, so they miss out on the unbelievable pleasure of its stimulation. With the G-SPOT VIBRATOR, you won't miss out on any of this erotic thrill. Even if you choose to be alone, you can enjoy new heights of shuddering ecstasy . . . with the G-SPOT VIBRATOR! G-SPOT VIBRATOR'S unique tip is made of soft latex, irresistibly fleshlike so it flexes to your contours as it probes the magic spot. And it's multispeed, so you can choose the sensations you want — low purr to a heart-pounding throb — with the twist of the base. Completely portable, it is battery operated. 6¾" long. Illustrated instructions included. Order now and discover the pleasure the G-SPOT VIBRATOR can bring to your life! Only $16.95 with money-back guarantee.



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101 SEXUAL POSITIONS

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PICTURE BOOK!

An Adam & Eve exclusive Sexual Specialties From Around The World is a complete illustrated guidebook of sexual preferences, taboos, specialties, and unusual techniques collected from around the globe! From places such as Japan, Sweden and France you'll learn hot love secrets that turn private lives into international incidents! 160 pages with over 100 full page photos. A $5.95 value for only $3.95. (Money-back guarantee).

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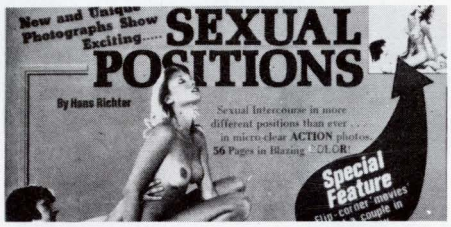
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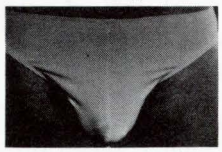
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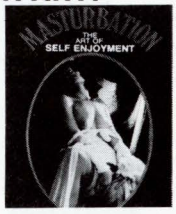


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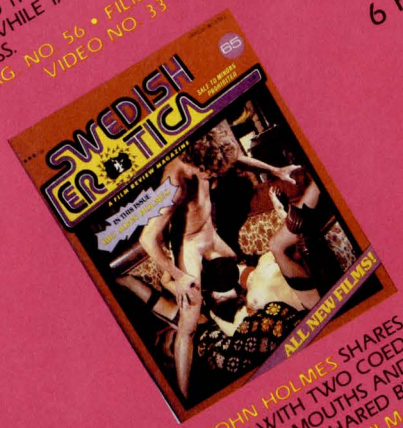
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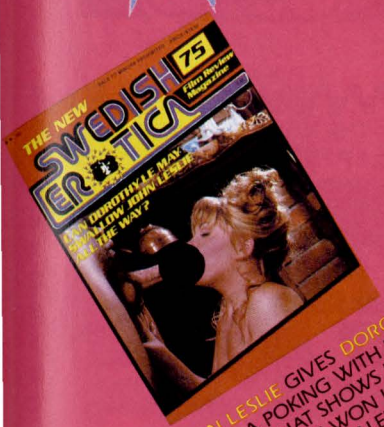
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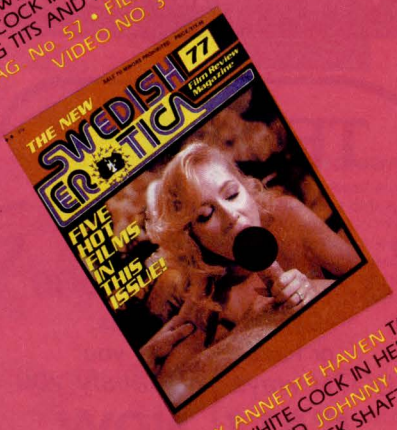
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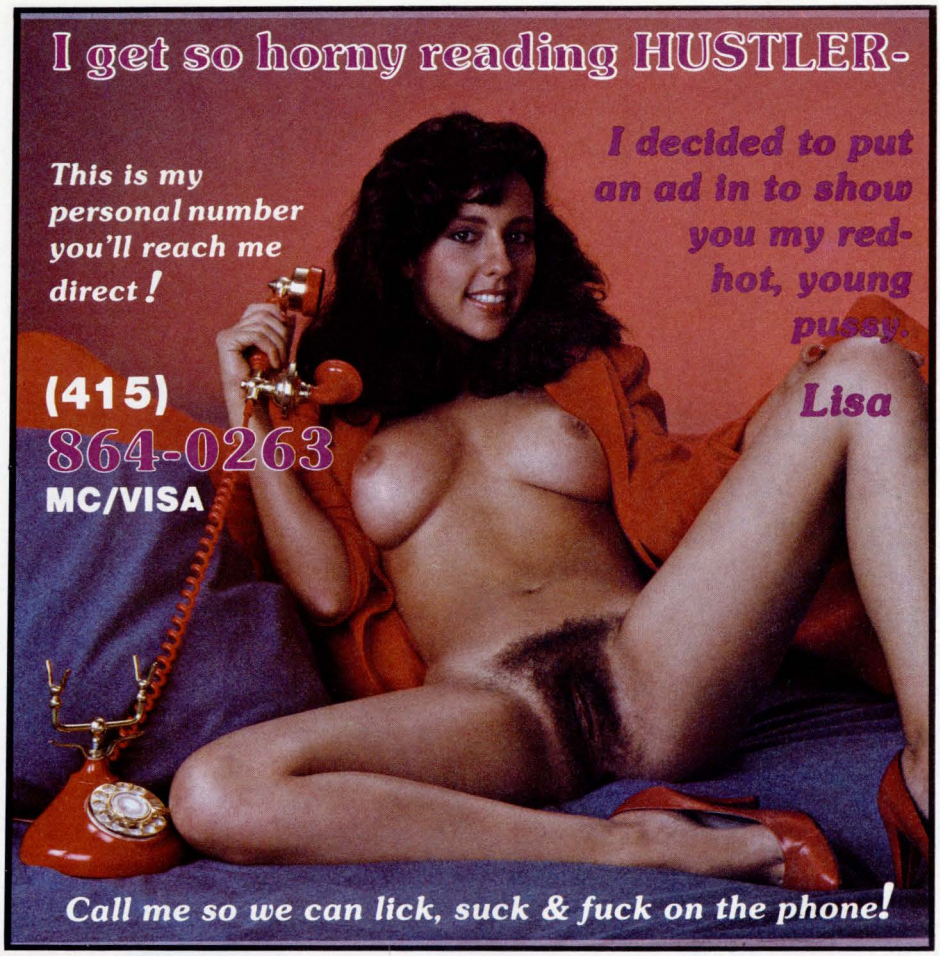
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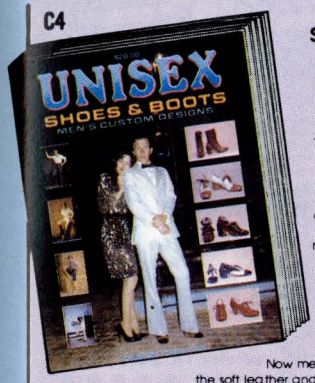


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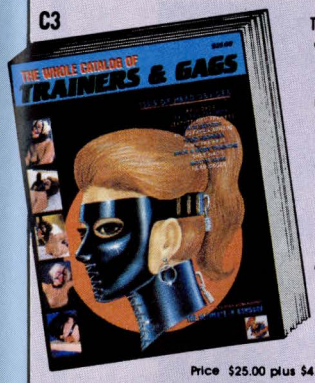
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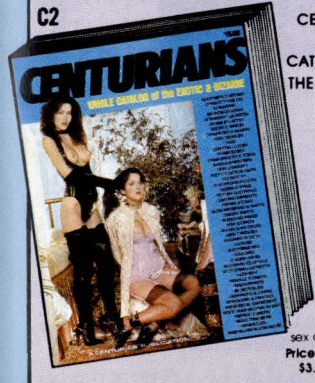
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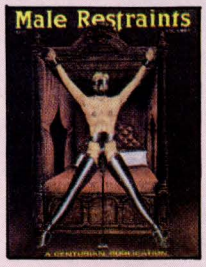


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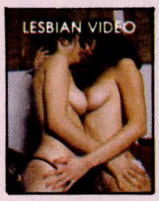
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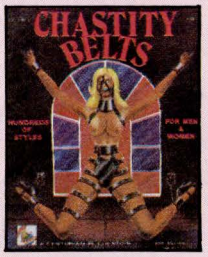
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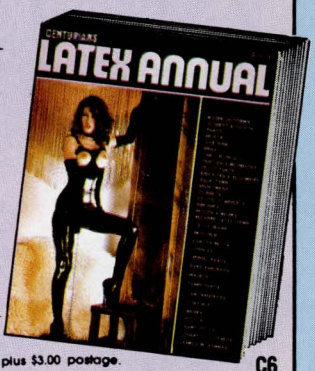
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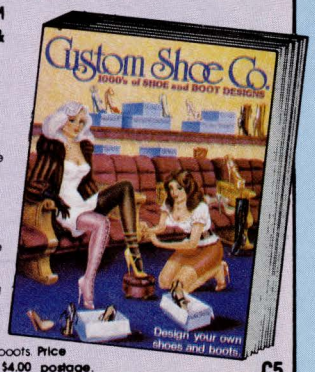
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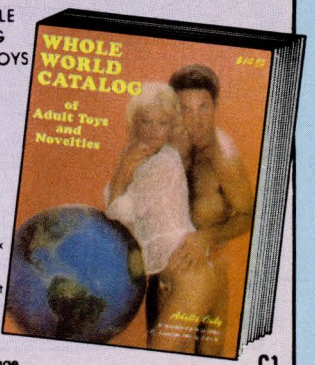
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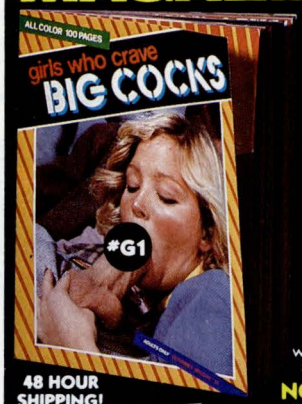
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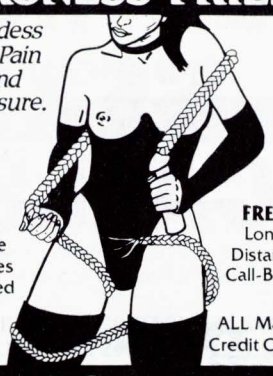
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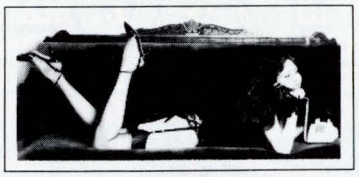
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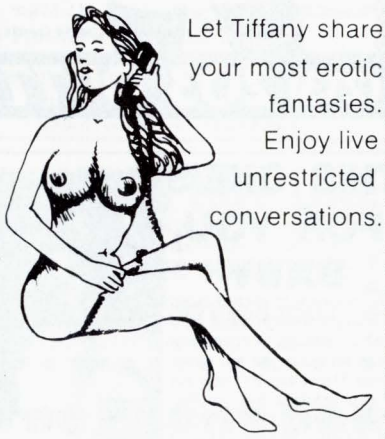
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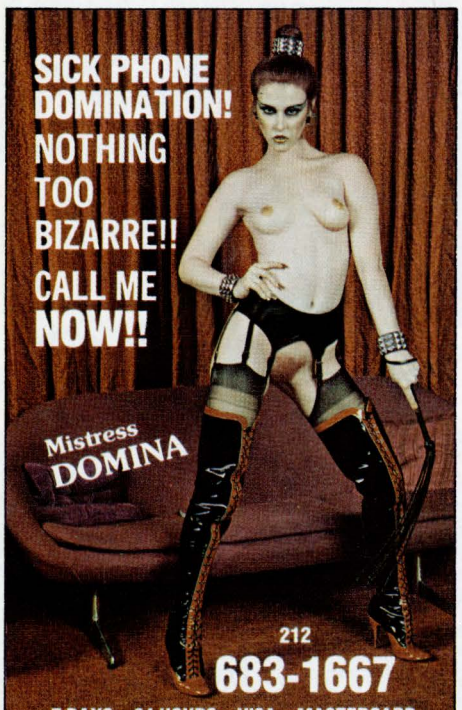


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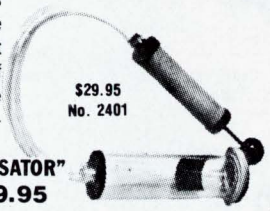
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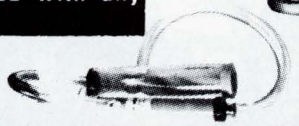
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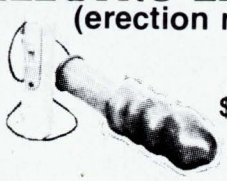
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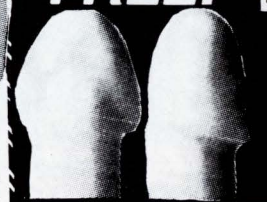
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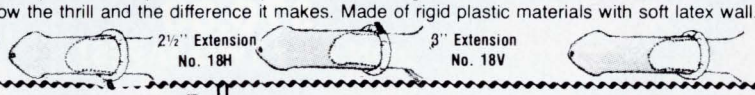
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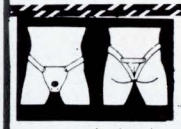
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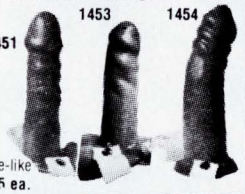
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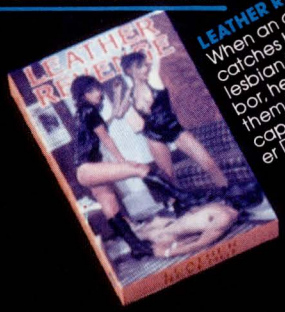
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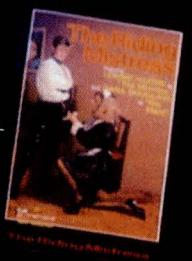
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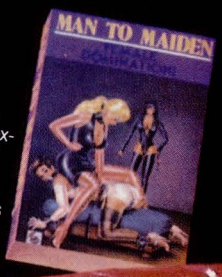
LEATHER REVENGE: When an angry husband catches his buxom wife in a lesbian tryst with the neighbor, he ties and punishes them both. But the girls escape to take their own Leather Revenge on him! #131

THE RIDING MISTRESS: Everybody ought to have a maid! Watch the Leather Mistress dress, caress, and punish her blonde servant in the bedroom, bathtub, and of course, the dungeon! #148

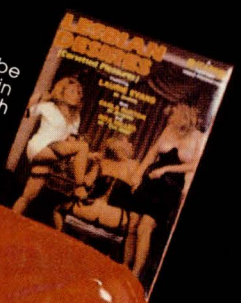




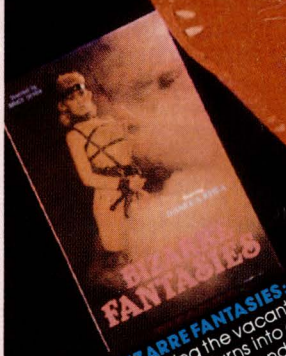
CAPTIVES: 3 case studies: Leather slavery, a stewardess who demands service and a blonde heiress who craves domination. Stars Samantha Fox and Serena! #119



MAN TO MAIDEN: Witness the transformation of a young man's sexual identity at the hands of New York dominant Mistress Anne Pierce. He serves her and her friends as a transvestite maid! #135

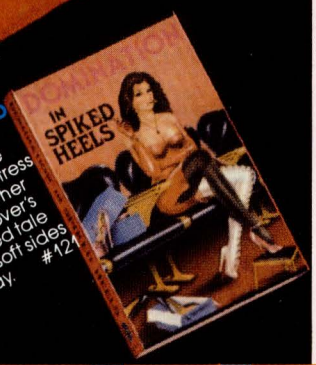


LESBIAN DESIRES: An ugly duckling can be stunning...if instructed in the ways of corsetry, high heels, and lesbian love. Then the two beauties tie and tease the maid! #132

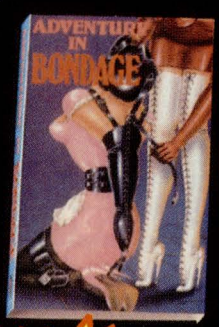


BIZARRE FANTASIES: Exploring the vacant house next door turns into a bizarre adventure in bondage for our two heroines as they are deliciously dominated by the magical master of the house! #108

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ADVENTURES IN BONDAGE: When invited to the neighbors for a bit of fun, our shapely star is surprized to watch, and then participate in, a bizarre orgy of bondage and discipline fun! #101

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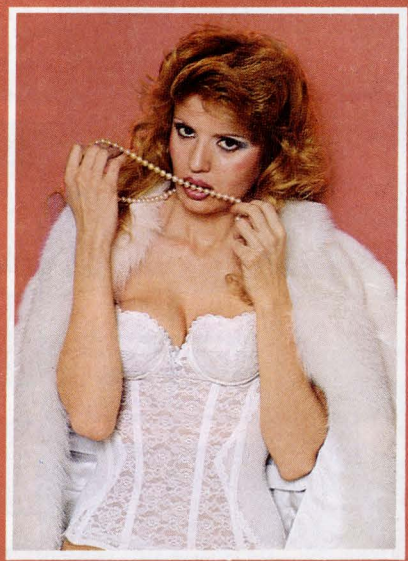
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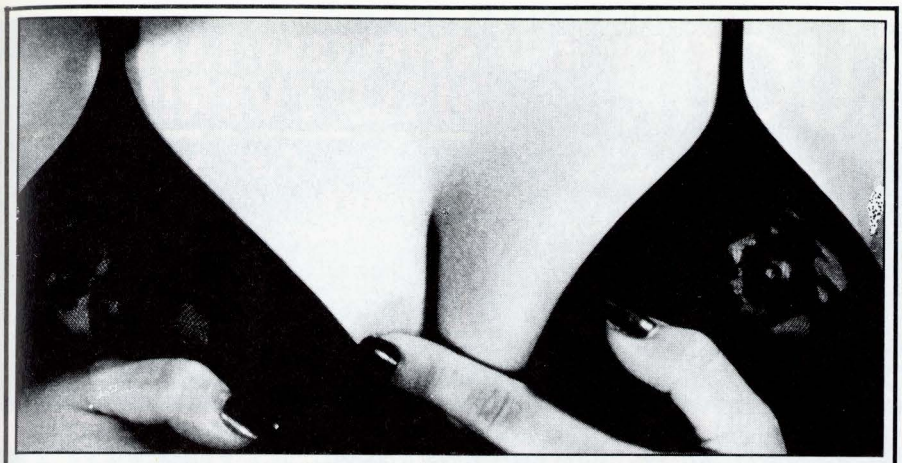
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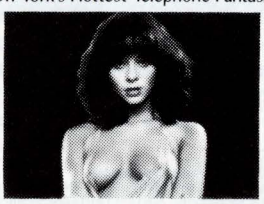
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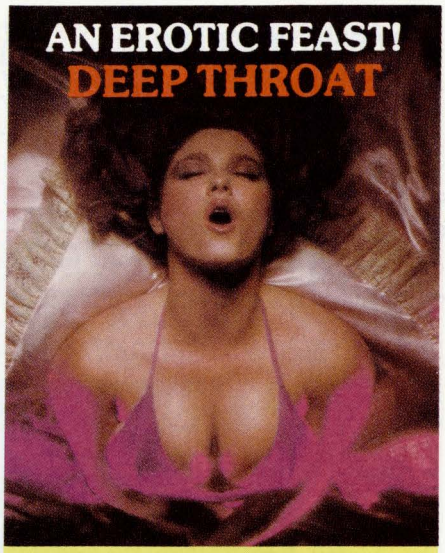
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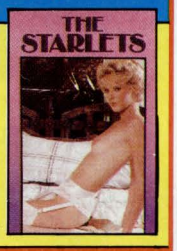
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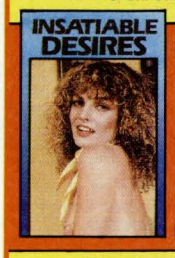


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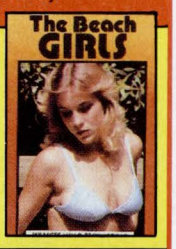
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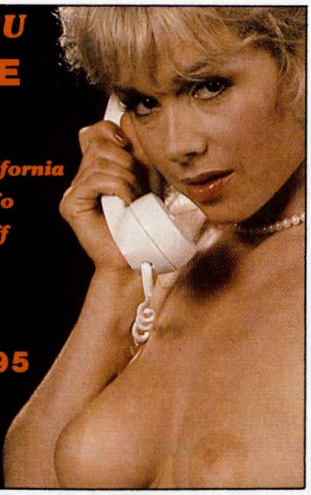
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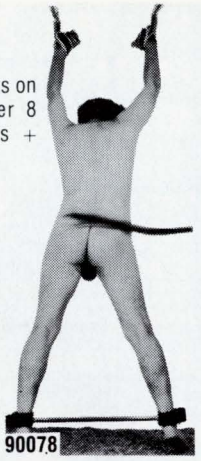
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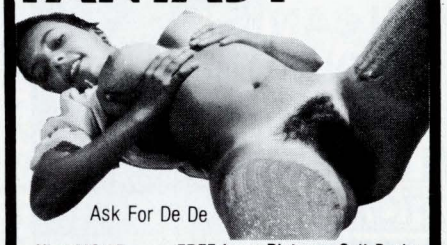
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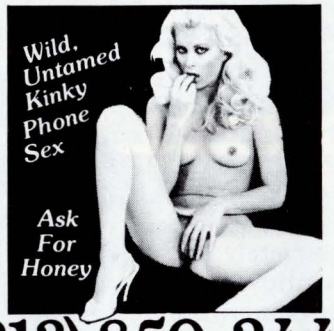


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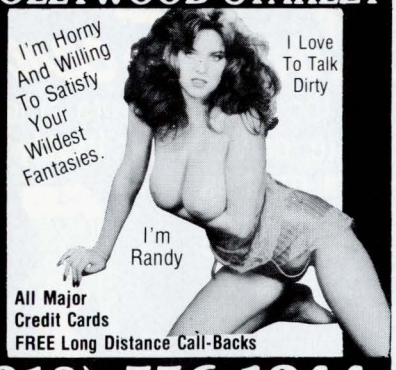


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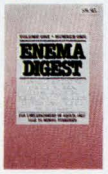


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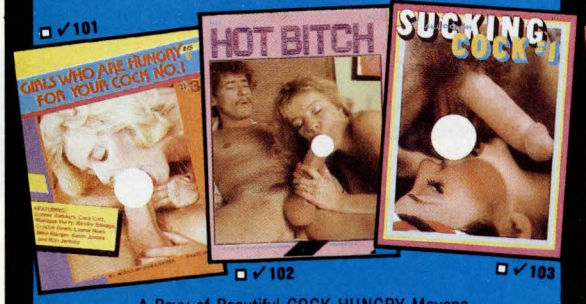
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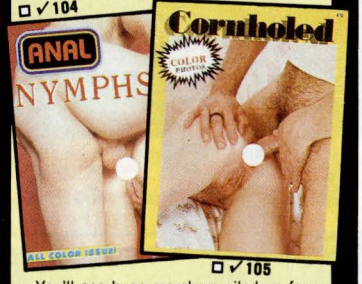
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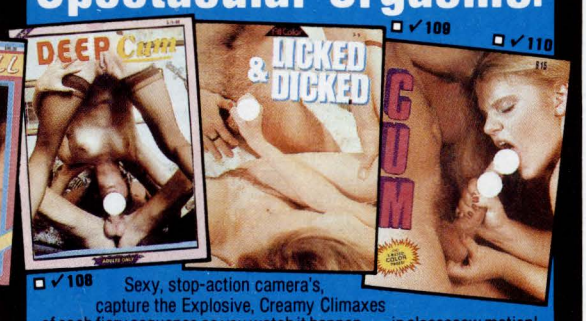
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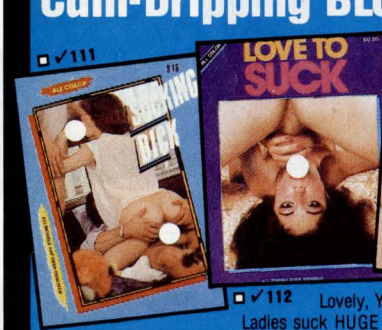
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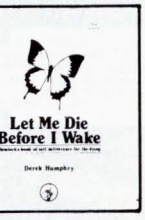
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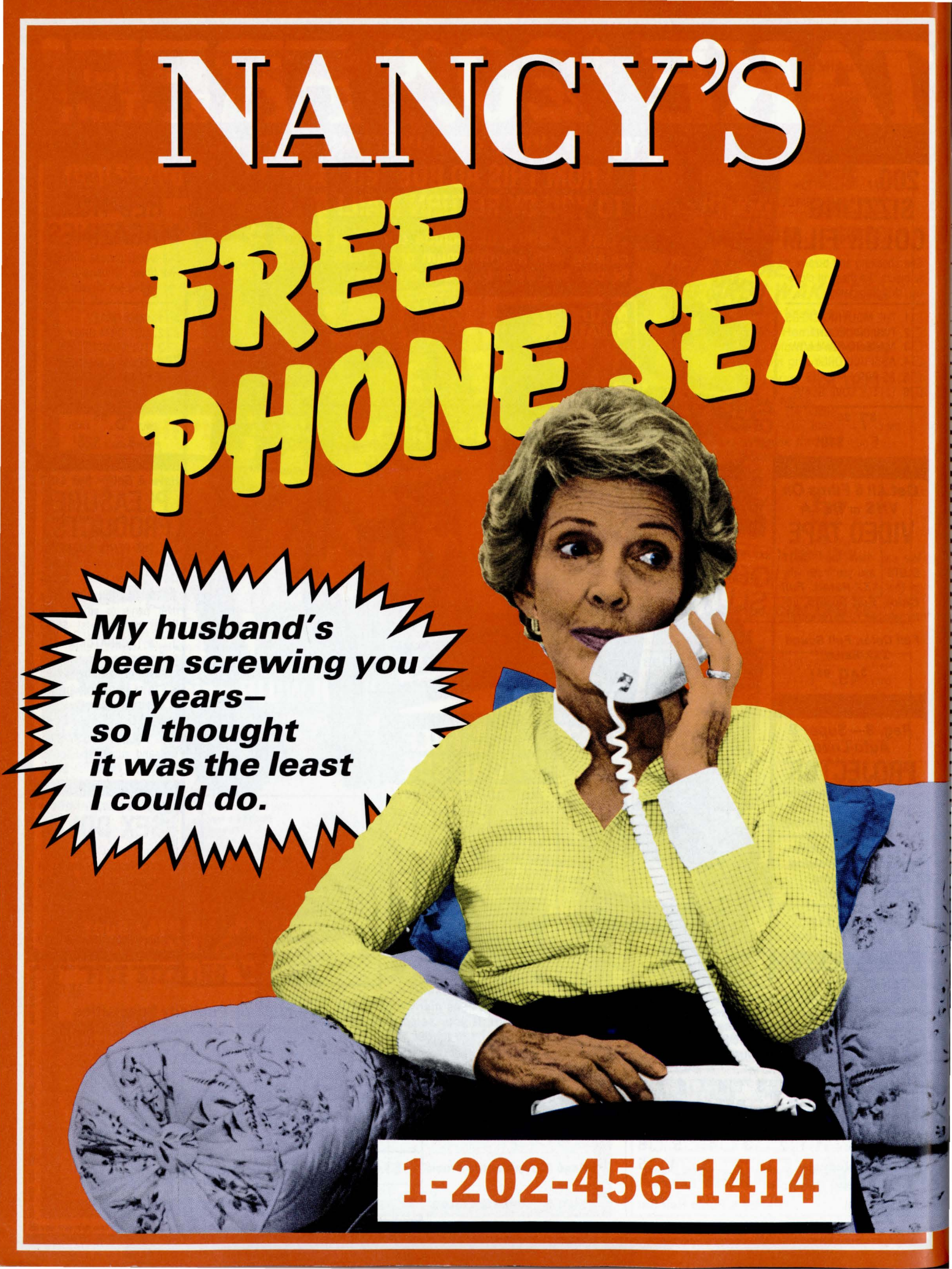
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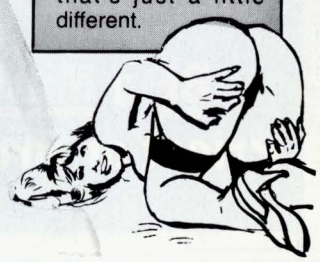
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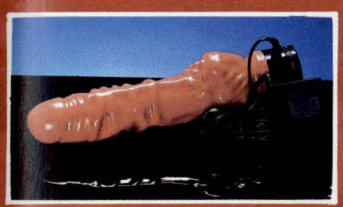
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#7871 ELECTRIC DILDO ▼
This beautiful soft rubber toy has a power pack to give tremendous vibration and action throughout. Adjustable speeds penetrate deeply. The best dildo on the market. Sm., Med., or Lge. $39.95



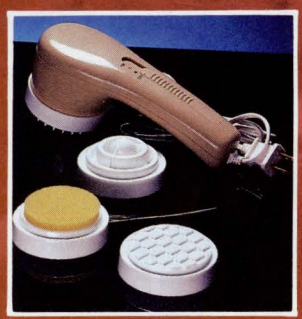
#786 SQUIRMY GIZMO ▼
For real ACTION LOVERS! This baby "squirms and rotates." Plug into the wall for great clit or anal fun. Whole shaft is covered with ridges and has an excellent grip, too! $30.95

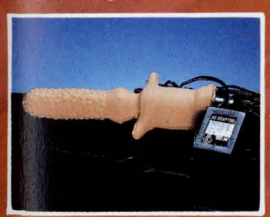


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Comes with three stimulating heads! One for the top of the clitoris. Round head inserts to vibrate just inside (including clit). Another for rectal stimulation. $9.95

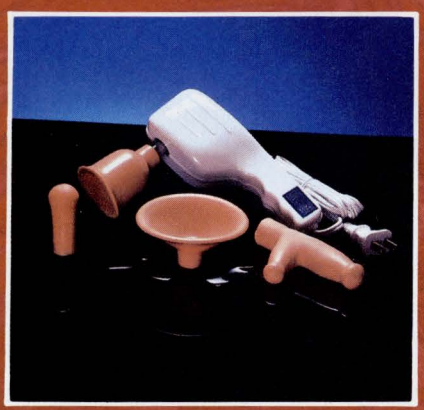


#266 VAGINA HEAT MASSAGER ◀
Plugs into wall and has adjustable vibrations with heat. Four stimulating heads. Start massaging around genitals gently then adjust heat and vibrations to have the most fabulous climax ever! $29.95

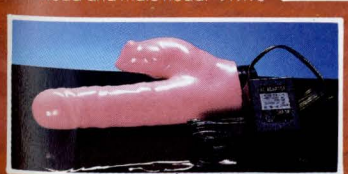




#7724 ELECTRIC VIBRATING SLAVE ▲
For men or women! Rectal, vaginal and clitoral stimulation. Use with plastic head or veined sleeve. 120V power for great sexual climaxes! $39.95



#7733A TOTAL SEXUAL MASSAGER ▶
One of our favorites for all around sexual fullfillment. Dual anal and vaginal stimulator, breast massager, clit head and male head. $19.95



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One of the most durable and erotic vibrators on the market. Soft rubber head. Adjustable speeds. Clit stimulation gives the most tremendous climaxes! $29.95



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Take 25% off on second vibrator if you buy two!

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7724-$39.95 # 7871-$39.95 sm., med. or lge.
7733A-$19.95 # 7874-$39.95 sm., med. or lge.
266-$29.95 # 786-$30.95

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

CHECK ☐ M/O ☐ VISA ☐ M/C ☐

EXP. DATE

$. Total cost of all items ordered.

\+ $. Plus $2.00 ea. item. Postage and Handling.

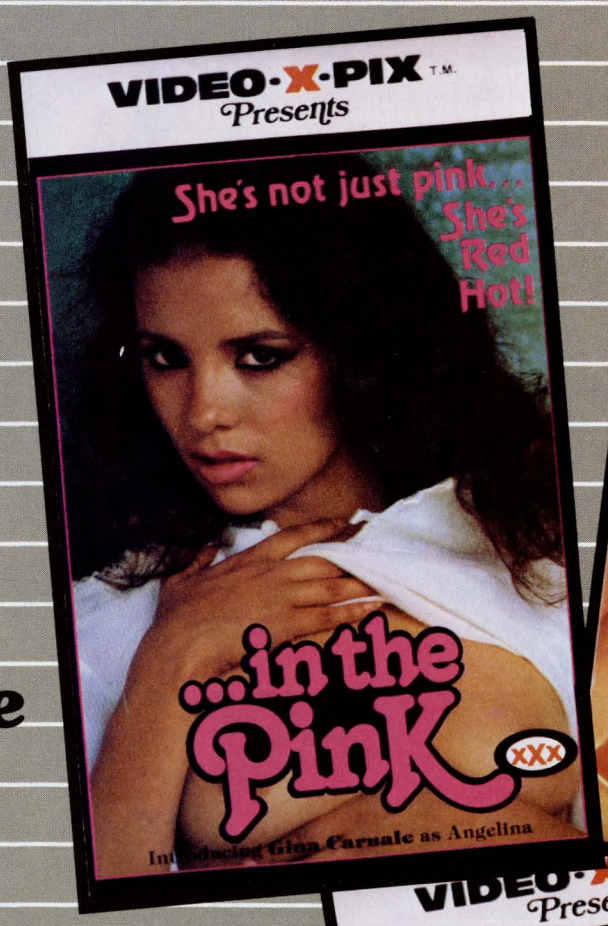
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FILMS

ASS YOU LIKE IT (FL-1007) - DOUBLE LENGTH FILM—$29 – Young little blue-eyed Crystal Dawn watches stud Chris Parker screw her best friend. Then they lower Crystal's tiny butt onto the steely hard shaft for intense ass fucking. Equals 2 standard-length films. **$25** →





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ANAL ANGEL (FL-88) - Kelly Evans is a hot blonde who needs savage sex to get off. She takes on two very hung guys and nearly deep throats one enormous dick, then reacts wildly to both long cocks entering her at the same time. **$15** →

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MAGAZINES

(ML 9)



(ML 6)

(ML 3)

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List Price - 12.50 ea. Our price:

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CATALOG

(C-4) New! The latest edition (3rd printing) of 208 scorching films in 248 color pages. Dozens of famous sex stars and scores of newcomers in full, uninhibited action photos are supplemented by hot descriptions of each film. Every film in this bound volume is available for sale – a must for film and video collectors, and a bargain for anyone!

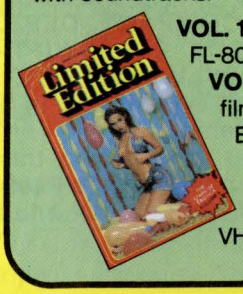


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VOL. 11 (VL-11) Contains film FL-88 above.

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1983 WBCO Ltd.

WHY THIS MAN, WHO RARELY GOT A DATE NOW HAS TO TURN GIRLS DOWN!

Simple program got this man a date the first time he tried it.

By James Michael, Special Features Writer

In my story, I am going to reveal to you a discovery that makes it possible for any guy to easily get a girl, or as many as he desires. Read about this man's program and find out how you can be meeting and dating beautiful girls without having to be rich, driving a fancy car or wearing expensive clothes.

There are now many books on the market for doing better with girls, however, this program is quite unique. It is geared for the average man who knows few girls, has no steady girlfriends and doesn't have the nerve to use the traditional "pick-up" lines, but wants more active social and sexual relationships.

To protect his privacy, the man who created this incredible program wishes to remain anonymous. To find out more about this man's fantastic secret, I held a lengthy interview. What you are about to read is an excerpt from that interview.

He, like many typical single men, was often without dates or a steady girl. He tried asking girls out or hoping maybe friends or relatives would introduce him to girls. He soon found himself without dates, frustrated, and in some cases even embarassed. Then one day it occurred to him, he states, "It was incredible, I realized what I, along with other men was doing wrong."

As simple as his concept is, it is foolproof. That night he had dinner with a girl he met that same afternoon.

QUESTION: "Obviously your program works. Within the first month you met and were dating four girls. How did that feel?"

ANSWER: "It's nearly impossible to explain. I was so happy and so relieved that I could get a girl. It is truly a fantastic experience to walk hand in hand with a girl, hold her and just be with her. I never knew how wonderful it could feel to have a girl tell me she loves me. For years I had been alone, stood by and watched while my friends and other guys had girls, but not me. Now they were watching me."

QUESTION: "What experience did you have with girls before this?"

ANSWER: "Not much at all. I asked a few on dates, but was often turned down. I bought nearly every book on how to do better with girls, and most were great, but only got my hopes up for the big let down. After awhile I accepted the fact that I wasn't desirable to girls. Now I realize how terribly wrong I was."

QUESTION: "You have been refining your program for about two years now, is this consistent."

ANSWER: "Yes, the results have been outstanding. One of my friends teases that I must be "making up for lost time." I even developed the nickname "CASANOVA" because I was going out with girls most guys would only dream about. I occasionally have to do something that I never believed possible before, turn girls down."

QUESTION: "This sounds too good to pass up, can anyone find out how your program works?

ANSWER: "At first I didn't want to reveal my "secrets" because I wanted people to believe that it was my own natural charm and wit. I also felt it was the only way to protect my privacy.

Now I have assembled this information in writing under an anonymous name, so that any man who is so inclined can enjoy the same results as I have. It contains everything down to the smallest detail. Here is an example of what is included: *(1) How to be more to her than any guy she's ever met, (2) How to be sexually appealing, (3) How to meet girls without really looking, (4) How to "play" hard to get, (5) How to get that special girl, (6) Why the "Nice guy" doesn't have to finish last, (7) How to get what you want in a relationship, (8) How to show her your natural confidence and sensitivity, (9) What makes her love you, (10) What keeps them coming back.*

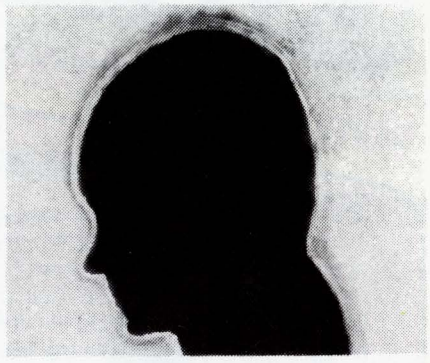
*PLUS: Making your chances of getting turned down slight.

QUESTION: "This sounds like hard work learning all this, is it?"

ANSWER: "Not at all, It's quite simple really. All you need is the desire to do something for yourself and not be alone anymore. If it were difficult it probably wouldn't work very well."

QUESTION: "In what other ways has this changed your life?"

ANSWER: "I would say that my



personal confidence is 100% better, but I think the thing that I've gotten that means the most is my self-respect back.

I've learned that there is nothing wrong with being alone, if you do something about it when opportunity presents itself. Only the foolish man will stay lonely."

QUESTION: "Something like this must cost a fortune, what does your program cost?"

ANSWER: "Not alot, in fact, I could charge alot more for this information. I know every day hundreds and even thousands of men are paying two, even three times as much for this type of information. The price is just $9.95."

"I am glancing through your book and it does, in fact, look like a great deal. I would never expect this type of book to cover such detail as this one does. Thank you for your time and a most interesting interview."

If you wish to obtain a copy of "The How To Get A Girl(s) Book", here's how to reserve your order:

On a blank piece of paper, print the words "THE GIRL BOOK", along with your name and address (please by sure to include your zip code for fast processing of your order). Mail this along with $9.95 plus $.50 shipping and handling in cash, check or money order to: THE WILLIAMSON, BAUER COMPANY, DEPT. M-126, P.O. BOX 246, SWIFTWATER, PENNSYLVANIA 18370.

All orders will be shipped in a discrete brown envelope.

We urge you to examine this book, if you are not completely satisfied you may return it for a full refund.

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in the pages of HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, write Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority–the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Doug Oliver

CUSTOM SEX:

If your sex fantasies aren't being satisfied by standard porn fare, there's a firm called *Nu Vue* that specializes in producing customized video fantasies. That's right. You tell *Nu Vue* what you want to see, and the company films it.

Since each fantasy has its special requirements, the price depends on how difficult it is to reproduce. It's not cheap, and it's not hard-core, but if your craving, for example, is to watch a redhead with braids and a big-busted blonde wearing a Little Bo Peep outfit being tickled while they suck each other's toes, it might be worth your while to contact *Nu Vue*.

Write for a brochure, or send your own scenario to *Nu Vue* (4959 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 105, Hollywood, CA 90027).

WHO DELIVERS?

I think Mail-Order Feedback is a hell of a column. It's saved me money by exposing ripoff companies. Now I hope you can save me more money, or at least keep me from being taken for a ride. I just got a VCR, and I'm ready to start collecting hard-core videos. Many outfits advertise hard-core, but can you recommend one that really delivers the goods? I'm particularly interested in the Golden Girls series. I have a brochure that lists over 100 films, but it doesn't mention videos or where to buy them. Can you help me out?

–D. M.
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

There are now eight volumes of the best of the *Golden Girls* films on video–each containing four 15-minute segments–and you can buy them for $59 each (4 for $199) plus shipping from *Fantasy Images*, one of the most reliable distributors we've come across.

In addition to the sensational *Golden Girls* videos, *Fantasy Images* also carries *Swedish Erotica, Diamond Collection, VCR/Showgirls, Suze's Centerfolds* videos and much more. Film and print fans will be pleased to know that this company distributes a complete line of explicit, hard-core, full-color magazines and films as well.

Fantasy's inventory includes a selection of films, videos and mags featuring lesbian action, interracial sex, shemale, anal sex and double-penetration that has brought it a large following and lots of repeat business. Customers also appreciate the company's refusal to rent or sell its mailing list, thus ensuring confidentiality.

Two-week delivery of all stock items is promised if payment is made by money order, cashier's check, Visa or MasterCard. And if your order is held up, you can expect a free quality magazine or film to compensate for your inconvenience.

For current brochures send $3 to *Fantasy Images* (11140 Weddington Ave., Dept. HU, North Hollywood, CA 91601).

SHIT LIST:

From time to time we like to list the names of companies that we've received the most complaints about. Many have been exposed over the past year for blatantly ripping people off, misleading advertisers or simply being arrogant and unresponsive when customers have valid questions and problems. Do yourself a favor and patronize other businesses until the following shifty merchants get wise and mend their ways. We'll keep you informed.

CINEMATIC DISTRIBUTING/ WHOLESALE SUPPLY
COLOR LITHO CORPORATION
DUNHALL PRODUCTIONS
GROUP FOUR FILMS
J&R CUSTOM DOLL COMPANY
LE TRIUMPH
MOVIEVIEW
PC VIDEO/VIDEOMAX/WHITE HORSE VIDEO/UFA FULFILLMENT
PROMOTIONAL MERCHANDISING
VIDEO ENTERTAINMENT INTERNATIONAL
VIDEO WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS

SATISFIED SWINGER:

I sent in $23.75 for the Club Swinger listings a couple of months ago. I got a verification card, which I filled out and returned, but that's the last I've heard from them. Have I been ripped off?

–C. P.
San Antonio, Texas

According to Roger Willis of *Club Swinger*, C.P. should have received his listings at about the same time he contacted us. Just to be sure that C.P. wasn't disappointed, however, the club sent out another set by certified mail. We're happy to report that thanks to Roger's interest in his customers, C.P. received everything he'd ordered within a week after contacting HUSTLER.

ARE YOU THE WORLD'S GREATEST

Here's your chance to prove it! HUSTLER Magazine is going to hold its own Sex Olympics in Los Angeles, the 1984 home of those other games. Men and women from all across the country are going to compete sexually for top honors in these categories:

- ***Sex Appeal***
- ***Oral Sex***
- ***Foreplay***
- ***Stamina***
- ***All-Around Technique***

And *you* can be one of the competitors–if you can convince the judges (whose names will be announced in a later issue) that you're worthy of the right to be a contestant in what's destined to be the most outrageous event of the decade. To enter, *send two typewritten or neatly printed pages telling us exactly why you're qualified to compete for the title of the "World's Greatest Lover."* Include a nude photograph of yourself (frontal, please) and mail it along with a $10 entry fee and the coupon at right to: World's Greatest Lover, HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Each person entering will receive a free "Larry Flynt for President" T-shirt.

The judges will then select the best entries from both males and females, and those finalists will be flown at our expense to Los Angeles for the games. The actual sex competition will be judged by the competitors' sex partners, *not* by the panel of judges who reviewed the entry letters and photos. The contestants with the best total score in all categories will win the title "World's Greatest Lover," a feature role in an upcoming HUSTLER Video Magazine . . . and share the $100,000 cash prize!

All entries must be received by March 31, 1984. Employees of HUSTLER Magazine and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

WIN $100,000 CASH PRIZE

LOVER?



ALL-AROUND TECHNIQUE

ORAL SEX

STAMINA

SEX APPEAL

FOREPLAY

Win an all-expenses-paid trip to Los Angeles . . . just for SEX!

MALE AND FEMALE WINNERS

HUSTLER

WORLD'S GREATEST LOVER COUPON

I have enclosed a two-page typed or neatly hand-written letter, a frontal nude photo of myself and the $10 entry fee. I'm over 18 years of age, and you have my permission to contact me at the address below.

Signature _____

Name (please print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please enclose this coupon with the other materials and send to: HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

GRENADA

(continued from page 106)

comes more and more like a goat path–which is what it is. Flocks of goats and chickens slow our passage. Along the roadside a young man uses a hand plane to finish a small wooden dinghy that will be painted in garish colors and launched into the nearby clear waters as a fishing boat. On the beach below us a group of young men and women are playing soccer in the surf. The war of just a few days before seems long forgotten.

Tension has seeped out of the island like air escaping from a bright balloon. "C'mon," an Airborne engineer asks teasingly, "tell us when we're getting off this dump. Journalists know everything." But we honestly don't know, and no one is willing to guess.

"Tell you a funny story," says another soldier who's on MP duty. "By the time we got to that medical-school campus, they'd flushed so much dope down the toilet that the plumbing was wrecked.

"The Grenadians come around here a lot trying to sell us dope," he continues, "but we're not buying. We end up giving them C-rations and sitting around bullshitting. Mostly they like tuna fish."

"There was the sniper," says another soldier, "and he shot one of our guys through the leg. So we all opened up on him, and they even called in a gunship. I was the first one to get to him, and–no shit–there wasn't much left of him except a bunch of bloody rags with holes poked in them. Not much at all."

"The other day," an Air Force MP says, "we were standing here and started taking fire. You could see the rounds rippling across the water, man, and we got our asses *down*. Then our artillery opened up, helicopters were taking off, and it was just like Vietnam for a minute there."

"When we were stationed in Turkey, people threw rocks at us," another trooper recalls. "It's really weird to be in a place where people *love* you. Someday I'm going to come back here and vacation."

"Fuck that shit," says a young 82nd Airborne corporal, who brings it back into perspective. "I wanna go home!"

Back downtown the Army is pulling out units of the 82nd, replacing them with regular Army troops. Young women troopers are patrolling in St. George's, and some of the Grenadians stare frankly at them. On a wall near where they march, next to the usual revolutionary slogans, someone has written, "God Bless America!"

Probably the coldest, hardest fact of all is that for the bit players of Grenada nothing very much has really changed. And like good bit players everywhere, they know enough to hedge their bets. Many wouldn't even tell me their names, fearing at some time in the future that late-night knock on the door.

"I wish America would stay forever," says an older woman. "But you're going to go soon, aren't you?"

All the reporters did leave soon, on the next plane back to the mainland. But we also wondered when America would leave this tiny Windward Island to chart its own destiny again. And even after being there, we still wondered what had happened and why.

Did we really invade in order to rescue Americans from a brutal military junta? Or was it a pretext to kick the Commies out of Grenada?

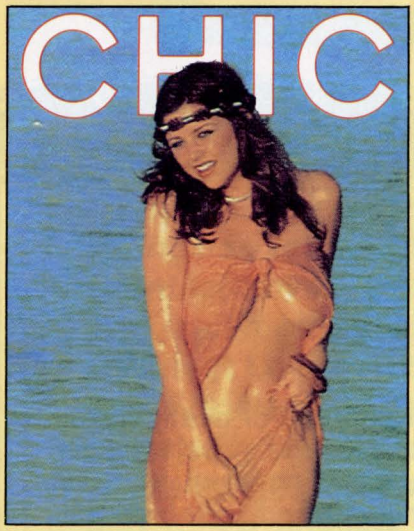
Cuban Premier Fidel Castro had previously threatened to use military force if the U.S. attempted to interfere with his troops in remote Angola. So why did he back off from taking forceful action against the American invasion of nearby Grenada? Is it possible, as some suggest, that he had made a clandestine deal with Washington?

Is it possible that the overthrow of Prime Minister Maurice Bishop's popular and successful Marxist government was staged by American stooges *posing* as militant Marxists? Could these stooges have been programmed to impose a reign of terror so repressive that the Grenadian people–and the world–would applaud their "liberation" by American troops, who would then conveniently sweep away not only the "junta" but all vestiges of its predecessor?

We may never learn the answers to these provocative questions. But if Grenada was being used as a "lab test" for staging limited wars to gain strategic military and diplomatic objectives without alienating popular support at home or overseas–as one State Department official described it at a meeting with the editorial board of the *Los Angeles Times*–then the experiment has been a smashing success.

On November 20 columnist Mary McGrory prophetically wrote, "The big names on top, still breathing heavily from their heady triumph in Grenada, are making unrestrained noises about an *encore*." On December 3 a major American air strike was launched against Syria in belated retaliation for the terrorist bombing of the Marine barracks in Beirut, Lebanon–again without eliciting any significant public backlash.

Analysts are predicting that it will happen again–in the Middle East, in Central America, perhaps even in Cuba itself. The stakes have always been high in the dangerous game of gunboat diplomacy, and the consequences of failure can be costly. But in these explosive times the price of *success* in military adventurism could be even more catastrophic.



★ After being cooped up all winter, it'll feel great to get away *to* it all with the beautiful girls in the April CHIC. Travel the back roads of Europe with LETICIA, the exotic and erotic GYPSY TRAMP. Then visit CHARLI on the sun-drenched beaches of the South Pacific. Jet back to the States for a PALM SPRINGS WEEKEND with two buxom lovelies. And join a HEAVYWEIGHT MATCH starring John Holmes and Lisa DeLeeuw.

★ Incriminating new facts connect the 1972 shooting of George Wallace with a high-level conspiracy to force him out of that year's Presidential election. Top Republican campaign aides knew more than they were willing to say about the shooting that crippled Wallace and helped assure Richard Nixon's reelection victory.

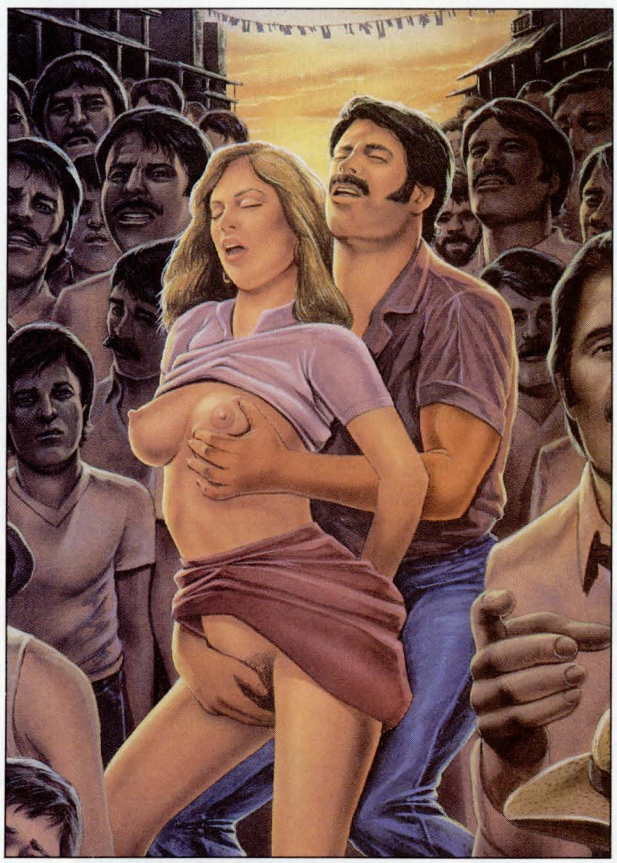
★ When a traveling salesman hits the road, he gets more than commissions–he gets laid. These suitcase Romeos are experts at making deals behind closed doors as they traverse the nation in search of sales and sex. It's an entertaining look at a job that has great fringe benefits.

★ Delve into the inventive craziness of Terry Gilliam, the only American in the world-famous Monty Python comedy troupe. His zany wit runs amok in CLOSE-UP as he discusses everything from writing the movie *Time Bandits* to "strangling" singer John Denver.

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RIO RIOT



BY LOIS HUNT

Kinky Korner is written by our readers–one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER will pay $100 on publication for seven-page, double-spaced–typed or neatly handwritten–manuscripts. And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

My sweet, loving husband, Tom, and I have a near-perfect marriage. He's got a six-figure income from an executive position with a major corporation, and I'm the mother of his two wonderful sons. I'd do anything to make him happy. That's why he must never know about what happened on our trip to Rio de Janeiro last summer. If he did, I'd just *die*.

Tom and I decided to go to Rio at the last moment. We'd considered London for our annual getaway, but it seemed as if everyone was going to Europe that summer, and we *do* try to be different from the riffraff.

Once we arrived at the airport, though, Tom seemed to have anything but our vacation on his mind. In the taxi to the hotel his hands were all over me. I found myself mildly excited by all his attentions, but a little peeved because I do hate to get physical in a public place. And Tom was being *very* physical. His hands were inside my blouse. I kept squealing at him to stop–or at least wait until we got to the room–but he seemed to be uncontrollable. After we checked in, he didn't even give me time to unpack. He simply locked the door behind him, instructed me to sit on the bed, opened his pants, pulled out his cock and pointed to it.

Like always, I began by licking the sides of his penis and caressing his balls with my hands. He enjoyed it, groaning and sighing with pleasure. Finally, I raised my head, lay back on the bed, pulled up my dress and pulled down my panties and pantyhose. While Tom took his pants completely off, I manipulated my clitoris, trying to work up some lubrication. Unfortunately, I really wasn't in the mood. Our sex life had taken a turn for the worse recently. But Tom and I felt it was a problem we could work out over time, and truthfully, I was pleased that he was at least showing an interest in my 38-year-old body.

But he plowed into me like a man possessed, not giving me nearly enough time to get myself properly aroused. I lay there while he pumped and grunted. The whole thing took about five minutes. After he cried out, spurted his load and collapsed on top of me, he kissed me on the cheek and then got up to take a shower, leaving me lying on the bed, my dress still up and my spirits down. Sex has never meant that much to me; I always figured there were other things more important than the physical aspect of marriage–security, the kids. But I still felt let down that afternoon in Rio.

While Tom dressed, I started unpacking. Then I put on a pair of sandals, a loose-fitting skirt and a T-shirt, and shouted to him that I was going for a walk. I don't know if he heard me or not. Once I was outside the hotel, I started walking the crowded side streets of Rio, stopping now and again to window shop. Soon I'd lost track of where I was going and how far away from the hotel I'd gone. After about an hour I realized that I was completely lost.

All I knew was that I was no longer in the city's shopping district, and the late-afternoon sun was starting to set. I grew frightened and approached a few people on the street for directions. Unfortunately, I don't even speak Spanish, let alone Portuguese. To make matters worse, as I was running toward a man who looked as if he just might be an American, I heard shots being fired up the street. When I turned around, I saw a Brazilian soldier on a horse riding down the middle of the avenue with several armed foot soldiers following right behind

Illustration by John Andrews

him. Then suddenly all hell broke loose.

It seemed as if every resident of that small neighborhood and all the adjoining neighborhoods had suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Soon the street was full of pushing, shoving, screaming, panicking people, and I was caught in the middle of the fray.

The crowd surged toward the end of the street, and what seemed like 10,000 bodies pressed against me from all sides. It appeared as if everyone was trying to go somewhere but couldn't. I felt as if I were suffocating, there were so many bodies all around me. I couldn't even turn my head. It was, perhaps, the most horrible moment of my entire life.

I heard a voice yell in English that the police had put up barricades on either end of the street, trapping us like herded cattle. Then, just as I was beginning to panic, I felt a warm hand against my skirt at crotch level. I tried to look down, but my view was blocked by someone's shoulder in front of me. The hand pushed roughly against my leg, groping at my inner thigh. And after several minutes it made its way up under my skirt.

I screamed for whomever it was to stop what he was doing, but my screams were drowned out by the helpless cries of the crowd. I tried to squirm away, but when I moved my hips, I felt the unmistakable outline of a hard cock through a pair of jeans rubbing against my ass. The hand pulled my panties down in one quick, cruel movement. I heard a satisfied grunt from behind me as he pushed one finger, then another into my sticky cunt. My husband's semen was still fresh within me, dripping slowly out of my pussy. *No doubt,* I thought to myself, *this character thinks I'm turned on!*

His fingers slowly pushed in and out of me, and yet another finger massaged my clitoris, rotating it firmly but gently. I felt hot breath on my shoulder and my husband's cum flooding out of me over this stranger's hand. It was then I realized that I was actually enjoying the caresses.

The idea seemed so horrifying that I gasped out loud, and as I did, my pussy tightened around his fingers, locking them inside of me. Then he pulled his hand out of me and away, and I found myself reaching down, trying to grasp his hand and put it back against my aching clit. I was very close to coming–closer than I'd been in years.

I was shocked by the power of my lust; but looking back on it now, I realize that my sexuality had been pent up for so long, it was no wonder this stranger's touch excited me so. At that moment my emotions were so mixed, I thought I was going crazy. I wanted more of this stranger; yet at the same time I wanted to run away.

The problem was solved for me when I felt my skirt being lifted from behind. The stranger grabbed my bare buttocks, this time with both hands, and pulled me toward him. Then I heard the sound of a zipper sliding down and felt a warm, pulsating rod plant itself against my ass. I could not resist the urge to reach around and try to feel it, but I could only touch a few damp pubic curls with my straining fingertips.

The head of what felt like a monstrously huge cock found its way between my buttocks, tantalizingly rubbing against my asshole before locating its target. When it finally plunged between my wet pussy lips and pounded up into my cunt, I gasped with pleasure. It pulsated as if it had a life of its own inside of me, and when I clenched my muscles around it, I thought I could feel every vein throbbing against the walls of my vagina.

As best I could, I tried to pump up and down on top of it, throwing inhibitions to the wind and giving in to my passion. Despite the hot, sweating crowd that was pressing in around me and the cold fear I had known, all I could feel then was this throbbing cock as it filled me up. I heard the stranger gasp and grunt behind me as he plunged in again and again. Then I felt something groping for my breast. I looked down and saw a large, brown hand on my tits. The stranger pinched my nipples roughly beneath the thin fabric of my T-shirt. I saw them harden, pointing up beneath my bra and straining against my shirt. The sight of that massive hand against my breast turned me on for some reason, enough so that I finally gave one, hard squeeze around the man's cock and then cried out as I came. I felt my knees giving out, and if I hadn't had the crowd around me to hold me up, I think I would have collapsed. After a few more strokes I felt my unknown lover come too, and then he pulled out. His semen ran warm and gooey over my quivering thighs, and my panties were still down around my knees.

About 20 minutes later, as suddenly as it had come together, the crowd began to disperse. I managed to get to a policeman, who showed me the way back to my hotel. Walking in the cold, dark night, I thought about what I had experienced. My husband was more than relieved to see me. I had been gone over five hours, and he had already contacted the American consulate for help.

That incident helped me realize that sex was indeed important to me and to my marriage. I arranged for my husband and myself to see a sex therapist as soon as we got back to the States. Reluctantly, Tom agreed, and now we feel comfortable enough to express our sexual desires more frankly with one another. In fact, our sex life is improving every day.

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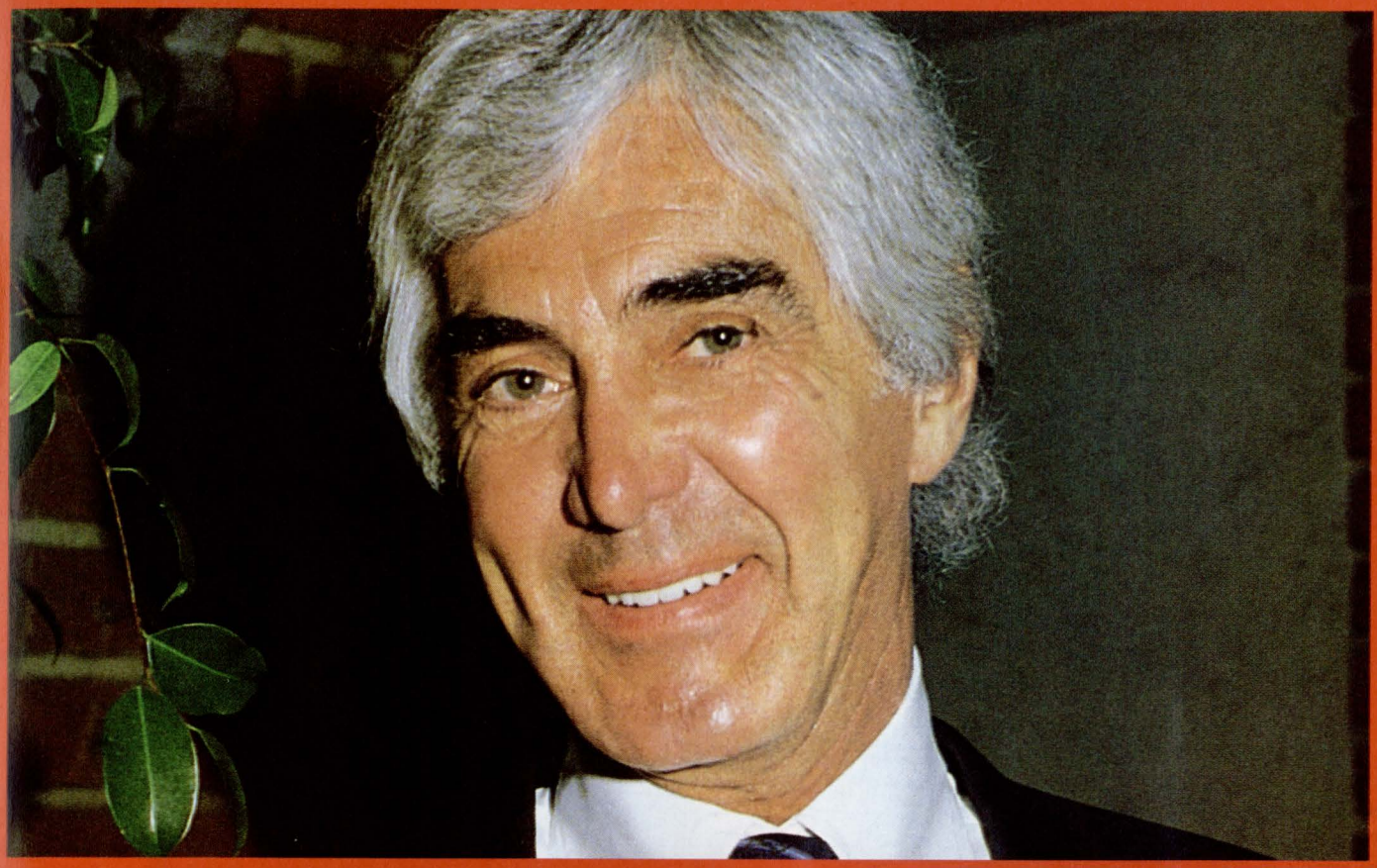
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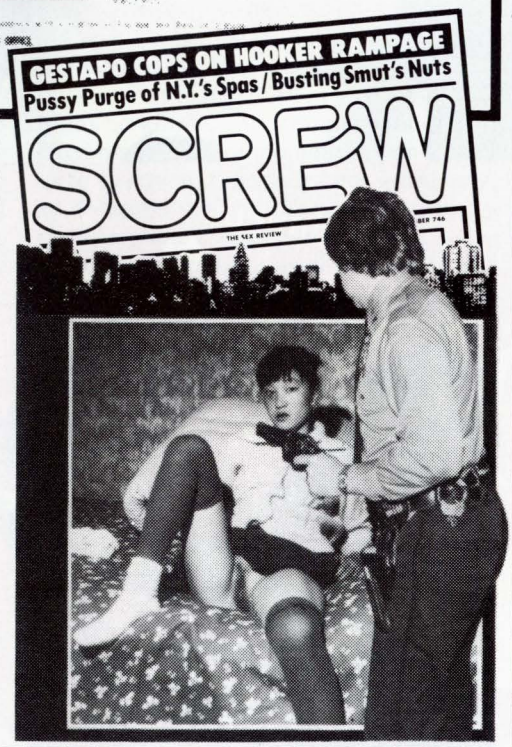


Al Goldstein

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MOSCOW

(continued from page 74)

implicated her in this bacterial crime.

She was preoccupied with the news throughout dinner at the National Hotel the next evening. Natasha insisted that she had always used a "preservateef" with all her other bed partners (other than me) and suggested I may have given her the dose–rather than the other way around.

"Impossible," I said firmly.

Several days later, after mulling over her contacts for the previous couple of weeks, Natasha suddenly remembered an incident that had occurred the week prior to my arrival. Three Arabs had gotten her blind drunk and taken her to their room. She had not had enough "galoshes" to go around.

"Those fucking Arabs," she muttered to herself.

This revelation made me anything but delirious with joy. I had contracted the desert clap; curable, but doubly demeaning to a Jew like myself.

* * *

As my mission to Moscow neared its conclusion, the dripping from my penis mercifully subsided–enabling me to return to Natasha's bed on several more occasions. In the midst of the spreading frost of the Cold War, I had begun–in some small way at least–a process of thaw in Soviet-American affairs. Not since World War II had there been such warm relations as those between my Soviet connection and myself.

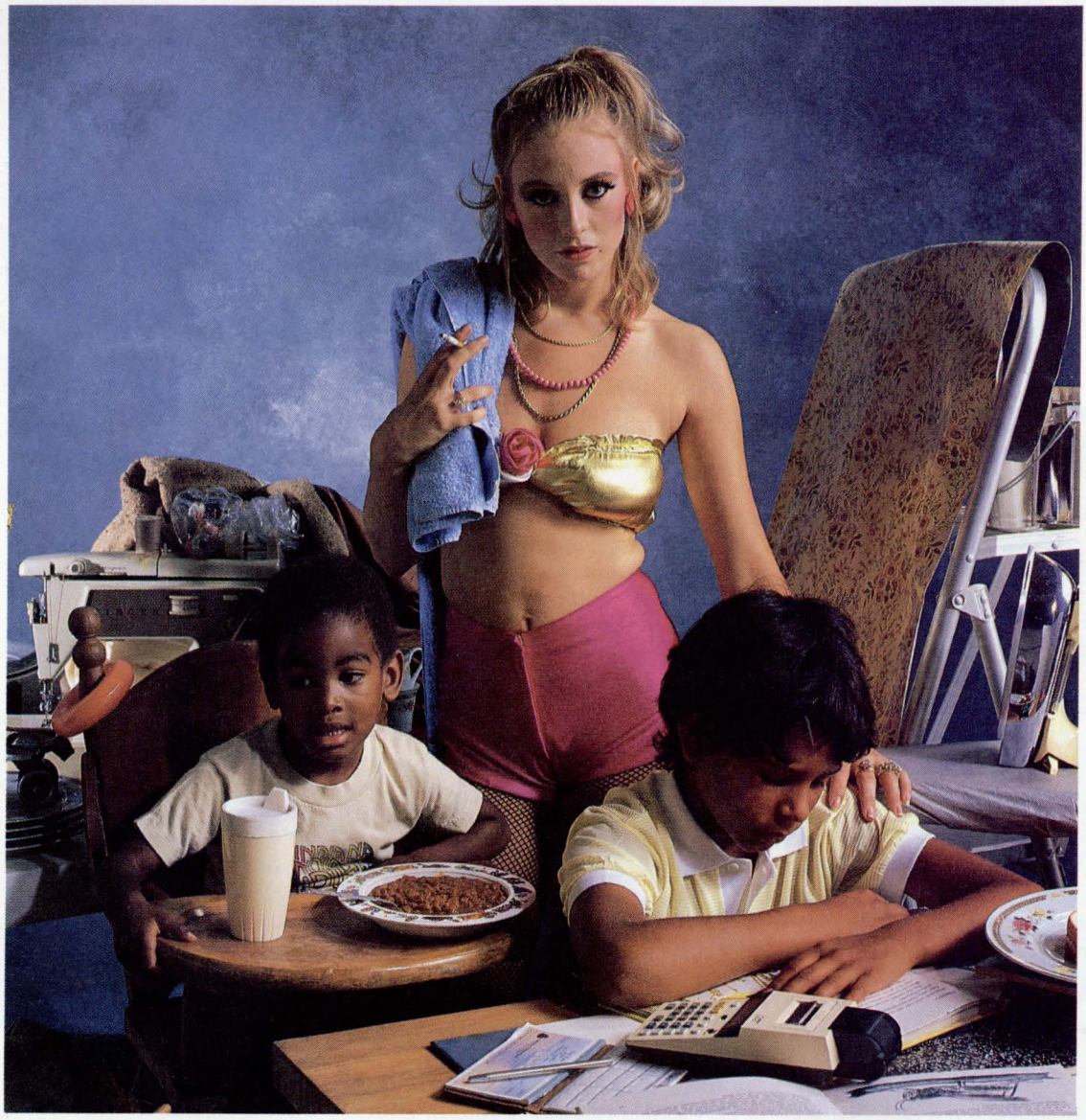
On my last morning in the Russian capital the gray sky seemed to match my mood. I was about to have a farewell session with my little Tartar trinket. A light drizzle was falling, and the windshield of the Volga taxicab was getting blurred. Windshield wipers are scarce in the Soviet Union.

By this time Natasha was seeing me regularly without compensation even though she had an insatiable desire for U.S. currency. It probably helped that I had introduced her to a free-spending Englishman who was paying her 100 pounds sterling a pop. She viewed this as a tit-for-tat arrangement: Since the British pound was worth about a buck-and-a-half, the Limey was nearly paying for both of us.

Natasha met me at her door dressed in a gorgeous white-silk blouse and a custom-tailored skirt. She had wanted to dress up for our last morning together. She was stunning.

After asking me to undress and lie on the bed, Natasha proceeded to give me a long, slow blowjob that brought my trip to a wonderful climax. As I lay there trying to regain my composure, I realized that communism is really not so bad. It all depends on what you make of it.

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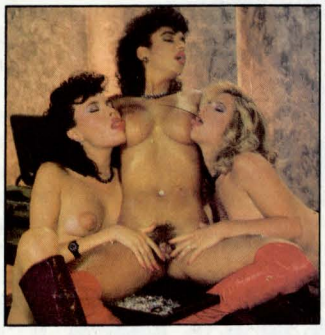
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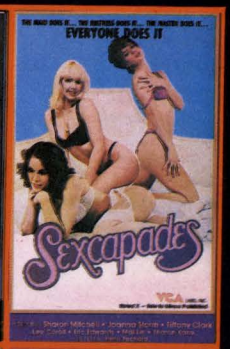
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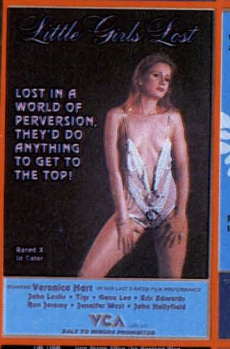
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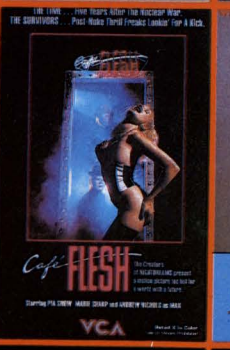


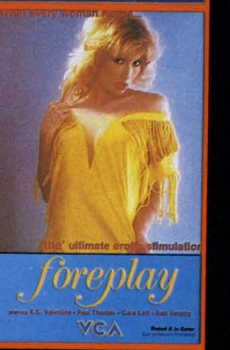


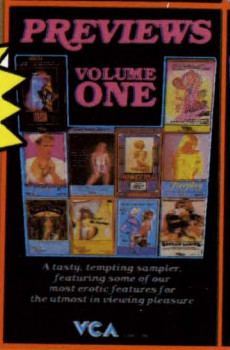


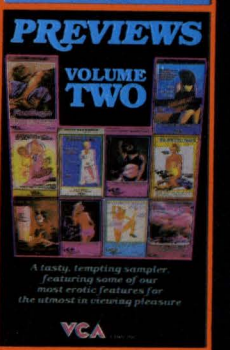












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